THE

FORTUNATE FOUNDLINGS:

BEING THE

GENUINE HISTORY

OF

Colonel M———RS, *and his Siſter, Madam* DU P——Y, *the Iſſue of the Hon.* CH——ES M——RS, *Son of the late Duke of* R——L——D.

CONTAINING

Many wonderful ACCIDENTS that befel them in their TRAVELS, and interſperſed with the CHARACTERS and ADVENTURES of SEVERAL PERSONS of *Condition*, in the moſt polite Courts of *Europe*.

The Whole calculated for the Entertainment and Improvement of the Youth of both Sexes.

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PREFACE.

THE many Fictions which have been lately impoſed upon the World, under the ſpecious Titles of Secret Hiſtories, Memoirs, &c. &c. *have given but too much room to queſtion the Veracity of every Thing that has the leaſt Tendency that way. We therefore think it highly neceſſary to aſſure the Reader, that he will find nothing in the following Sheets, but what has been collected from* Original Letters, Private Memorandums, *and the* Accounts *we have been favoured with from the Mouths of Perſons too deeply concerned in many of the* chief Tranſactions *not to be perfectly acquainted with the Truth, and of too much Honour and Integrity to put any falſe Colours upon it.*

The Adventures are not ſo long paſſed as to be wholly forgotten by many Living Witneſſes, *nor yet ſo recent as to give any Reaſon to ſuſpect us of Flattery in the relation given of them, the Motive of their Publication being only to* encourage Virtue *in both Sexes, by ſhewing the Amiableneſs of it in* real Characters. *And if it be true (as certainly it is) that* Example *has more Efficacy than* Precept, *we may be bold to ſay there are few fairer, or more worthy Imitation.—The Sons and Daughters of the greateſt Families may give additional Luſtre to their Nobility, by forming themſelves by the Model here preſented to them; and thoſe of lower Extraction, attain Qualities to attone for*

what they want in Birth: —— *So that we flatter ourſelves this Undertaking will not fail of receiving the Approbation of all who wiſh well to a Reformation of Manners, and more eſpecially thoſe who have Youth under their Care.* —— *As for ſuch who may take it up merely as an Amuſement, it is poſſible they will find ſomething, which, by intereſting their Affections, may make them better without deſigning to be ſo.—Either way will fully recompence the Pains taken in compiling by*

The EDITOR.

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THE
FORTUNATE FOUNDLINGS.

CHAP. I.

Contains the manner in which a gentleman found two children: his benevolence towards them, and what kind of affection he bore to them as they grew up. With the departure of one of them to the army.

IT was in the ever memorable year 1688, that a gentleman, whoſe real name we think proper to conceal under that of *Dorilaus*, returned from viſiting moſt of the polite courts of *Europe*, in which he had paſſed ſome time divided between pleaſure and improvement. The important queſtion if the throne were vacated or not, by the ſudden departure of the unfortunate king *James*, was then upon the tapis; on which, to avoid intereſting himſelf on either ſide, he forbore coming to *London*, and croſſed the country to a fine ſeat he had about ſome forty miles diſtant, where he reſolved to ſtay as privately as he could, till the great deciſion ſhould be made,

and the public affairs ſettled in ſuch a manner as not to lay him under a neceſſity of declaring his ſentiments upon them.

He was young and gay, loved magnificence and the pomp of courts, and was far from being inſenſible of thoſe joys which the converſation of the fair ſex affords; but had never ſo much enſlaved his reaſon to any one pleaſure, as not to be able to refrain it. Hunting and reading were very favourite amuſements with him, ſo that the ſolitude he now was in was not at all diſagreeable or tedious to him, tho' he continued in it ſome months.

A little time before his departure an accident happened, which gave him an opportunity of exerciſing the benevolence of his diſpoſition; and, tho' it then ſeemed trivial to him, proved of the utmoſt conſequence to his future life, as well as furniſhed matter for the following pages.

As he was walking pretty early one morning in his garden, very intent on a book he had in his hand, his meditations were interrupted by an unuſual cry, which ſeemed at ſome diſtance; but as he approached a little arbour, where he was ſometimes accuſtomed to ſit, he heard more plain and diſtinct, and on his entrance was ſoon convinced whence it proceeded.

Juſt at the foot of a large tree, the extenſive boughs of which greatly contributed to form the arbour, was placed a baſket cloſely covered on the one ſide, and partly open on the other to let in the air. Tho' the ſounds which ſtill continued to iſſue from it left *Dorilaus* no room to doubt what it contained; he ſtooped down to look, and ſaw two beautiful babes neatly dreſſed in ſwadling cloaths: between them and the pillow they were laid upon was pinned a paper, which he haſtily taking off, found in it theſe words.

To

To the generous DORILAUS.

'IRreſiſtible deſtiny abandons theſe helpleſs infants to your care.—They are twins, begot by the ſame father, and born of the ſame mother, and of a blood not unworthy the protection they ſtand in need of; which if you vouchſafe to afford, they will have no cauſe to regret the misfortune of their birth, or accuſe the authors of their being.—Why they ſeek it of you in particular, you may poſſibly be hereafter made ſenſible.—In the mean time content yourſelf with knowing they are already baptized by the names of *Horatio* and *Louiſa*.'

The aſtoniſhment he was in at ſo unexpected a preſent being made him, may more eaſily be imagined than expreſſed; but he had then no time to form any conjectures by whom or by what means it was left there: the children wanted immediate ſuccour, and he heſitated not a moment whether it would become him to beſtow it: he took the baſket up himſelf, and running as faſt as he could with it into the houſe, called his maid-ſervants about him, and commanded them to give theſe little ſtrangers what aſſiſtance was in their power, while a man was ſent among the tenants in ſearch of nurſes proper to attend them. To what perſon ſoever, ſaid he, I am indebted for this confidence, it muſt not be abuſed.—Beſides, whatever ſtands in need of protection, merits protection from thoſe who have the power to give it.

This was his way of thinking, and in purſuance of theſe generous ſentiments he always acted. The report of what happened in his houſe being ſoon ſpread thro' the country, there were not wanting ſeveral who came to offer their ſervice to the chil-

dren, out of which he ſelected two of whom he heard the beſt character, and were moſt likely to be faithful to the truſt repoſed in them, giving as great a charge, and as handſome an allowance with them, as could have been expected from a father. Indeed he doubtleſs had paſſed for being ſo in the opinion of every body, had he arrived ſooner in the kingdom; but the ſhortneſs of the time not permitting any ſuch ſuggeſtion, he was looked upon as a prodigy of charity and goodneſs.

Having in this handſome manner diſpoſed of his new gueſts, he began to examine all his ſervants, thinking it impoſſible they ſhould be brought there without the privity of ſome one of them; but all his endeavours could get him no ſatisfaction in this point. He read the letter over and over, yet ſtill his curioſity was as far to ſeek as ever.—The hand he was entirely unacquainted with, but thought there was ſomething in the ſtile that ſhewed it wrote by no mean perſon: the hint contained in it, that there was ſome latent reaſon for addreſſing him in particular on this account, was very puzzling to him: he could not conceive why he, any more than any other gentleman of the county, ſhould have an intereſt in the welfare of theſe children: he had no near relations, and thoſe diſtant ones who claimed an almoſt forgotten kindred were not in a condition to abandon their progeny.—The thing appeared ſtrange to him; but all his endeavours to give him any farther light into it being unſucceſsful, he began to imagine the parents of the children had been compelled by neceſſity to expoſe them, and had only wrote in this myſterious manner to engage a better reception: he alſo accounted in his mind for their being left with him, as, he being a batchelor, and having a large eſtate, it might naturally be ſuppoſed there would be fewer impediments to their being taken

care

care of, than either where a wife was in the caſe, or a narrow fortune obliged the owner to preſerve a greater œconomy in expences.

Being at laſt convinced within himſelf that he had now explained this ſeeming riddle, he took no farther trouble about whoſe, or what theſe children were, but reſolved to take care of them during their infancy, and afterwards to put them into ſuch a way as he ſhould find their genius's rendered them moſt fit for, in order to provide for themſelves.

On his leaving the country, he ordered his houſe-keeper to furniſh every thing needful for them as often as they wanted it, and to take care they were well uſed by the women with whom he had placed them; and delivered theſe commands not in a curſory or negligent manner, but in ſuch terms as teſtified any failure of obedience in this point would highly incur his diſpleaſure.

Nothing material happening during their infancy, I ſhall paſs over thoſe years in ſilence, only ſaying that as often as *Dorilaus* went down to his eſtate (which was generally two or three times a year) he always ſent for them, and expreſſed a very great ſatisfaction in finding in their looks the charge he had given concerning them ſo well executed: but when they arrived at an age capable of entertaining him with their innocent prattle, what before was charity, improved into affection; and he began to regard them with a tenderneſs little inferior to paternal; but which ſtill increaſed with their increaſe of years.

Having given them the firſt rudiments of education in the beſt ſchools thoſe parts afforded, he placed *Louiſa* with a gentlewoman, who deſervedly had the reputation of being an excellent governeſs of youth, and brought *Horatio* in his own chariot up to *London*, where he put him to *Weſt-*

minſter ſchool, under the care of doctor Buſby. and agreed for his board in a family that lived near it, and had ſeveral other young gentleman on the ſame terms.

What more could have been expected from the beſt of fathers! what more could children, born to the higheſt fortunes, have enjoyed! nor was their happineſs like to be fleeting: *Dorilaus* was a man ſteady in his reſolutions, had always declared an averſion to marriage, and by rejecting every overture made him on that ſcore, had made his friends ceaſe any further importunities; he had beſides (as has already been obſerved) no near relations, ſo that it was the opinion of moſt people that he would make the young *Horatio* heir to the greateſt part of his eſtate, and give *Louiſa* a portion anſwerable to her way of bringing up. What he intended for them, however, is uncertain, he never having declared his ſentiments ſo far concerning them; and the ſtrange revolutions happening afterwards in both their fortunes, preventing him from acting as it is poſſible he might deſign.

The education he allowed them indeed gave very good grounds for the above-mentioned conjecture.—*Louiſa* being taught all the accompliſhments that became a maid of quality to be miſtreſs of; and *Horatio* having gone thro' all the learning of the ſchool, was taken home to his own houſe, from whence he was to go to *Oxford*, in order to finiſh his ſtudies in the character of a gentleman-commoner.

But when every thing was preparing for this purpoſe, he came one morning into the chamber of his patron, and throwing himſelf on his knees—Think me not, ſir, ſaid he, too preſuming in the requeſt I am about to make you.—I know all that I am is yours:—That I am the creature of your bounty, and that, without being a father, you have

have done more for me than many of thoſe, who are ſo, do for their moſt favourite ſons.—I know alſo that you are the beſt judge of what is fit for me, and have not the leaſt apprehenſions that you will not always continue the ſame goodneſs to me, provided I continue, as I have hitherto done, the ambition of meriting it.—Yet, ſir, pardon me if I now diſcover a deſire with which I long have laboured, of doing ſomething of myſelf which may repair the obſcurity of my birth, and prove to the world that heaven has endued this foundling with a courage and reſolution capable of undertaking the greateſt actions.

In ſpeaking theſe laſt words a fire ſeemed to ſparkle from his eyes, which ſufficiently denoted the vehemence of his inward agitations. *Dorilaus* was extremely ſurprized, but after a little pauſe, what is it you requeſt of me? ſaid that noble gentleman, (at the ſame time raiſing him from the poſture he was in) or by what means than ſuch as I have already taken, can I oblige you to think that, in being my foundling, fortune dealt not too ſeverely with you?

Ah! ſir, miſtake me not, I beſeech you, replied the young *Horatio*, or think me wanting in my gratitude either to heaven or you.—But, ſir, it is to your generous care in cultivating the talents I have received from nature, that I owe this emulation, this ardor for doing ſomething that might give me a name, which is the only thing your bounty cannot beſtow.—My genius inclines me to the army.—Of all the accompliſhments you have cauſed me to be inſtructed in, geography, fortification, and fencing, have been my darling ſtudies.—Of what uſe, ſir, will they be to me in an idle life? permit me then the opportunity of ſhewing the expence you have been at has not been thrown away.—I know they will ſay I am

too young to bear a commiſſion, but if I had the means of going a volunteer, I cannot help thinking but I ſhould ſoon give proofs the extreme deſire I have to ſerve my country that way would well atone for my want of years.

The more he ſpoke, the more the aſtoniſhment of his patron increaſed: he admired the greatneſs of his ſpirit, but was troubled it led him to a deſire of running into ſo dangerous a way of life.—He repreſented to him all the hardſhips of a ſoldier, the little regard that was ſometimes paid to merit, and gave him ſeveral inſtances of gentlemen who had paſſed their youth in the ſervice, and behaved with extreme bravery, yet had no other reward than their ſcars, and a conſciouſneſs of having done more than was their duty: in war, ſaid he, the ſuperior officers carry away all the glory as well as profits of the victory; whereas in civil employments it is quite otherwiſe: in phyſic, in law, in divinity, or in the ſtate, your merits will be immediately conſpicuous to thoſe who have the power to reward you; and if you are deſirous of acquiring a name, by which I ſuppoſe you mean to become the head of a family, any of theſe afford you a much greater proſpect of ſucceſs, and it lies much more in my power of aſſiſting your promotion.

To theſe he added many other arguments, but they were not of the leaſt weight with the impatient *Horatio*. He was obſtinate in his intreaties, which he even with tears enforced, and *Dorilaus*, conſidering ſo ſtrong a propenſity as ſomething ſupernatural, at laſt conſented.—Never was joy more ſincere and fervent than what this grant occaſioned, and he told his benefactor that he doubted not but that hereafter he ſhould hear ſuch an account of his behaviour, as would make him not repent his having complied with his requeſt.

The

The preparations for his going to *Oxford* were now converted into others of a different nature.—ſeveral of our troops were already ſent to *Flanders*, and others about to embark, in order to open the campaign; ſo that there was but a ſmall ſpace between the time of *Horatio*'s aſking leave to go, and that of his departure, which *Dorilaus* reſolved ſhould be in a manner befitting a youth whom he had bred up as his own. He provided him a handſome field-equipage, rich cloaths, horſes, and a ſervant to attend him; and while theſe things were getting ready, had maſters to perfect him in riding, and thoſe other exerciſes proper for the vocation he was now entering into; all which he performed with ſo good a grace, that not only *Dorilaus* himſelf, who might be ſuſpected to look on him with partial eyes, but all who ſaw him were perfectly charmed.

He was more than ordinarily tall for his years, admirably well proportioned, and had ſomething of a grave fierceneſs in his air and deportment, that tho' he was not yet ſixteen, he might very well have paſſed for twenty: he was alſo extremely fair, had regular features, and eyes the moſt penetrating, mixed with a certain ſweetneſs; ſo that it was difficult to ſay whether he ſeemed moſt formed for love or war.

Dorilaus thinking it highly proper he ſhould take his leave of *Louiſa*, ſent for her from boarding-ſchool, that ſhe might paſs the ſhort time he had to ſtay with her brother at his houſe, not without ſome hopes that the great tenderneſs there was between them might put *Horatio* out of his reſolution of going to the army, who being grown now extremely dear to him, he could not think of parting with, tho' he had yielded to it, without a great deal of reluctance.

It is certain, indeed, that when ſhe firſt heard the motive which had occaſioned her being ſent for, her gentle breaſt was filled with the moſt terrible alarms for her dear brother's danger; but the little regard he ſeemed to have of it, and the high ideas he had of future greatneſs, ſoon brought her to think as he did; and inſtead of diſſwading him from proſecuting his deſign, ſhe rather encouraged him in it: and in this gave the firſt teſtimony of a greatneſs of ſoul, no leſs to be admired than the courage and laudable ambition which actuated that of her brother.

Dorilaus beheld with an infinity of ſatisfaction the ſucceſs of his endeavour, in favour of theſe amiable twins, and ſaid within himſelf, how great a pity would it have been, if capacities ſuch as theirs had been denied the means of improvement!

After the departure of *Horatio*, he kept *Louiſa* ſome time with him, under pretence of ſhewing her the town, which before ſhe had never ſeen; but in reality to alleviate that melancholly which parting from her brother had cauſed in him. He could not have taken a more effectual way; for there was ſuch an engaging and ſweet chearfulneſs in her converſation, added to many perſonal perfections, that it was ſcarce poſſible to think of any thing elſe while ſhe was preſent. She had alſo an excellent voice, and played well on the baſs viol and harpſichord, ſo that it is hard to ſay whether he found moſt ſatisfaction in hearing her or diſcourſing with her.

But how dangerous is it to depend on one's own ſtrength, againſt the force of ſuch united charms! *Dorilaus*, who, in the midſt of a thouſand temptations, had maintained the entire liberty of his heart, and tho' never inſenſible of beauty, had never been enſlaved by it, was now by charms he leaſt ſuſpected, and at an age when he believed himſelf

himſelf proof againſt all the attacks of love, ſubdued without knowing that he was ſo.—The tender paſſion ſtole into his ſoul by imperceptible degrees, and under the ſhape of friendſhip and paternal affection, met with no oppoſition from his reaſon, till it became too violent to be reſtrained; then ſhewed itſelf in the whole power of reſtleſs wiſhes, fears, hopes, and impatiences, which he had often heard others complain of, but not till now experienced in himſelf: all that he before had felt of love was languid, at beſt aimed only at enjoyment, and in the gratification of that deſire was extinguiſhed; but the paſſion he was poſſeſſed of for *Louiſa* was of a different nature, and accompanied with a reſpect which would not ſuffer him to entertain a thought in prejudice of her innocence.

Many reaſons, beſides his natural averſion to marriage, concurred to hinder him from making her his wife; and as there were yet more to deter him from being the inſtrument of her diſhonour, the ſituation of his mind was very perplexing.—He bluſhed within himſelf at the inclinations he had for a girl whom he had always behaved to as a child of his own, and who looked upon him as a father: not only the diſparity of their years made him conſider the paſſion he was poſſeſſed of as ridiculous, there was one circumſtance, which, if at any time a thought of marrying her entered into his head, immediately extirpated it, which was, that there was a poſſibility of her being born not only of the meaneſt, but the vileſt parents, who, on hearing her eſtabliſhment, might appear and claim the right they had in her; and ſo, ſaid he, I ſhall ally myſelf to, perhaps, a numerous family of vagabonds; at leaſt, whether it be ſo or not, the manner in which theſe children were expoſed,

being

being publicly known, may furniſh a pretence for any wretch to boaſt a kindred.

He was therefore determined to ſuppreſs a paſſion, which, as he had too much honour to ſeek the gratification of by one way, his prudence and character in the world would not allow him to think of by the other: and as abſence ſeemed to him the beſt remedy, he ſent her down into the country again with a precipitation, which made her (wholly ignorant of the real motive) fear ſhe had done ſomething to offend him. At parting, ſhe entreated him to let her know if he had been diſſatisfied with any thing in her behaviour.—Wherefore do you aſk? ſaid he, with ſome emotion, which the poor innocent ſtill miſtook for diſpleaſure; becauſe, anſwered ſhe, dropping ſome tears at the ſame time, that you baniſh me from your preſence. Why would you be glad to continue with me always? again demanded he. Yes indeed, ſaid ſhe; and if you loved me as well as you do my brother, you would never part with me; for I ſaw with what regret you let him go.

This tender ſimplicity added ſuch fewel to the fire with which *Dorilaus* was enflamed, that it almoſt conſumed his reſolution: he walked about the room ſome time without being able to ſpeak, much leſs to quiet the agitation he was in. At laſt, *Louiſa*, ſaid he, I was only concerned your brother made choice of an avocation ſo full of dangers; — but I never intended to keep him at home with me:—he ſhould have gone to *Oxford* to finiſh his ſtudies; and the reaſon I ſend you again to the boarding-ſchool is that you may perfect yourſelf in ſuch things as you may not yet be miſtreſs of: — as for any apprehenſions of my being offended with you, I would have you baniſh them entirely, for I aſſure you I can find nothing in you but what both merits and receives my approbation.

She

She ſeemed extremely comforted with theſe words; and the coach being at the door, went into it with her accuſtomed chearfulneſs, leaving him in a ſtate which none but thoſe who have experienced the ſevere ſtruggles between a violent inclination, and a firm reſolution to oppoſe it, can poſſibly conceive.

CHAP. II.

Relates the offers made by Dorilaus *to* Louiſa, *and the manner of her receiving them.*

LOUISA was no ſooner gone, than he wiſhed her with him again, and was a thouſand times about to ſend and have her brought back; but was as often prevented by the apprehenſions of her diſcovering the motive. — He was now convinced, that love does not always ſtand in need of being indulged to enforce its votaries to be guilty of extravagancies. — He had baniſhed the object of his affections from his preſence; he had painted all the inconveniences of purſuing his deſires in the worſt colours they would bear; yet all was inſufficient! *Louiſa* was abſent in reality, but her image was ever preſent to him. — Whatever company he engaged himſelf in, whatever amuſement he endeavoured to entertain himſelf with, he could think only of her. — The town without her ſeemed a deſart, and every thing in it rather ſeemed irkſome than agreeable: for ſeveral months did he endure this cruel conflict; but love and nature at laſt got the victory, and all thoſe conſiderations which had occaſioned

occaſioned the oppoſition ſubſided: he found it impoſſible to recover any tranquility of mind while he continued in this dilemma, and therefore yielded to the ſtrongeſt ſide. All the arguments he had uſed with himſelf in the beginning of his paſſion, ſeemed now weak and trifling; the difference of age, which he had thought ſo formidable an objection, appeared none in the light with which he at preſent conſidered it: he was now but in his fortieth year, and the temperance he had always obſerved had hindered any decay either in his looks or conſtitution. — What cenſures the world might paſs on his marrying one of her age and obſcure birth, he thought were of little weight, when balanced with his internal peace. — Thus was he enabled to anſwer to himſelf all that could be offered againſt making her his wife; and having thus ſettled every thing, as he imagined, to the ſatisfaction of his paſſion, became no leſs reſolute in following the dictates of it, than he had been in combating it, while there was a poſſibility of doing ſo.

To this end he went down to his country ſeat, and as ſoon as he arrived ſent to let *Louiſa* know he would have her come and paſs ſome time with him. She readily obeyed the ſummons, and found by his manner of receiving her that ſhe was no leſs dear to him than her brother. As ſhe had always conſidered him as a father, tho' ſhe knew all her claim in him was compaſſion, ſhe was far from ſuſpecting the motive which made him treat her with ſo much tenderneſs; but he ſuffered her not long to remain in this happy ignorance. As he was walking with her one day in the garden, he purpoſely led her on that ſide where he had found *Horatio* and herſelf in the manner already related; and as they came towards the arbour, It was here, ſaid he, that Heaven put into my power the

the opportunity of affording my protection to two perſons whom I think will not be ungrateful for what I have done. — I hope, *Louiſa*, continued he, you will not at leaſt deceive my good opinion of you; but as you have always found in me a real friend, you will teſtify the ſenſe you have of my good wiſhes, by readily following my advice in any material point.

I ſhould be elſe unworthy, ſir, anſwered ſhe, of the life you have preſerved; and I flatter myſelf with being guilty of nothing which ſhould give you cauſe to call in queſtion either my gratitude or duty.

I inſiſt but on the former, reſumed he; nor can pretend to any claim to the latter; — look on me therefore only as your friend, and let me know your ſentiments plainly and ſincerely on what I think proper to ask you. This ſhe having aſſured him ſhe would do, he purſued his diſcourſe in theſe, or the like terms:

You are now, ſaid he, arrived at an age when perſons of your ſex ordinarily begin to think of marriage. — I need not ask you if you have ever received any addreſſes for that purpoſe; the manner in which you have lived convinces me you are yet a ſtranger to them; but I would know of you whether an overture of that kind, in favour of a man of honour, and who can abundantly endow you with the goods of fortune, would be diſagreeable to you.

Alas! ſir, replied ſhe, bluſhing, you commanded me to anſwer with ſincerity, but how can I reſolve a queſtion which, as yet, I have never asked myſelf? — All that I can ſay is, that I now am happy by your bounty, and have never entertained one wiſh but for the continuance of it.

On that you may depend, ſaid he, while you continue to ſtand in need of it. But would it not

not be more pleaſing to find yourſelf the miſtreſs of an ample fortune, and in a condition to do the ſame good offices by others as you have found from me? — In fine, *Louiſa*, the care I have taken of you would not be complete, unleſs I ſaw you well ſettled in the world. — I have therefore provided a husband for you, and ſuch a one as I think you can have no reaſonable objection to.

Sir, it would ill become me to diſpute your will, anſwered ſhe, modeſtly, but as I yet am very young, and have never had a thought of marriage, nor even converſed with any who have experienced that ſtate, I ſhould be too much at a loſs how to behave in it, without being allowed ſome time to conſider on its reſpective duties. — I hope, therefore, ſir, continued ſhe, you will not oblige me to act with too much precipitation in an affair, on which the happineſs or miſery of my whole future life depends.

Your very thinking it of conſequence, ſaid he, is enough to make you behave ſo, as to aſſure your happineſs with a man of honour; and indeed, *Louiſa*, I love you too well to propoſe one to you, whoſe principles and humour I could not anſwer for as well as my own.

Yet, ſir, replied ſhe, I have read that a union of hearts as well as hands, is neceſſary for the felicity of that ſtate; — that there ought to be a ſympathy of ſoul between them, and a perfect confidence in each other, before the indiſſoluble knot is tied: — and this, according to my notion, can only be the reſult of a long acquaintance, and accompanied with many proofs of affection on both ſides.

Were all young women to think as you do, ſaid he, with a ſmile, we ſhould have much fewer marriages; they would indeed be happier; therefore I am far from condemning your precaution,

tion, nor would wiſh you ſhould give yourſelf to one, till well aſſured, he was incapable of treating you with leſs regard after marriage than before: — no, no, *Louiſa*, I will never preſs you to become a wife, till you ſhall yourſelf acknowledge the man I offer to you as a husband is not unworthy of that title, thro' a want of honour, fortune, or affection.

As *Louiſa* thought this muſt be the work of time, the chagrin ſhe felt at the firſt mention of marriage was greatly diſſipated; and ſhe told him, that when ſhe was once convinced ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed, honoured her ſo far as to think ſhe merited his affection, ſhe would do all in her power to return it.

The enamoured *Dorilaus* having now brought her to the point he aimed at, thought it beſt to throw off the mask at once, and leave her no longer in ſuſpence. — Behold then in me, ſaid he, the perſon I have mentioned; nor think me vain in aſcribing thoſe merits to myſelf, which I could wiſh to be the loadſtone of your affection. — My honour, I believe, you will not call in queſtion: — my humour you have never found capricious, or difficult to pleaſe; and as for my love, you cannot but allow the conquering that averſion, which myſelf, as well as all the world, believed unalterable for a marriage ſtate; beſides a thouſand other ſcruples oppoſed my entering into it with you, is a proof greater than almoſt any other man could give you. — There requires, therefore, my dear *Louiſa*, no time to convince you of what I am, or aſſure you of what I may be; and I hope the affection you bore me, as a faithful friend, and the protector of your innocence, will not be diminiſhed on my making this declaration.

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The confuſion in which this ſpeech involved her, is even impoſſible to be conceived, much leſs can any words come up to its deſcription: ſhe bluſhed; — ſhe trembled; — ſhe was ready to die between ſurprize, grief, and ſhame: — fain ſhe would have ſpoke, but feared, leſt what ſhe ſhould ſay would either loſe his friendſhip or encourage his Paſſion. — Each ſeemed equally dreadful to her: — no words preſented themſelves to her diſtracted mind that ſhe could think proper to utter, till he preſſing her ſeveral times to reply, and ſeeming a little to reſent her ſilence. — Oh! ſir, cried ſhe, how is it poſſible for me to make any anſwer to ſo ſtrange a propoſition! — you were not uſed to rally my ſimplicity; nor can I think you mean what you now mention. If there wanted no more, ſaid he, than to prove the ſincerity of my wiſhes in this point, to gain your approbation of them, my chaplain ſhould this moment put it paſt a doubt, and confirm my propoſal: — but, purſued he, I will not put your modeſty to any farther ſhock at preſent; — all I intreat is, that you will conſider on what I have ſaid, and what the paſſion I am poſſeſſed of merits from you. In concluding theſe words he kiſſed her with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and quitted her to ſpeak to ſome men who were at work in another part of the garden, leaving her to meditate at liberty on this ſurprizing turn in her affairs.

It was indeed neceſſary he ſhould do ſo; for the various agitations ſhe laboured under were ſo violent, as to be near throwing her into a ſwoon. — She no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe flew to her chamber, and locked herſelf in, to prevent being interrupted by any of the ſervants; and as in all emotions of the mind, eſpecially in that of a ſurprize, tears are a very great relief,

her's

her's found ſome eaſe from the ſources of her eyes. — Never had the moſt dutiful child loved the tendereſt of fathers more than ſhe did *Dorilaus*; but then it was only a filial affection, and the very thoughts of his regarding her with that ſort of paſſion ſhe now found he did, had ſomewhat in them terribly alarming. — All ſhe could do to reconcile herſelf to what ſeemed to be her fate was in vain. — This generous man who offers me his heart, ſaid ſhe, is not my father, or any way of my blood: — he has all the accompliſhments of his whole ſex centered in him. — I could wiſh to be for ever near him. — All that I am is owing to his goodneſs. — How wretched muſt I have been, but for his bounty! — What unaccountable prejudice is this then, that ſtrikes me with ſuch horror at his love! — What maid of birth and fortune equal to his own, but would be proud of his addreſſes; and ſhall I, a poor foundling, the creature of his charity, not receive the honour he does me with the utmoſt gratitude! — Shall I reject a happineſs ſo far beyond my expectation! — ſo infinitely above any merit I can pretend to! — what muſt he think of me if I refuſe him! — how madly ſtupid, how blind to my own intereſt, how thankleſs to him muſt I appear! — how will he deſpiſe my folly! — how hate my ingratitude!

Thus did her reaſon combat with her prejudice, and ſhe ſuffered much the ſame agonies in endeavouring to love him in the manner he deſired, as he had done to conquer the inclination he had for her, and both alike were fruitleſs. — Yet was her condition much more to be commiſerated: he had only to debate within himſelf whether he ſhould yield or not to the ſuggeſtions of his own paſſion; ſhe to ſubdue an averſion for what a thouſand reaſons concurred to convince

vince her ſhe ought rather to be ambitious of, and which in refuſing, ſhe run the risk of being caſt off, and abandoned to beggary and ruin; and what was ſtill more hateful to her, being hated by that perſon who, next to her brother, ſhe loved above the world, tho' in a different way from that which could alone content him.

Dorilaus, who had taken the diſorder he perceived in her, for no other than the effects of a ſurprize, which a declaration, ſuch as he had made, might very well occaſion, was perfectly contented in his mind, and paſſed that night with much more tranquility than he had done many preceding ones, while he ſuffered his cruel reaſon to war againſt the dictates of his heart; but having now wholly given himſelf up to the latter, the ſweet deluſion filled him with a thouſand pleaſing ideas, and he thought of nothing but the happineſs he ſhould enjoy in the poſſeſſion of the amiable *Louiſa*. But how confounded was he, when the next day, accoſting her with all the tender tranſports of a lover, ſhe turned from him, and burſt into a flood of tears. How is this, *Louiſa*, ſaid he; do the offers I make you merit to be treated with diſdain? Has my ſubmitting to be your lover, forfeited that reſpect you were wont to pay me as a guardian? O, do not, ſir, accuſe me of ſuch black ingratitude, replied ſhe; Heaven knows, with what ſincere and humble duty I regard you, and that I would ſooner die than wilfully offend you: but if I am ſo unfortunate, as not to be able to obey you in this laſt command, impute it, I beſeech you, to my ill fate, and rather pity than condemn me.

You cannot love me, then? cried he, ſomewhat fiercely. No otherwiſe than I have ever done, anſwered ſhe. My heart is filled with duty, reverence, and gratitude, of which your goodneſs

goodneſs is the only ſource: as for any other ſort of love, I know not what it is; were it a voluntary emotion, believe me, ſir, I glady would give it entrance into my ſoul, but I well ſee it is of a far different nature.

Yet is your perſon at your own diſpoſal, reſumed he; and when poſſeſſed of that, the flame which burns ſo fiercely in my breaſt, in time may kindle one in yours. In ſpeaking theſe words, he took her in his arms, and kiſſed her with a vehemence, which the prodigious reſpect ſhe bore to him, as the patron and benefactor of herſelf and brother, could alone have made her ſuffer. — Her eyes, however, ſparkled with indignation, though her tongue was ſilent, and at laſt, burſting from his embrace, this, ſir, cried ſhe, is not the way to make me think as you would have me. As in this action he had no way tranſgreſſed the rules of decency, he could ill brook the finding her ſo much alarmed at it; and would have teſtified his reſentment, had not the exceſs of his love, which is ever accompanied with an adequate ſhare of reſpect, obliged him to ſtifle it. Well, *Louiſa*, ſaid he, looking earneſtly upon her, ungenerouſly do you requite what I have done for you; but I, perhaps, may bring myſelf to other ſentiments. — None, interrupted ſhe, emboldened by the too great freedom ſhe thought he had taken with her, can be ſo dreadful to me, as thoſe you now ſeem to entertain.

The look he gave her, on hearing her ſpeak in this manner, made her immediately repent having been ſo open; and in the ſame breath, becauſe, purſued ſhe, I look on it as the worſt evil could befal me, that I am compelled to oppoſe them.

Come, ſaid he, again ſoftened by theſe laſt words,

words, you will not always oppoſe them: the fervour and conſtancy of my paſſion, joined with a little yielding on your ſide, will, by degrees, excite a tender impulſe in you; and whatever is diſagreeable at preſent, either in my perſon, or behaviour, will wear off. Permit me at leaſt to flatter myſelf ſo far, and refuſe me not thoſe innocent endearments I have been accuſtomed to treat you with, before you knew me as a lover, or I indeed ſuſpected I ſhould be ſo.

He then kiſſed her again; but though he conſtrained himſelf within more bounds than before, thoſe careſſes which ſhe received with pleaſure, when thinking them only demonſtrations of friendſhip, were now irkſome, as knowing them the effects of love: ſhe ſuffered him, however, to embrace her ſeveral times, and hold one of her hands cloſe preſſed between his, while he endeavoured to influence her mind by all the tender arguments his paſſion, backed with an infinity of wit, inſpired; to all which, ſhe made as few replies as poſſible; but he contented himſelf, as love is always flattering, with imagining ſhe was leſs refractory to his ſuit, than when he firſt declared it.

Every day, and almoſt the whole day, did he entertain her on no other ſubject, but gained not the leaſt ground on her inclinations; and all he could get from her was, the wiſh of being leſs inſenſible, without the leaſt indication of ever being ſo.

In this manner did they live together near three weeks; and how much longer he would have been able to reſtrain his impatience, or ſhe to conceal the extreme regret in being compelled to liſten to him, is uncertain: a law-ſuit required his preſence to town, and *Louiſa* was in hopes of being relieved for ſome time; but his paſſion was

arrived

arrived to ſuch a height, that he could not ſupport the leaſt abſence from her, and therefore brought her to *London* with him, ſo that her perſecution ceaſed not, he never ſtirring from her, but when the moſt urgent buſineſs obliged him to it.

One night, happening to have ſtayed pretty late abroad, and in company, which occaſioned his drinking more plentifully than he was accuſtomed, *Louiſa* was retired to her chamber, in order to go to bed: his love, ever uppermoſt in his head, would not permit him to think of ſleeping, without ſeeing her; accordingly he run up into her room, and finding ſhe was not undreſſed, told her he had ſomething to acquaint her with, on which the maid that waited on her withdrew. Though the paſſion he was inſpired with, could not be heightened, his behaviour now proved it might at leaſt be rendered more ungovernable, by being inflamed with wine: he no ſooner was alone with her, than he threw himſelf upon her, as ſhe was ſitting in a chair, crying, O when, my angel, my dear adored *Louiſa*, will you conſent to make me bleſt. — By heaven, I can no longer wait the tedious formalities your modeſty demands. — I cannot think you hate me, and muſt this night inſure you mine. While he ſpoke theſe words, his lips were ſo cloſely cemented to her's, that had there been no other hindrance, it would have been impoſſible for her to have replied. — But, terrified beyond meaſure at the wild diſorder of his looks, the expreſſions he made uſe of, and the actions that accompanied them, ſhe wanted even the power of repulſing, till ſeeing her almoſt breathleſs, he withdrew his arms, which he had thrown round her neck, and contenting himſelf with holding one of her hands, — Tell me, purſued he, when may I hope a recompence

compence for all I have ſuffered? — I muſt, I will have an end of all theſe fears of offending; — this cruel conſtraint; — this diſtance between us. — Few men, *Louiſa*, in the like circumſtances we both are, would, like me, ſo long attend a happineſs in my power to ſeize.--Trifle not therefore with a paſſion, the conſequences of which there is no anſwering for.

O, ſir! ſaid ſhe, with a trembling voice, you cannot, from the moſt generous, virtuous and honourable man living, degenerate into a brutal raviſher. — You will not deſtroy the innocence you have cheriſhed, and which is all that is valuable in the poor *Louiſa*. She ended theſe words with a flood of tears, which, together with the ſight of the confuſion he had occaſioned, made him a little recollect himſelf; and to prevent the wildneſs of his deſires from getting the better of thoſe rules he had reſolved to obſerve, he let go her hand, and having told her that he would preſs her no farther that night, but expected a more ſatisfactory anſwer the next day, went out of her chamber, and left her to enjoy what repoſe ſhe could, after the alarm he had given her.

CHAP. III.

Dorilaus *continues his importunities; with ſome unexpected conſequences that attended them.*

POOR *Louiſa* concealed the diſtraction ſhe was in as much as poſſible ſhe could from the maid, who immediately came into the room on *Dorilaus* having quitted it, and ſuffered her to undreſs, and put her to bed as uſual; but was no ſooner

ſooner there, than inſtead of compoſing herſelf to ſleep, ſhe began to reflect on what he had ſaid:—the words, *that there was no anſwering for the conſequences of a paſſion ſuch as his*, gave her the moſt terrible idea.—His actions too, this night, ſeemed to threaten her with all a virgin had to fear.—She knew him a man of honour, but thought ſhe had too much reaſon to ſuſpect that if ſhe perſiſted in refuſing to be his wife, that paſſion which had influenced him, contrary to his character, to make her ſuch an offer, would alſo be too potent for any conſideration of her to reſtrain him from proceeding to extremities. Having debated every thing within her own mind, ſhe thought ſhe ought not to continue a day longer in the power of a man who loved her to this extravagant degree; where to go indeed ſhe new not;—ſhe had no friend, or even acquaintance, to whom ſhe might repair, or hope to be received.—How ſhould ſhe ſupport herſelf then?—which way procure even the moſt common neceſſaries of life?—This was a dreadful proſpect! yet appeared leſs ſo than that ſhe would avoid: even ſtarving loſt its horrors when compared either to being compelled to wed a man whom ſhe could not affect as a huſband, or, by refuſing him, run the riſque of forfeiting her honour.—She therefore heſitated but a ſmall time, and having once formed the reſolution of quitting *Dorilaus*'s houſe, immediately ſet about putting it in execution.

In the firſt place, not to be ungrateful to him as a benefactor, ſhe ſat down and wrote the following letter to be left for him on her table:

SIR,

HEaven having rendered me of a diſpoſition utterly incapable of receiving the honour you would do me, it would be an ill return for all the

unmerited favours you have heaped upon me to prolong the diſquiets I have unhappily occaſioned by continuing in your preſence;—beſides, ſir, the education you have vouchſafed to give me has been ſuch, as informs me a perſon of my ſex makes but an odd figure while in the power of one of yours poſſeſſed of the ſentiments you are.

Theſe, ſir, are the reaſons which oblige me to withdraw; and I hope, when well conſidered, will enough apologize for my doing ſo, to keep you from hating what you have but too much loved; for I beſeech you to believe a great truth, which is, that the moſt terrible idea I carry with me is, leſt while I fly the one, I ſhould incur the other; and that, whereſoever my good or ill ſtars ſhall conduct me, my firſt and laſt prayers ſhall be for the peace, health, and proſperity of my moſt generous and ever honoured patron and benefactor.

Judge favourably, therefore, of this action, and rather pity than condemn the unfortunate

LOUISA.

Having ſealed and directed this, ſhe dreſſed herſelf in one of the leaſt remarkable and plaineſt ſuits ſhe had, taking nothing with her but a little linnen which ſhe crammed into her pockets, and ſo ſat waiting till ſhe heard ſome of the family were ſtirring; then went down ſtairs, and being ſeen by one of the footmen, ſhe told him ſhe was not very well, and was going to take a little walk in hopes the freſh air might relieve her; he offered to wait upon her, but ſhe refuſed, ſaying, ſhe choſe to go alone.

Thus had ſhe made her eſcape; but when in the ſtreet, was ſeized with very alarming apprehenſions.—She was little acquainted with the town, and knew not which way to turn in ſearch of a retreat.—Reſolving, however, to go far enough,

enough, at leaſt, from the houſe ſhe had quitted, ſhe wandered on, almoſt tired to death, without ſtopping any where, till chance directed her to a retired nook, where ſhe ſaw a bill for lodgings on one of the doors.—Here ſhe went in, and finding the place convenient for her preſent circumſtances, hired a ſmall, but neat chamber, telling the people of the houſe that ſhe was come to town in order to get a ſervice, and till ſhe heard of one to her liking, would be glad to do any needle-work ſhe ſhould be employed in.

The landlady, who happened to be a good motherly ſort of a woman, replied, that ſhe was pleaſed with her countenance, or ſhe would not have taken her in without enquiring into her character; and as ſhe ſeemed not to be deſirous of an idle life, ſhe would recommend her to thoſe that ſhould find her work if ſhe ſtayed with her never ſo long.

This was joyful news to our fair fugitive; and ſhe bleſſed heaven for ſo favourable a beginning of her adventures. The woman was punctual to her promiſe; and being acquainted with a very great milliner, ſoon brought her more work than ſhe could do, without encroaching into thoſe hours nature requires for repoſe: but ſhe ſeemed not to regret any fatigue to oblige the perſon who employed her, and ſent home all ſhe did ſo neat, ſo curious, and well wrote, that the milliner eaſily ſaw ſhe had not been accuſtomed to do it for bread, and was very deſirous of having her in the houſe, and ſecuring her to herſelf. *Louiſa* thinking it would be living with leſs care, agreed to go, on this condition, that ſhe ſhould be free to quit her in caſe any offer happened of waiting upon a lady. This was conſented to by the other, who told her, that ſince ſhe had that deſign, ſhe could no where be ſo likely to ſucceed as at her houſe,

which was very much frequented by the greateſt ladies in the kingdom, ſhe having the moſt curioſities of any woman of her trade, which they came there to raffle for.

On this *Louiſa* took leave of her kind landlady, who having taken a great fancy to her, and believing it would be for her advantage, was not ſorry to part with her. A quite new ſcene of life now preſented itſelf to her: — ſhe found indeed the milliner had not made a vain boaſt; for her houſe was a kind of rendezvous, where all the young and gay of both ſexes daily reſorted.—It was here the marquis of *W———r* loſt his heart, for a time, to the fine mrs. *S———ge:* — here, that the duke of *G——n* firſt declared his amorous inclinations for mrs. *C——r:* — here, that the ſeemingly virtuous lady *B——n* received the addreſſes of that agreeable rover mr. *D———n:* — here, that the beautiful dutcheſs of *M———* gave that encouragement, which all the world had ſighed for, to the more fortunate than conſtant mr. *C———:* in fine, it might properly enough be called the theatre of gallantry, where love and wit joined to diſplay their ſeveral talents either in real or pretended paſſions.

Louiſa uſually ſat at work in a back parlour behind that where the company were; but into which ſome of them often retired to talk to each other with more freedom.

This gave her an opportunity of ſeeing in what manner too many of the great world paſſed their time, and how ſmall regard ſome of them pay to the marriage vow: every day preſented her with examples of huſbands, who behaved with no more than a cold civility to their own wives, and carried the fervor of their addreſſes to thoſe of other women; and of wives who ſeemed rather to glory in, than be aſhamed of a train of admirers. How

ſenſeleſs

ſenſeleſs would theſe people think me, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, did they know I choſe rather to work for my bread in mean obſcurity, than yield to marry where I could not love.—Tenderneſs, mutual affection, and conſtancy, I find, are things not thought requiſite to the happineſs of a wedded ſtate; and intereſt and convenience alone conſulted. Yet was ſhe far from repenting having rejected *Dorilaus*, or being in the leaſt influenced by the example of others.—The adventures ſhe was witneſs of made her, indeed, more knowing of the world, but were far from corrupting thoſe excellent morals ſhe had received from nature, and had been ſo well emproved by a ſtrict education, that ſhe not only loved virtue for its own ſake, but deſpiſed and hated vice, tho' diſguiſed under the moſt ſpecious pretences.

Her youth, beauty, and a certain ſprightlineſs in her air, was too engaging to be in the houſe of ſuch a woman as mrs. *C——ge*, (for ſo this court-milliner was called) without being very much taken notice of; and tho' moſt of the gentlemen who came there had ſome particular object in view, yet that did not hinder them from ſaying ſoft things to the pretty *Louiſa* as often as they had opportunity. Among the number of thoſe who pretended to admire her was mr. *B———n*, afterwards lord *F———h*; but his addreſſes were ſo far from making any impreſſion on her in favour of his perſon or ſuit, that the one was wholly indifferent to her, and the other ſo diſtaſteful, that to avoid being perſecuted with it, ſhe entreated mrs. *C———ge* to permit her to work above ſtairs, that ſhe might be out of the way of all ſuch ſolicitations for the future, either from him or any other. This requeſt was eaſily complied with, and the rather becauſe ſhe, who knew not the ſtrength of her journey-woman's reſolu-

tion, nor the principles ſhe had been bred in, was ſometimes in fear of loſing ſo great a help to her buſineſs, by the temptations that might be offered in a place ſo much expoſed to ſight. Mr. *B——n*, no ſooner miſſed her, than he enquired with a good deal of earneſtneſs for her; and on mrs. *C——ge*'s telling him ſhe was gone away from her houſe, became ſo impatient to know where, and on what account ſhe had left her, that this woman thinking it would be of advantage to her to own the truth, (for ſhe did nothing without that view) turned off the impoſition with a ſmile, and ſaid, that perceiving the inclinations he had for her, ſhe had ſent her up ſtairs that no other addreſſes might be a hindrance to his deſigns.—This pleaſed him very well, and he ran directly to the room where he was informed ſhe was, and after ſome little diſcourſe, which he thought was becoming enough from a perſon of his condition to one of her's, began to treat her with freedoms which ſhe could not help reſiſting with more fierceneſs than he had been accuſtomed to from women of a much higher rank; but as he had no great notion of virtue, eſpecially among people of her ſphere, he miſtook all ſhe ſaid or did for artifice; and imagining ſhe enhanced the merit of the gift only to enhance the recompence, he told her he would make her a handſome ſettlement, and offered, as an earneſt of his future gratitude, a purſe of money. The generous maid fired with a noble diſdain at a propoſal, which ſhe looked on only as an additional inſult, ſtruck down the purſe with the utmoſt indignation, and cried, ſhe was not of the number of thoſe who thought gold an equivalent for infamy; and that mean as ſhe appeared, not all his wealth ſhould bribe her to a diſhonourable action. At firſt he endeavoured to laugh her out of ſuch idle notions as he called them, and was ſo far from

from being rebuffed at any thing ſhe ſaid, that he began to kiſs and toy with her more freely than before, telling her he would bring her into a better humour; but he was wholly deceived in his expectations, if he had any of the nature he pretended; for ſhe became ſo irritated at being treated in this manner, that ſhe called out to the ſervants to come to her aſſiſtance, and proteſted ſhe would not ſtay an hour longer in the houſe if ſhe could not be ſecured from ſuch impertinencies; on which he ſaid ſhe was a ſilly romantic fool, and flung out of the room.

Mrs. *C——ge* hearing there had been ſome buſtle, came up ſoon after and found *Louiſa* in tears: ſhe immediately complained of mr. *B——n*'s behaviour to her, and ſaid, tho' ſhe acknowledged herſelf under many obligations to her for the favour ſhe had conferred on her, ſhe could not think of remaining in a place where, tho' ſhe could not ſay her virtue had any ſevere trials, becauſe ſhe had a natural deteſtation to crimes of the kind that gentleman and ſome others had mentioned, yet her perſon was liabled to be affronted. The milliner, who was ſurprized to hear her talk in this manner, but who underſtood her trade perfectly well, anſwered, that he was the beſt conditioned civil gentleman in the world; — that ſhe did not know how it happened; — that ſhe was certain indeed he loved her; and that it was in his power to make her a very happy woman if ſhe were inclined to accept his offers; — but ſhe would perſwade her to nothing.

Theſe kind of diſcourſes created a kind of abhorrence in *Louiſa*, as they plainly ſhewed her, what before ſhe had ſome reaſon to believe, that ſhe was in the houſe of one who would think nothing a crime that ſhe found it her own intereſt to promote. However, ſhe thought it would be

imprudent to break too abruptly with her, and contented herſelf for the preſent with engaging her promiſe, that neither mr. *B.——n*, nor any other perſon, ſhould for the future give her the leaſt interruption of the like ſort.

From this day, however, ſhe was continually ruminating how ſhe ſhould quit her houſe, without running the riſque of diſobliging her ſo far as not to be employed by her; for tho' ſhe found herſelf at preſent free from any of thoſe importunities to which both by nature and principles ſhe was ſo averſe, yet ſhe could not anſwer to herſelf the continuing in a place where virtue was treated as a thing of little or no conſequence, and where ſhe knew not how ſoon ſhe might again be ſubjected to affronts.

Amidſt theſe meditations the thoughts of *Dorilaus* frequently intervened: ſhe reflected on the obligations ſhe had to him, and the mighty difference between the morals of that truly noble and generous man, and moſt of thoſe ſhe had ſeen at mrs. *C——ge's*: ſhe wondered at herſelf at the antipathy ſhe had to him as a huſband, whom ſhe ſo dearly loved and honoured as a friend; yet nothing could make her wiſh to be again on the ſame terms with him ſhe had lately been. It alſo greatly added to her affliction that ſhe knew not how to direct to her brother; for at the time of his departure, little ſuſpicious of having any occaſion to change the place of her abode, ſhe had left the care of that entirely to *Dorilaus*. She was one morning very much loſt in thought on the odd circumſtances of her fortune, when a Gazette happening to lye upon the table, ſhe caſt her eye, without deſign, upon the following advertiſement.

Whereas

WHereas a young gentlewoman has lately thought fit to abſcond from her beſt friends, and with the moſt diligent ſearch that could poſſibly be made after her, has not yet been heard of; this is to acquaint her, that if ſhe pleaſes to return, ſhe ſhall hereafter have no diſturbance of that nature which it is ſuppoſed occaſioned her withdrawing herſelf, but live entirely according to her own inclinations; and this the advertiſer hereof gives his word and honour (neither of which ſhe has any cauſe to doubt) faithfully to adhere to.

It ſhall alſo be at her choice to live either at the houſe ſhe quitted, or to be again under the care of that gentlewoman who was entruſted with her education: ſhe is therefore requeſted to conceal herſelf no longer, leſt her youth, beauty, and inexperience of the town, ſhould betray her innocence into thoſe very ſnares ſhe fears to fall into.

The very beginning of this paragraph gave her a conjecture it was meant for no other than herſelf; and the more ſhe read, the more ſhe grew convinced of it.—It muſt be ſo, cryed ſhe; every word,—every circumſtance confirms it.—How unhappy am I that I cannot return ſo perfect an affection!—Inſtead of deteſting my ingratitude, he only fears I ſhould receive the puniſhment of it.—What man but *Dorilaus* would behave thus to the creature of his benevolence?—If I have any merits, do not I owe them to his goodneſs?—My brother and myſelf, two poor expoſed and wretched foundlings, what but his bounty rear'd us to what we are?—Hard fate!—unlucky paſſion that drives me from his preſence and protection.

Yet would ſhe ſay again, if he has indeed ſubdued that paſſion;—if he reſolves to think of me as before he entertained it; if I were certain he

would receive me as a child, how great would be the bleſſing!

This conſideration had ſo much effect on her, that ſhe was half determined to comply with the advertiſement; but when ſhe remembered to have read that where love is ſincere and violent, it requires a length of time to be eraſed, and that thoſe poſſeſſed of it are incapable of knowing even their own ſtrength, and, as he had ſaid to her himſelf, *that there was no anſwering for the conſequences*, ſhe grew inſtantly of another mind, and thought that putting herſelf again into the power of ſuch a paſſion was running too great a hazard.

The continual agitations of her mind, joined to want of air, a quite different way of life, and perhaps ſitting more cloſely to work than ſhe had been accuſtomed, threw her at length into a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, which, tho' it did not confine her to her bed, occaſioned a loſs of appetite, and frequent faintings, which were very alarming to her. Mrs. *C——ge* was extremely concerned to obſerve this change in her, and would have the opinion of her own phyſician, who ſaid that ſhe had ſymptoms of an approaching conſumption, and that it was abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould be removed into the country for ſome time.

Louiſa readily complied with this advice, not only becauſe ſhe imagined it might be of ſervice for the recovery of her health, but alſo as it furniſhed her with a pretence for leaving mrs *C——ge*'s houſe, to which ſhe was determined to return no more as a boarder. The good woman with whom ſhe had lodged at firſt recommended her to a friend of her's at *Windſor*, where ſhe immediately went, and was very kindly received.

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

Louiſa *becomes acquainted with a lady of quality, part of whoſe adventures are alſo related, and goes to travel with her.*

CHange of place affords but ſmall relief to thoſe whoſe diſtempers are in the mind: *Louiſa* carried with her too many perplexing thoughts to be eaſily ſhook off; tho' the queen and court being then at *Windſor*, ſhe had the opportunity of ſeeing a great many of the gay world paſs daily by her window. — There alſo lodged in the ſame houſe with her a young widow of quality, who was viſited by perſons of the firſt rank; but as ſhe was not of a condition to make one in any of theſe converſations, ſhe reaped no other ſatisfaction from them than what the eye afforded.

As ſhe was not, however, of a temper to indulge melancholy, ſhe made it her endeavour to baniſh, as much as poſſible, all ideas which were diſpleaſing from her mind: to this end, a fine harpſicord happening to ſtand in the dining-room, whenever the lady was abroad, ſhe went in and diverted herſelf with playing. She was one day entertaining the woman of the houſe with a tune, which ſhe accompanied with her voice, when the lady returning ſooner than was expected, and hearing the inſtrument before ſhe came up ſtairs, would needs know who it was that had been making uſe of it; for *Louiſa* hurried out of the room before ſhe came in: the landlady, as there was no occaſion to diſguiſe the truth, told her that it was

a young woman, who, not being very well, had come down into the country for air.

She has had an excellent education, I am certain, ſaid the lady, (who henceforward we ſhall call *Melanthe)* for in my life I never heard any body play or ſing better:—I muſt be acquainted with her; on which the other ſaid ſhe would let her know the honour ſhe intended her.

That very evening, as great ladies no ſooner think of any thing but they muſt have it performed, was *Louiſa* ſent for into her apartment; and her countenance and behaviour ſo well ſeconded the good impreſſion her ſkill in muſic had begun, that *Melanthe* became charmed with her, and from that time obliged her to come to her every morning; and whenever ſhe was without company, made her dine and ſup with her. Being curious to know her circumſtances, *Louiſa* made no ſcruple of acquainting her with the truth, only inſtead of relating how ſhe had been expoſed in her infancy, ſaid, that having the misfortune to be deprived of her parents, it was her intention to wait on a lady, and till ſhe heard of one who would accept her ſervice, ſhe had work'd at her needle.

Melanthe then aſked if ſhe would live with her; to which the other gladly anſwering, ſhe ſhould think herſelf happy in ſuch a lady; but you muſt go abroad then, ſaid ſhe, for I am weary of *England*, and am preparing to travel: as it is a route of pleaſure only, I ſhall ſtay juſt as long as I find any thing new and entertaining in one place, then go to another till I am tired of that, and ſo on, I know not how long; for unleſs my mind alters very much, I ſhall not come back in ſome years.

Louiſa was perfectly tranſported to hear her ſay this; ſhe had a great deſire to ſee foreign parts, and thought ſhe never could have a better opportunity;

tunity: ſhe expreſſed the pleaſure ſhe ſhould take in attending her wherever ſhe went with ſo much politeneſs and ſincerity, that *Melanthe* told her, it ſhould be her own fault if ſhe ever quitted her, and withal aſſured her, ſhe never would treat her in any other manner than a companion, and that tho' ſhe would make her a yearly allowance for cloaths and card-money, yet ſhe would expect no other ſervice from her than fidelity to her ſecrets, and affection to her perſon.

From the moment this agreement was made, the young *Louiſa* regained her complection and her appetite; and being now initiated into the family of this lady, had no longer any care to take than to oblige her, a thing not difficult, *Melanthe* being good natured, and ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in favour of her new friend, for ſo ſhe vouchſafed to call her, and uſe her accordingly.

As a proof of it, ſhe made her in a very ſhort time the confident of her deareſt ſecrets: they were one day ſitting together, when accidentally ſome mention was made of the power of love. You are too young, *Louiſa*, ſaid *Melanthe*, to have experienced the wonderful effects of that paſſion in yourſelf, and therefore cannot be expected to have much compaſſion for what it can inflict on others.

Indeed, madam, anſwered ſhe, tho' I never have yet ſeen a man who gave me a moment's pain on that ſcore, yet I believe there are no emotions whatever ſo ſtrong as thoſe of love, and that it is capable of influencing people of the beſt ſenſe to things which in their nature they are moſt averſe to.

Well, my dear, reſumed the other, ſince I find you have ſo juſt a notion of it, I will confide in your diſcretion ſo far as to let you know, that but for an ungrateful man, I had not looked on my

native

native country as a deſart, and reſolved to ſeek a cure for my ill-treated and abuſed tenderneſs in foreign parts.

My quality, continued ſhe, I need not inform you of; you have doubtleſs heard that my family yields to few in antiquity, and that there is an eſtate belonging to it ſufficient to ſupport the dignity of its title; but my father having many children, could not give very great portions to the daughters: I was therefore diſpoſed of, much againſt my inclinations to a nobleman, whom my unlucky charms had ſo much captivated as to make him not only take me with no other dowry than my cloaths and jewels, but alſo to ſettle a large jointure upon me, which, he being dead, I at preſent enjoy. I cannot ſay that all the obligations he laid upon me could engage a reciprocal regard: —I behaved with indifference to him while living, and little lamented him when dead: not that I was prepoſſeſſed in favour of any other man; — my heart, entirely free, was reſerved to be the conqueſt of the too charming perfidious *Henricus*, who arriving ſoon after my lord's deceaſe, and bringing with him all the accompliſhments which every different court he had viſited could afford, joined to the moſt enchanting perſon nature ever formed, ſoon made me know I was not that inſenſible creature I had thought myſelf.

I happened to be at court when he came to kiſs her majeſty's hand on his return; and whether it was that my eyes teſtified too much the admiration this firſt ſight of him ſtruck me with, or that he really diſcovered ſomething more attractive in me than any lady in the preſence I know not, but he ſeemed to diſtinguiſh me in a particular manner, and I heard him ſay to my lord *G——n* in a whiſper, that I was the fineſt woman he had ever ſeen; but what gave me more pleaſure than

even

even this praiſe, was an agreement I heard made between him and the ſame lord to go that evening to a raffle at mrs. *C—rt-ſ—r*'s. I was one of thoſe who had put in, tho' if I had not, I ſhould certainly have gone for a ſecond ſight of him, who when he went out of the drawing-room ſeemed to have left me but half myſelf.

In fine, I went, and had there wanted any thing to have entirely vanquiſhed me, my conqueror's manner of addreſs had done it with a form leſs agreeable.—O *Louiſa*, purſued ſhe with a ſigh, if you have never ſeen or heard the charming *Henricus*, you can have no notion of what is excellent in man; ſuch flowing wit; — ſuch ſoftneſs in his voice and air; — but there is no deſcribing what he is. He ſeemed all tranſport at meeting me there; among a number of ladies I alone engroſſed him: he ſcarce ſpoke to any other; and being ſo fortunate to win the raffle, which was a fine inlaid *India* cabinet, inſtead of ſending it to his own houſe, he privately ordered his ſervant to leave it at mine, lord *G——n* having, as he afterward told me, informed him where I lived, and alſo all the particulars he wanted to know concerning me.

I was prodigiouſly ſurprized when I came home and found the cabinet, which my woman imagined I had won by its being brought thither. It was indeed a piece of gallantry I had no reaſon to expect from one ſo perfect a ſtranger to me; and this, joined with the many complaiſant things he ſaid to me at mrs. *C—rt-ſ—r*'s, flattered my vanity enough to make me think he was no leſs charmed with me than I too plainly found I was with him. I ſlept little that night, and pretty early the next morning received a billet from him to this effect:

MADAM,

MADAM,

I Thought the cabinet we raffled for was more properly the furniture of a lady's cloſet than mine, eſpecially one who muſt daily receive a great number of ſuch epiſtles as it was doubtleſs intended by the maker to contain: happy ſhould I think myſelf if any thing of mine might find room among thoſe which, for their wit and elegance, may be more worthy of preſerving, though none can be for their ſincerity more ſo, than thoſe which are dictated by the eternally devoted heart of

HENRICUS.

You cannot imagine, my dear *Louiſa*, how delighted I was with theſe few lines; I encloſed them indeed in the cabinet given me by the author of them, but laid up their meaning in my heart: — I was quite alert the whole day, but infinitely more ſo, when in the evening my admired *Henricus* made me a viſit, introduced by lord *H*——, who had been one of my late husband's particular friends, and had ever kept a good correſpondence with me.

Henricus took not the leaſt notice either of the cabinet or letter before him; and as I imagined he had his reaſons for it, I too was ſilent on that head; he took the opportunity, however, while lord *H*—— was ſpeaking to a young lady who happened to be with me, to ask permiſſion to wait on me, with the hope of being received on his own ſcore as he was now on that of his friend. I told him, that merit, ſuch as his, was ſufficient to recommend him any where; and, beſides, I had an obligation to him, which I ought to acknowledge. This was all either of us had time to ſay; but it was enough to make me convinced, he deſired a more particular converſation; and

and him, that it would not be unwelcome to me.

Thus began an acquaintance, equally fatal to my peace of mind and reputation; and having ſaid that, it would be needleſs to repeat the circumſtances of it, therefore ſhall only tell you, I was ſo infatuated with my paſſion, that I never gave myſelf the trouble to examine into the nature of his pretenſions, and lulled with the vows he made of everlaſting love, reſented not that he forbore preſſing to that ceremony, which could alone inſure it: — yes, my *Louiſa*, I will not wrong him ſo far as to ſay he deceived me in this point; for though he proteſted with the moſt ſolemn imprecations, that he would never addreſs any other woman than myſelf, yet he never once mentioned marriage to me. — Alas! he too well ſaw into my heart, and that all my faculties were too much his, to be able to refuſe him any thing:— even ſo it proved; — he triumphed over all in my power to yield; — nay, was ſo far ſubdued, that I neither regretted my loſs, nor uſed any endeavours to conceal it: — vain of being his at any rate, I thought his love more glory to me, than either fame or virtue; and while I was known to enjoy the one, deſpiſed whatever cenſures I incurred for parting with the other: — in the *Mall*, the playhouſe, the ring, at *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*, he was always with me; nor would any thing, indeed, have been a diverſion to me had he been abſent.

For upwards of a year I had no reaſon to complain of his want of aſſiduity to me; though I have ſince heard, even in that time, he had other amours with women who carried them on with more prudence than I was miſtreſs of; but I had afterwards a ſtabbing proof of his inſincerity and inconſtancy.

Per-

Perceiving a great alteration in his behaviour, that he viſited me leſs frequently, and when he came, the ardours he was accuſtomed to treat me with ſtill more and more languid and enforced, I upbraided him in terms which, though they ſhewed more love than reſentment, and had he retained any tolerable remains of tenderneſs for me, muſt have been rather obliging than the contrary, he affected to take extremely ill, and told me plainly, that nothing was ſo dear to him as his peace, — that he was not of a temper to endure reproaches; and that, if I deſired the continuance of our amour, I muſt be ſatisfied with him as he was. Theſe cool, and indeed inſolent replies, made me almoſt diſtracted; and beginning to ſuſpect he had ſome new engagement, I talked to him in a manner as if I had been aſſured of it: — he, perhaps, imagining it was ſo, made no efforts to cure my jealouſy, but behaved with ſo cruel an indifference, as confirmed my apprehenſions.

Reſolving to be convinced whether I really had any rival or not, I employed ſpies to obſerve wherever he went, and to whom; but alas, there required little pains to acquire the intelligence I ſought. — I was ſoon informed that he was every day with the daughter of a little mechanic; — that he made her very rich preſents, procured a commiſſion in the army for one of her brothers, and, in fine, that he was as much devoted to her, as a man of his inconſtant temper could be to any woman.

How ſevere a mortification was this to my pride! but it had this good attending it, that it very much abated my love: — to be abandoned for ſo mean a creature, and who had nothing but youth and a tolerable face to recommend her, ſhewed ſuch a want of taſte as well as gratitude,

as

as rendered deſpicable in my eyes what had lately engroſſed all my love and admiration.—The moment I received the information I ſent for him;—and forcing my countenance to a ſerenity my heart was a ſtranger to, told him it was only to take a laſt leave of a perſon whom I had been ſo far miſtaken in, as to think deſerving my affection: that I deſired to ſee him once more, but having now ſeen my error, deſired he would deſiſt his viſits for the future. He aſked me, with the ſame calmneſs he had lately behaved with, what whim I had got in my head now. I, who had before determined not to feed my rival's pride by ſhewing any jealouſy of her, only replied, that as amours, ſuch as ours had been, muſt have an end ſome time or other, I thought none could be more proper than the preſent, becauſe I believed both of us could do it without pain.

Anſwer for yourſelf, madam, cried he, with ſome emotion, for I could perceive my behaviour had a little ſtung his vanity; and reſolute to give him in my turn all the mortification in my power, nay, ſaid I, with a diſdainful toſs of my head, I do not enquire into your ſentiments,—it is ſufficient mine are to break entirely off with you;—neither is it any concern to me, how you may reſent this alteration in my conduct, or diſpoſe of yourſelf hereafter; but I once more aſſure you, with my uſual frankneſs, that I now can ſee none of thoſe perfections my fooliſh fancy formerly found in you, and cannot be complaiſant enough to counterfeit a tenderneſs I neither feel nor think you worthy of.

The ſurprize he was in, kept him ſilent for ſome moments; but recovering himſelf as well as he could, he told me, that if the levity of my nature had made me ceaſe to love him, he could not have expected endearments ſhould be converted

verted into affronts; that if I was determined to ſee him no more, he muſt ſubmit, and ſhould endeavour to make himſelf as eaſy as he could under the misfortune.

Theſe laſt words were uttered with a kind of ſneer, which was very provoking; however, I reſtrained my paſſion during the little time he ſtayed; but as ſoon as I found myſelf alone, gave it vent in tears and exclamations, — ſince which I have been more at peace within myſelf; for though I cannot ſay I hate him, I am now far from loving him, and hope that time and abſence may bring me to a perfect indifference.

Thus, *Louiſa*, continued ſhe, you ſee the beginning and end of an adventure which has made ſome noiſe in town; to be out of which, I have taken a reſolution to travel till the whole ſhall be forgotten, and I have entirely rooted out of my heart all manner of conſideration for this ungrateful man.

Louiſa thanked her for the condeſcention ſhe had made her in entruſting her with ſo important a ſecret, and ſaid every thing ſhe could in praiſe of the reſolution ſhe had taken to leave *England* for a time, not only becauſe it was exactly conformable to her own deſires, but alſo that ſhe thought it ſo laudable in itſelf. *Melanthe* then aſſured her, that ſhe was not capable of changing her mind in this particular, and that her equipage was getting ready at *London* for that purpoſe, ſo that ſhe believed they ſhould embark in a few days. *Louiſa*, on hearing this, ſaid, that ſhe muſt then provide herſelf with ſome things it would be neceſſary for her to have, in order to appear in the ſtation her ladyſhip was pleaſed to place her; but the other, who, as may be ſeen by her hiſtory, never preſerved a medium in any thing, would not ſuffer her to be at the leaſt expence

pence on that account, but took the care of furniſhing her with every thing on herſelf; and accordingly ſent a man and horſe to town directly to her mercer's, draper's, milliner's, and other tradeſmen, with orders to ſend down ſilks, laces, hollands, and whatever elſe was requiſite; which being brought, were put to be made fit for wearing by workwomen at *Windſor*; ſo that now our *Louiſa* made as good a figure, and had as great a variety of habits as when under the guardianſhip of *Dorilaus*, and, to compleat her happineſs, this new benefactreſs grew every day more and more delighted with her company.

All being now prepared, they came to *London*, where they lay but one night before they took ſhipping for *Helveotſluys* in *Holland*, where, being ſafely landed, they proceeded to *Utrecht*, and ſo to *Aix-la-chapelle*: there they ſtayed ſome weeks for the ſake of the waters, air, and good company; and *Louiſa* thought it ſo pleaſant, that ſhe would have been glad not to have removed for ſome time longer; but *Melanthe* was yet reſtleſs in her mind, and required frequent change of place. Here it was, however, that *Louiſa* thought ſhe might venture to write to *Dorilaus*, to eaſe him of that kind concern ſhe doubted not but he was in for her welfare, by the advertiſement already mentioned in the *Gazette*. The purport of her letter was as follows:

Ever Honoured SIR,

CHild of your bounty as I am, I flatter myſelf that, in ſpite of my enforced diſobedience, it would be a trouble to you to hear I ſhould do any thing unworthy of that education you were pleaſed to beſtow on me. I therefore take the liberty of acquainting you, that Heaven has raiſed me a protectreſs in a lady of quality with whom I now am,

as you will ſee by the date of this, at Aix-la-chapelle. *As all the favours I receive from her, or all the good that ſhall happen during my whole life, is, and will be, entirely owing to you as the fountain-head, it will be always my inclination, as well as duty, to pay you the tribute of grateful thanks. — Poor recompence, alas, for all you have done for me! yet thoſe, with my inceſſant prayers to Heaven, are all in the power of*

Your moſt dutiful

LOUISA.

She took no notice of the advertiſement, not only as ſhe could not be poſitive it related to herſelf, as alſo becauſe ſhe thought, if he were certain ſhe had read it, he might reſent her not anſwering it, as diſcovering a too great diffidence of his honour. She added, however, a poſtſcript, entreating him to let her brother know, that whatever happened, he ſhould have no reaſon to find fault with her conduct.

After they left *Aix-la-chapelle*, they took bye roads to avoid the armies; yet notwithſtanding all their care, they now and then met parties who were out on foraging, but as it happened they were always under the conduct of officers who prevented any ill accident, ſo that our travellers met with no manner of interruption, but arrived ſafely at the magnificent city of *Vienna*, where was at that time an extreme gay court, affording every thing capable of diverting a much more ſettled melancholy, than either *Melanthe*, or her fair companion were poſſeſſed of.

The arch-dutcheſſes, *Mary Elizabeth*, and *Mary Anna Joſepha*, afterward queen of *Portugal*, had frequent balls and entertainments in their different drawing-rooms; to all which *Melanthe*, being

being a ſtranger, and a woman of quality, was invited: ſhe kept her promiſe with *Louiſa*; and treating her as a young lady, whoſe friendſhip for her, and a deſire of ſeeing the world had engaged to accompany her, ſhe was received and reſpected as ſuch; and by this means had an opportunity of ſhewing the skill ſhe had in dancing, ſinging, muſic, and indeed all the accompliſhments that a woman born and educated to the beſt expectations, is uſually inſtructed in. As neither her lady nor herſelf underſtood the *German* language, and ſhe ſpoke infinitely the beſt *French*, her converſation was the moſt agreeable, which, joined with a moſt engaging manner, and a peculiar ſweetneſs in her voice, attracted all thoſe civilities which the rank of the other demanded.

Poſſeſſed of ſo many charms, it would have been ſtrange, if in a city thronged like *Vienna* with young noblemen, who were continually coming from all parts of the empire, ſhe had lived without ſome who pretended to ſomewhat more than mere admiration; but her heart had not refuſed the worthy *Dorilaus*, to become the conqueſt of a *German*; nor was it here ſhe was ordained to experience thoſe anxieties in herſelf, ſhe could but imperfectly conceive by the deſcription ſhe had from others.

Melanthe, however, whoſe ſole aim was to drive all perplexing thoughts from her mind, encouraged a great number of viſiters, ſo that her lodgings ſeemed a perfect theatre of gallantry; and *Louiſa* having her ſhare in all the amuſements this lady prepared for the reception of thoſe that came to ſee her, or were contrived for her entertainment by others, paſt her time in the moſt gay and agreeable manner imaginable, and by this means acquired the knowledge of almoſt the only thing ſhe before was ignorant in, how to receive

receive a multiplicity of company, yet to behave ſo as each ſhould imagine themſelves moſt welcome; — to ſeem perfectly open, without diſcovering any thing improper to be revealed; — to uſe all decent freedoms with the men, yet not encourage the leaſt from them; and to ſeem to make a friend of every woman ſhe converſes with, without putting truſt in any; — and, in fine, all the little policies which make up the art of what is called a polite addreſs, and which is not to be attained without an acquaintance with the court, and great world.

This, I ſay, our amiable foundling was now well verſed in, and practiſed among thoſe whom ſhe found made a practice of it; but yet retained the ſame ſincerity of mind, love of virtue, and deteſtation of vice, ſhe brought with her from the houſe of *Dorilaus:* — neither was her youth too much dazzled with the exterior ſplendor ſhe beheld; and though ſhe was well enough pleaſed with it, yet it did not in the leaſt take her off from the duties of religion, or inſpire her with any ambitious or aſpiring wiſhes to become what the remembrance of what ſhe was forbid any probable expectation of. She knew the preſent faſhion of her life was not an aſſured ſettlement, and therefore ſet not her heart upon it. — Few at her years would have had the like prudence, or in time armed themſelves, as ſhe did, againſt any change that might befal her.

In this happy ſituation let us leave her for a while: the young *Horatio* claims his ſhare of attention; and it is time to ſee what encouragement and ſucceſs his martial ardor met with on the banks of the *Danube.*

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Horatio's *reception by the officers of the army; his behaviour in the battle; his being taken priſoner by the* French; *his treatment among them, and many other particulars.*

THE extreme graceful perſon of *Horatio*, his youth, handſome equipage, and the letters ſent by *Dorilaus* to ſeveral of the principal officers in his favour, engaged him a reception anſwerable to his wiſhes: but none was of greater ſervice than the recommendation he had to colonel *Brindfield*, who being in great favour with the duke of *Marlborough*, was highly reſpected by the whole army. This gentleman made him dine frequently with him, and teſtified the regard he had for *Dorilaus*, by doing all the good offices he could to a youth, whom he perceived by his letter, he had a great concern for. He not only introduced him to the acquaintance of many officers of condition, but took an opportunity of preſenting him to the duke himſelf, giving, at the ſame time, his grace an account, that he was a gentleman, whoſe inclination to arms, and the honour of ſerving under his grace, had made him renounce all other advantages for the hope of doing ſomething worthy of his favour. The duke looked, all the time he was ſpeaking, very attentively on the young *Horatio*, and finding ſomething in his air that corroborated the colonel's deſcription, was pleaſed to ſay, that he was charmed with his early thirſt after fame; and then turning toward him, You will ſoon, purſued he,

have an opportunity of ſeeing how the face of war looks near at hand: — I can tell you, that you muſt not always expect ſmiles. No, my lord, replied he, without being at all daunted at the preſence of ſo great a man; but where we love, all countenances are agreeable.

He arrived indeed opportunely to be a witneſs of the dangers of that glorious campaign, which brought ſuch ſhame to the *French*, ſuch honour to the *Engliſh*, and ſuch real advantages to the empire. Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, and prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, were come to the duke's quarters, which were then at *Mondeſheim*, to conſult on proper operations; the reſult was, that the duke and prince *Lewis* ſhould join armies, and command each day alternately, and that prince *Eugene* ſhould head a ſeparate army, and repair towards *Philipsburg*, to defend the paſſage of the *Rhine*, the lines of *Stolhoffen*, and the country of *Wirtenberg*.

The two armies joined at *Weſterſtretton*, and thence proceeded by eaſy marches towards *Donawert*, between which and *Scellenberg* the enemy was encamped. Fatigued as they were, the duke made them paſs over a little river, and endeavour to force the intrenchments; which enterprize ſucceeded, notwithſtanding all the diſadvantages the confederate armies were in, and the others were obliged to retire with great precipitation, many of whom were drowned in endeavouring to paſs the *Danube*.

In this action was our young ſoldier initiated, and had the glory to be ſignalized by two remarkable accidents; one was, that preſſing among the foremoſt in this hazardous attempt, he had his hat taken off by a cannon ball; and the other was, that ſeeing a ſtandard about to be taken by the enemy, the perſon who carried it happening to

to be killed, he ran among thoſe who were carrying it away, and being ſeconded by ſome others, retrieved that badge of *Engliſh* honour; and as this was done in ſight of the duke, he rode up to him directly, and preſented it to him. Take it for your pains, cried he, you have ventured hard, and well deſerve the prize. There was no time for thanks; the duke, who was almoſt every where at once, was immediately gone where he found his preſence neceſſary, and *Horatio* returned to take the place of the dead cornet, doubly animated by the encouragement he had received.

This victory opening a way into the elector of *Bavaria*'s dominions, that poor country was terribly ravaged, no leſs than three hundred towns, villages, and caſtles being utterly conſumed by a detachment of horſe and dragoons the duke ſent for that purpoſe. Some old officers told *Horatio*, that now would be the time to make his fortune, if he went with theſe ſquadrons, there being many rich things which would fall to the ſhare of the plunderers: to which he anſwered, that he came to fight for the honour of his country, and not to rob for its diſgrace. This they laughed at, and endeavoured to make him ſenſible, that the taking away an enemy's treaſure, was to take away their ſtrength; but all they could ſay was ineffectual; he was not to be perſwaded out of what he thought reaſon and juſtice: and this converſation being afterward repeated to the duke, he ſmiled and ſaid, he was yet too young to know the value of money.

After this, prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, dividing from the duke, in order to undertake the ſiege of *Ingolſtadt*, our young cornet attended his grace to the relief of prince *Eugene*, who expected to be attacked by the united army of *Bavarians* and *French*, then encamped near *Hockſtadt*.

It would be needleſs to give any deſcription of this famous battle, few of my readers but muſt be acquainted with it, ſo I ſhall only ſay, that among the number of thoſe few priſoners the *French* had to boaſt of, in atonement for ſo great a defeat, was the young brave *Horatio*, who fell to the lot of the baron *de la Valiere*, nephew to the marqueſs of *Sille*. This nobleman being extremely taken with his perſon and behaviour, treated him in the politeſt manner; and though he carried him with him into *France*, aſſured him that it was more for the pleaſure of entertaining him there, than any other conſideration. *Horatio* was not much afflicted at this misfortune, becauſe it gave him an opportunity of ſeeing a country he had heard ſo much commended, and alſo to make himſelf maſter of a language, which, though he underſtood, he ſpoke but imperfectly.

The baron was not only one of the moſt gallant, but alſo one of the beſt humoured men in the world; he ſpared nothing during the whole time they tarried in his quarters, nor in their journey to *Paris*, which might contribute to make his priſoner eaſy under his preſent circumſtances; and among other things, often ſaid to him, if you and ſome others have fallen under the common chance of war, you have yet the happineſs of knowing your army in general has been victorious, and that there are infinitely a greater number of ours, who, againſt their will, muſt ſee *England*, than there are of yours conducted into *France*.

On their arrival, *Horatio* wrote an account to *Dorilaus* of all had happened to him, not doubting but he would uſe his intereſt to have him either mentioned when there ſhould come an exchange of priſoners, or that he would ranſom him himſelf; but receiving no anſwer, he concluded his letter,

letter, by ſome accident, had miſcarried, and ſent another; but that meeting the ſame fate as the former, he wrote a third, accompanied with one to his ſiſter, directed to the boarding-ſchool, where he imagined ſhe ſtill was: to this laſt, after ſome time, he had the following return from the governeſs:

SIR,

A Letter directed for miſs Louiſa *coming to my houſe, I was in debate with myſelf what to do with it, that young lady having been gone from me laſt* September, *ſince which time I have never heard any thing of her: — at laſt I ſent it to* Dorilaus's *country ſeat by a meſſenger, who brought it to me again, with intelligence that he was gone with ſome friends into the north of* Ireland, *and that it was probable they had taken miſs with them. — I then thought proper to open it, believing ſhe had no ſecrets I might not be entruſted with, and finding it came from you, could do no leſs than give you this information, to prevent your being under any ſurprize for not receiving anſwers to your letters. I am ſorry to find by yours, that you have had ſuch ill ſucceſs in your firſt campaign; but would not have you be caſt down, ſince you need not doubt, but on the return of* Dorilaus, *you will have remittances for your ranſom, or whatever elſe you may have occaſion for.* I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

A. TRAINWELL.

This letter made him perfectly contented; he had no reaſon to queſtion the continuance of *Dorilaus*'s goodneſs to him, nor that he ſhould attend this new proof of it any longer than the return of that gentleman to *England* ſhould make

him know the occaſion he now had for it. He therefore had no anxious thoughts to interrupt the pleaſures the place he was in afforded in ſuch variety: he was every evening with the baron, either at court, the opera, the comedy, or ſome other gay ſcene of entertainment; was introduced to the beſt company; and his young heart, charmed with the politeneſs and gallantry of that nation, and the little vanity to which a perſon of ſuch early years is incident, being flattered with the complaiſance he was treated with, gave him, in a ſhort time, a very ſtrong affection for them; but there was yet another, and more powerful motive, which rendered his captivity not only pleaſing, but almoſt deſtroyed in him an inclination ever to ſee his native country again.

The baron *de la Valiere* had long been paſſionately in love with a young lady, who was one of the maids of honour to king *James*'s queen: he went almoſt every day to *St. Germains*, in order to proſecute his addreſſes, and frequently took *Horatio* with him. The motive of his firſt introducing him to that court was, perhaps, the vanity of ſhewing him that no reverſe of fate could make the *French* regardleſs of what was due to royalty, ſince the chevalier *St. George* ſeemed to want no requiſite of majeſty, but the power; but he afterwards found the pleaſure he took in thoſe viſits, infinitely ſurpaſſed what he could have expected, and that his heart had an attachment, which made him no ſooner quit that palace, than he would ask with impatience, when they ſhould go thither again. The baron had a great deal of penetration; and as thoſe who feel the power of love in themſelves, can eaſily perceive the progreſs it makes in others, a very few viſits confirmed him that *Horatio* had found ſomething there more attractive than all he could behold

behold elſewhere; nor was he long at a loſs to diſcover, among the number of beauties which compoſed the trains of the queen and princeſs, which of them it was that had laid his priſoner under a more laſting captivity than war had done.

Princeſs *Louiſa Maria Tereſa*, daughter of the late king *James*, was then but in her thirteenth year; the ladies who attended her were all of them much of the ſame age, and to ſhew the reſpect the *French* had for this royal family, tho' in misfortunes, were alſo the daughters of perſons whoſe birth and fortune might have done honour to the ſervice of the greateſt empreſs in the world: nor were any of them wanting in thoſe perfections which attract the heart beyond the pomp of blood or titles; but ſhe who had influenced that of our *Horatio*, was likewiſe in the opinion of thoſe, who felt not her charms in the ſame degree he did, allowed to excel her fair companions in every captivating grace, and to yield in beauty to none but the princeſs herſelf, who was eſteemed a prodigy. This amiable lady was called *Charlotta de Palfoy*, only daughter to the baron of that name; and having from her moſt early years diſcovered a genius above what is ordinarily found in her ſex, had been educated by her indulgent parents in ſuch a manner, as nature loſt nothing for want of the improvements of art; yet did not all the accompliſhments ſhe was miſtreſs of give her the leaſt air of haughtineſs; on the contrary, there was a certain ſweetneſs of temper in her, which gave a double charm to every thing ſhe ſaid or did; ſhe was all affability, courteſy, and chearfulneſs; ſhe could not therefore avoid treating ſo agreeable a ſtranger as *Horatio* with all imaginable marks of civility; but ſhe had been a very ſmall time acquainted with him before her

liking ripened into a kind of tenderneſs, little inferior to what he was poſſeſſed of for her; and tho' both were then too young to be able to judge of the nature of this growing inclination, yet they found they loved, without knowing to what end.

As both the chevalier *St. George* and the princeſs his ſiſter, were inſtructed in the *Engliſh* language, and beſides many of their court were natives of *Great Britain*, whoſe loyalty had made them follow the exiled monarch, the *French* belonging to them had alſo an ambition to ſpeak in the ſame dialect: mademoiſelle *Charlotta* being but lately come among them, had not yet attained the proper accent, any more than *Horatio* had that of the *French*; ſo they agreed, that to improve each other in the different languages, he ſhould always ſpeak to her in *French*, and ſhe ſhould anſwer him in *Engliſh*. This ſucceeded, not only for the purpoſe it was intended, but likewiſe drew on a greater intimacy between them, than might otherwiſe have happened, at leaſt in ſo ſhort a time.

The baron having a real friendſhip for *Horatio*, rejoiced to find he had ſo powerful an attachment to continue among them; and without taking any notice how far he ſaw into his ſentiments, encouraged his viſits at *St. Germains* all he could. Thus indulged in every thing he wiſhed, he began inſenſibly to loſe all deſires of returning to *England*, and receiving no letters, either from *Dorilaus*, or his ſiſter, was, as it were, weaned from that affection he had formerly bore to them, and in the room of that, the new friendſhips he was every day contracting, took up his mind.

He was indeed uſed with ſo much love and reſpect by people in the moſt eminent ſtations, to whom

whom the baron had introduced him, that it would have been ungrateful in him not to have returned it with the greateſt good will. Expreſſing one day ſome ſurprize at being ſo far forgotten by his friends in *England*, the baron *de la Valiere* told him, that he would not have him look on himſelf as any other than a gueſt in *France*, and that if he choſe to quit that country, he ſhould not only be at his liberty to return to *England* whenever he pleaſed, but alſo ſhould be furniſhed with a ſum ſufficient for the expences of his journey; but added, that the offer he now made of depriving himſelf of ſo agreeable a companion, was a piece of ſelf-denial, than which, there could not be a greater proof of a diſintereſted regard.

Horatio replied in the manner this generoſity demanded, and ſaid, that if there was any thing irkſome to him in *France*, it was only his inability of returning the favours he had received: believe me, ſir, purſued he, were I maſter of a fortune ſufficient to put me above the neceſſity of receiving the obligations I now do, it would not be in the power of all I left in *England* to prevail on me to return; — it is here, and in the ſociety of that company I at preſent, through your means, enjoy, that I would wiſh to paſs my whole life.

The baron then told him he would find a way to make all things eaſy to him, and accordingly went the ſame day to monſieur the prince of *Conti*, to whom he gave ſuch an advantageous deſcription of the courage and accompliſhments of the *Engliſh* cornet, and the inclination he had to ſtay among them, that his highneſs told the baron, that he might acquaint him from him, that if he were willing to ſerve under him, he

ſhould have a commiſſion; or, if he rather choſe a civil employment, he would uſe his intereſt to procure him ſuch a one as might afford both honour and profit.

This the baron did not fail to communicate immediately to *Horatio*, who, charmed with the generoſity both of the one and the other, broke out into the utmoſt encomiums of that nation:— Sure, ſaid he, the *French* are a people born to inſpire and inſtruct virtue and benevolence to all the kingdoms in the world! After the firſt raptures of his gratitude were over, being preſſed by the baron to let him know which of the prince's offers he would chuſe to accept; alas! replied he, this is a kind of an unfortunate dilemma I am in; — my inclinations are for the army, and it would be the height of my ambition to ſerve under ſuch generals as the *French*; but it would be unnatural in me to draw my ſword againſt the land which gave me being: — O would to God! continued he, there were an opportunity for me to do it in any other cauſe! how gladly would I leave the beſt part of my blood to ſhew the ſenſe I have of the generoſity I have experienced.

The baron had nothing to offer in oppoſition to a ſentiment which he found had ſo much of honour in it; and therefore acquainted the prince that he choſe to accept of his highneſs's favour in a civil employment; on which he was ordered to attend his levee the next day.

His good friend accompanied him, and having preſented him with the forms uſual on ſuch occaſions, the prince receivēd him very graciouſly, and was pleaſed to ask him ſeveral queſtions concerning the government of *England* at that time, the battle in which he had been taken, and many other things, to all which the young *Horatio* anſwered with ſo much diſcretion and politeneſs,

as

as made the prince ſay to the baron, You have not flattered this gentleman in your deſcription of him; for though I believe your friendſhip ready enough to give a juſt idea of him, yet, I aſſure you, his own behaviour is his beſt recommendation, and well entitles him to more than I find it in my power to do for him at preſent. I have been thinking for you, ſir, continued he, turning to *Horatio*, and imagine that the employment I have found you will not be diſagreeable to you: — one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the chevalier *St. George* being dead, there is a vacancy, which I will make intereſt ſhall be filled by no other than yourſelf; — you ſeem to be much of the ſame age with him, and I dare ſay he will be extremely pleaſed in the choice I make of you to be near him: — it is not, indeed, added he, a place of ſo much advantage as I could wiſh, but there is a handſome penſion annexed to it, which, with the honour, will, I believe, content you till ſomething better preſents itſelf.

From the firſt mention the prince made of the poſt he had found for him, the heart of *Horatio* leaped in his breaſt with an agitation he had never felt before: the thoughts of living at *St. Germains* in the ſame palace with mademoiſelle *Charlotta* ſo tranſported him, that he ſcarce knew what he ſaid; and the thanks he gave the prince were expreſſed with ſuch hyperboles of gratitude, as made his highneſs think he had a higher idea of the employment than it indeed deſerved; but the baron, who knew the motive, and could not help ſmiling within himſelf, to prevent any other from ſuſpecting it, however, told the prince, that it was not to be wondered at, that he teſtified ſo high a ſatisfaction, ſince he was now to ſerve a family he had by nature a ſtrong attachment to, and at

the ſame time continue in a country he liked much better than his own.

Horatio by this time having a little recovered himſelf, and ſenſible he had gone rather too far, ſeconded what the baron had ſaid, and no more obſervations were made on it.

That ſame evening, the prince having made it his requeſt, was *Horatio* permitted to kiſs the hand of the chevalier *St. George*, and the enſuing day took poſſeſſion of the apartment appropriated to the office beſtowed on him.

After having received the congratulations of the whole court, who teſtified a great deal of ſatisfaction in having him among them, and paid his compliments in a particular manner to mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, he took abundance of pleaſure in viewing all the apartments of a palace, famous for the birth of one of the greateſt monarchs of the age, and for being the aſylum of the diſtreſſed royal family of *England*. When his attendance on his maſter gave him leiſure, he frequently paſſed many hours together in a cloſet, where he was told the late king *James* uſed to retire every day, to pray for the proſperity of that people who had abjured him. Young as *Horatio* was, and gay by nature, he ſometimes loved to indulge the moſt ſerious meditations; and this place, as well as the condition of thoſe he ſerved, remonſtrating to him the inſtability of all human greatneſs, he made this general reflection, that there was nothing truly valuable but virtue, becauſe the owner could be deprived of that only by himſelf, and not by either the fraud or force of others.

Indeed the behaviour of all the perſons who compoſed this court, could not but inſpire thoſe who ſaw it, with ſentiments of the nature I have deſcribed: the queen herſelf, though of too great

a ſoul to ſhew any marks of repining at her fate, was never ſeen to ſmile; even the chevalier *St. George* and the princeſs had both of them a very ſerious air, which denoted they had reflections more befitting their condition than their years; and thoſe about them being moſt of them perſons who had left the greateſt part of their fortunes, as well as kindred, either in *England*, *Scotland*, or *Ireland*, had their own misfortunes, as well as that of the royal cauſe, to lament, and therefore could not but wear a dejection in their countenances: in fine, every thing he ſaw, ſeemed an emblem of fallen majeſty, except on drawing-room nights, and then indeed the ſplendor of *Marli* and *Verſailles* ſhone forth at *St. Germains* in the perſons of thoſe who came to pay their compliments; among whom were not only the *Dauphine*, and all the princes of the blood, but even the grand monarch himſelf, thought it not beneath his dignity to give this proof of his reſpect, once or twice every week.

This way of living, and the company he was now aſſociated with, gave *Horatio* a manly way of thinking, much ſooner than otherwiſe perhaps he might have had, yet did not rob him of his vivacity: ſome of the queen's women, and the young ladies about the princeſs, particularly mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, had a thouſand ſprightly entertainments among themſelves, into which he, the baron *de la Valiere*, and ſome others, who had attachments at that court, were always admitted.

But now the time arrived in which he was to loſe the ſociety of that valuable friend; the campaign was ready to open, and he was obliged to head his troops, and follow the marſhals *de Villars* and *Marſin* into *Flanders*.

All the converſation turning now on war, thoſe martial

martial inclinations, which love, and the ſeaſon of the year, had occaſioned to lye dormant for a while in the boſom of *Horatio*, now revived in him: he embraced the baron at taking leave of him with tears of affection and regret: how cruel is my fate, ſaid he, to make me of a nation at enmity with yours, and that I can neither fight for you, nor againſt you!

Well, my dear *Horatio*, replied the other, *France* may hereafter have occaſion to employ your arm, where there are no ties of duty to reſtrain you: — in the mean time, continued he with a ſmile, ſofter engagements may employ your thoughts; — mademoiſelle *Charlotta de Palfoy* is a conqueſt worth purſuing.

This was the firſt hint the baron had ever given him of the diſcovery he had made of his ſentiments, and it ſo much the more ſurprized him, that he was told by another, what he was not certain of himſelf: — he knew indeed the ſociety of that young lady gave him infinite ſatisfaction, and that he was reſtleſs when abſent from her; but theſe words, and the air with which they were ſpoke, ſhewed him more of his own heart than he had before examined into; — he bluſhed exceſſively, and made no anſwer; on which, you have no cauſe, reſumed the baron, to be aſhamed of the paſſion you are inſpired with, nor troubled at my diſcovery of it: — I aſſure you I have ſeen it a long time, and though you never honoured me with your confidence in that point, have taken all opportunities of doing juſtice to your merit, in the converſations I have had with mademoiſelle, who, I had the ſatisfaction to find was not diſpleaſed with what I ſaid upon that head; and I flatter myſelf with having a good account of the progreſs you have made at my return.

I have too much experience of your friendſhip and goodneſs to me, replied *Horatio*, not to aſſure myſelf of your doing me all manner of kind offices; — I have indeed ſo great a regard for the lady you mention, that I know none of her ſex who I ſo much wiſh ſhould think well of me, yet is ſhe utterly ignorant of the ſentiments I have for her; and if I am poſſeſſed of that paſſion which they call love, which I proteſt I am not certain of myſelf, I have never made the leaſt declaration, that can give her room to imagine any ſuch thing.

The baron laughed heartily to hear him ſpeak in this manner, and then told him there was no need of words to make known an inclination of that kind; — it was to be ſeen in every look and motion of the perſon inſpired with it. — Mademoiſelle *de Palfoy*, continued he, young as ſhe is, I dare anſwer, has penetration enough to ſee the conqueſt ſhe has made, but has not yet learned artifice enough to conceal that ſhe is at the ſame time ſubdued herſelf; — and if you would take the advice of a perſon, who has ſome experience in theſe affairs, you will endeavour to engage her to a confeſſion, before too much obſervation on the behaviour of others to their lovers, ſhall teach her thoſe imperious airs, by which women frequently torment the heart that adores them, tho' their own perhaps in doing ſo feels an equal ſhare.

Horatio, who had ſeen ſomething like this between the baron and his miſtreſs, found a great deal of reaſon in what he ſaid, and promiſed to be guided by him, eſpecially as he had encouragement enough to hope, by all the treatment he had found from *Charlotta*, that a declaration of love from him would not offend her beyond forgiveneſs.

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From that time forward, he therefore began to think in what manner he ſhould firſt diſcloſe the tender ſecret, to the dear object of his affections: when abſent from her, he eaſily found words, but when preſent, that awe which is inſeparable from a real paſſion, ſtruck him entirely dumb; and whenever he was about to open his mouth to utter what he intended, he had neither words nor voice; and tho' he ſaw her every day, was often alone with her, and had opportunity enough to have revealed himſelf, yet could he not get the better of his timidity for a great while; and perhaps ſhould been much longer under this cruel conſtraint, had not an accident favoured his wiſhes, beyond what he could have hoped, or even imagined, and by ſhewing him part of what paſſed in her ſoul, emboldened him to unfold, what his own laboured with on her account.

CHAP. VI.

Deſcribes the maſquerade at the dutcheſs of Main's; *the characters and intrigues of ſeveral perſons of quality who were there; the odd behaviour of a lady in regard to* Horatio, *and* Charlotta's *ſentiments upon it.*

THE dutcheſs of *Main* was one of the gayeſt and moſt gallant ladies at the court of *Lewis* XIV. ſhe was for ever entertaining the nobility with balls, maſquerades, or concerts; and as ſhe was of the blood-royal, and highly reſpected not only on that ſcore, but by the diſtinguiſhed favour of the king, the chevalier *St. George*, and the princeſs his ſiſter, frequently honoured her aſſemblies with their preſence.

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To divert thoſe ladies, whoſe husbands were gone to *Flanders*, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe now propoſed a maſquerade; and the day being fixed, it was the ſole buſineſs of the young and gay to prepare habits, ſuch as were moſt ſuitable to their inclinations, or, as they thought, would be moſt advantageous to their perſons.

The chevalier *St. George* was dreſſed in a rich *Grecian* habit, of sky-coloured velvet, embroidered with large ſilver ſtars: the top of his cap was encompaſſed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, ſaphires, amethiſts, and other precious ſtones of various colours, ſet in rows, in the exact form of a rainbow: a light robe of crimſon taffety, fringed with ſilver, was faſtened by a knot of jewels, on his left ſhoulder, and croſſed his back to the right ſide, where it was tucked into a belt of the fineſt oriental pearls, and thence hung down and trailed a little on the ground: in fine, there was nothing that exceeded the magnificence and elegance of his appearance, or was, in any meaſure, equal to it in the whole aſſembly, except that of the princeſs *Louiſa* his ſiſter.

She would needs go as a *Diana*, and obliged all her ladies to be habited like nymphs; no idea of this goddeſs, inſpired either by the painter or poet's art, can, in any degree, come up to that which the ſight of this amiable princeſs gave every beholder. Conformable to the character ſhe aſſumed, ſhe had a large creſcent of diamonds on her head, which had no other covering than a great quantity of the fineſt hair in the world, partly braided with pearls and emeralds, and partly flowing in ringlets, down on her alabaſter neck: her garments were ſilver tiſſue, white and ſhining as the moon on a clear froſty night; and being buttoned up a little at the bottom, as for the conveniency of the chace, ſhewed great part of her fine

fine proportioned ankle. In her hand ſhe held a ivory bow, and an arrow of the ſame, headed with gold; and on her ſhoulder was fixed a quiver, curiouſly wrought, and beſet with jewels: her attendants, which were ſix in number, had their habits green, but made in the ſame faſhion of the princeſs's, with bows and arrows in their hands, and quivers at their backs: all of them had their hair turned up under a caul of ſilver net, from which hung little toſſels of pearl intermixed with diamonds.

Next to this fair troop, the dutcheſs of *Main* herſelf attracted the attention of the aſſembly: — ſhe was habited like an *Indian* queen, with robes compoſed of feathers ſo artfully placed, that they repreſented a thouſand different kinds of birds and beaſts, which, as ſhe moved, ſeemed to have motion in themſelves: on her head ſhe had a lofty plume, ſupported by a cap, and richly ornamented with precious ſtones; as were all her garments, wherever the propriety of the faſhion of them would give leave.

The young mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, in the habit of a ſea-nymph, and mademoiſelle *de Blois* in that of a *Minerva*, ornamented and decorated according to their ſeveral characters, had alſo their ſhare of admiration.

Nor did the marchioneſſes of *Vallois* and *Lucerne*, both in the garb of ſhepherdeſſes, ſerve as mere foils to thoſe I have mentioned: there was ſomething, even in this plainneſs, that ſhewed the elegance of the wearer's taſte.

The prince of *Conde*, the dukes of *Berry*, *Vendoſme*, and *Chartres*, the young marqueſs *de Montbauſine*, the counts *de Chenille*, *de Ranbeau*, and the baron *de Roche*, had all of them habits, extremely rich and well fancied, as were many others, of whom it would be too tedious to make par-

particular mention, and be likewiſe digreſſive to the matter I take upon me to relate: I ſhall therefore only ſay, that there was not one perſon of either ſex, who did not endeavour to ſet themſelves forth to all poſſible advantage.

Thoſe gentlemen who attended the chevalier *St. George*, were at their liberty to appear in what habit they pleaſed: *Horatio* knowing his charming *Charlotta* was a nymph of the foreſt, choſe to be a hunter, and was accordingly dreſſed in green, with a little cap on his head, and a javelin in his hand, as *Acteon* is generally portrayed; and indeed, had he ſtudied what garb would have become him beſt, he could not have fixed on one more proper for the purpoſe.

Fine mademoiſelle *de Sanſerre*, at leaſt thought him more worthy of her regard than any of thoſe the richneſs of whoſe habits made her know were of a higher rank: — ſhe took particular notice of him, made him dance with her, and ſaid a thouſand gallant things to him; but he could very well have diſpenſed with hearing them, and found little ſatisfaction in any thing that deprived him of entertaining his dear *Charlotta*, who he eaſily knew, by her air and ſhape, from all thoſe who were habited in the ſame manner. As he doubted not, however, but the perſon who had thus ſingled him out was a lady of condition, he returned her civilities with a politeneſs which was natural to him, but which had received great improvements ſince his arrival in *France*. She was no leſs charmed with his converſation, than ſhe had been with his perſon, and impatient to know who he was, made an offer of ſhewing him her face, on condition he would pluck off his mask at the ſame time: but this he would by no means agree to, becauſe ſtill hoping to get rid of her, and have ſome diſcourſe with mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, he did

did not think proper he ſhould be known by any other, who might perhaps make remarks on his behaviour; and therefore excuſed himſelf from complying with her deſires, in terms as obliging as the circumſtances would admit.

As ſhe had diſplayed all her talents of wit and eloquence to engage him, ſhe looked on the little curioſity ſhe had been able to inſpire in him as an affront; and vexed ſhe had thrown away ſo much time on an inſenſible, as ſhe called him, flung haſtily away, and joining with ſome other company, left him at liberty to purſue his inclinations.

This lady had been a royal miſtreſs, but not having the good fortune to be made a mother, was not honoured with any title; her being forſaken by the king, who indeed had few amours of any long continuance, did not in the leaſt abate the good opinion ſhe had of her beauty; and to ſee herſelf followed by a train of lovers, being the ſupreme pleaſure of her life, ſhe ſpared nothing to attract and engage: whenever ſhe failed in this expectation, it was a ſevere mortification; but her vanity, and the gaiety of her humour, would not ſuffer it to prey upon her ſpirits for above a minnte, and ſhe diverted the ſhock of a rebuff in one place, by new attempts to conquer in another; therefore it is probable thought no more of *Horatio*, after ſhe had turned from him.

He now carefully avoided all that might interrupt his wiſhes, and ſeeing *Charlotta* had juſt broke off ſome converſation ſhe had been entertained with, made what haſte he could to prevent her from being re-engaged: — ſhe immediately knew him; and as their mutual innocence made them perfectly free in expreſſing themſelves to each other, ſhe told him ſhe was glad he was come; that they would keep together the whole maſquerade, provided he did not think it a confinement,

finement, to prevent her being perſecuted with the impertinences of ſome people there, who ſhe found thought a maſque a kind of ſanction for ſaying any thing.

It is not to be doubted but *Horatio* gave her all the aſſurances that words could form, of feeling the moſt perfect pleaſure in her ſociety, and that he ſhould not, without the extremeſt reluctance, find himſelf obliged to abandon the happineſs ſhe offered him to any other perſon in the company. To recompence this complaiſance, as ſhe called it, ſhe gave him a brief detail of the characters of as many as ſhe knew thro' their habits; and in doing this, diſcovered a ſweet impartiality and love of truth, which was no ſmall addition to her other charms. She blamed the baroneſs *de Guiche* for not being able to return the affection of a huſband who had married her with an inconſiderable fortune, and had, ſince ſhe had been his wife, pardoned a thouſand miſcarriages in her conduct: — ſhe praiſed the virtue of mademoiſelle *de Mareau*, who being at fifteen the bride of a man of ſeventy, behaved to him with a tenderneſs, and exact conformity to his will, which, if owing alone to duty, was not to be diſtinguiſhed from inclination: — ſhe expreſſed a concern, that the gaiety of the dutcheſs of *Vendoſme*, gave the world any room for cenſure, and highly condemned the duke, for being guilty of actions, which had made her ſometimes give into parties of pleaſure by way of retaliation: — but ſhe was more ſevere on the indecorum of mademoiſelle *de Renville*, who being known for the miſtreſs of the duke of *Chartres*, and that ſhe was ſupported by him, was fond of appearing in all public places. She could not help teſtifying a good deal of ſurprize, that any woman who pretended to virtue, would admit her into their aſſemblies; not but ſhe ſaid, the

caſe

caſe of that lady was greatly to be pitied, who being high born and bred, had been reduced to the loweſt exigencies of life, and from which to be relieved ſhe had only conſented to aſſiſt the looſer pleaſures of the amorous duke; but, added ſhe, I would not methinks have her ſeem to glory in her ſhame, and in a manner of life which her misfortunes alone can render excuſable; nor can I approve of the indulgence her miſtaken triumph meets with, becauſe it may not only deſtroy all notions of regret in herſelf, for what her neceſſities oblige her to, but alſo make others, who have not the ſame pretence, find a kind of ſanction for their own errors: — vice, ſaid ſhe, ought at leaſt to bluſh, and hide itſelf as much as poſſible from view, leſt by being tolerated in public, it ſhould become a faſhion.

Horatio was ſo much taken up with admiring the juſtneſs of her ſentiments, that awed by them, as it were, he could not yet, tho' maſked, make any diſcovery of his own: ſhe was about entering into a diſcourſe with him concerning the firſt motives which had rendered ſome perſons ſhe pointed out to him unhappy in the marriage-ſtate, which perhaps might have given him an opportunity of explaining himſelf, when a lady richly dreſſed came up to them, and giving *Horatio* a ſudden pluck by the arm; Villain! cried ſhe; Madam, returned he, ſtrangely amazed! Is the trifling converſation of *Sanſerre*, reſumed ſhe, or this little creature to be preſerved to a woman of that quality you have dared to abuſe? — but this night has convinced her of your perfidy: — ſhe ſends you this, continued ſhe, giving him a ſlap over the face as hard as ſhe could, and be aſſured it is the laſt preſent you will ever receive from her.

She had no ſooner uttered theſe words than ſhe flew quick as lightning out of the room, leaving

Horatio

Horatio in ſuch a conſternation both at what ſhe ſaid and did, as deprived him even of the thought of following her, or uſing any means to ſolve this riddle. — He was in a deep muſing when mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, poſſeſſed that moment with a paſſion ſhe till then was ignorant of, ſaid to him; I find, *Horatio*, you have wonderfully improved the little time you have been in *France*, to gain you a multiplicity of miſtreſſes; but I am ſorry my inadvertency in talking to a man ſo doubly pre-engaged, ſhould cauſe me to be reckoned among the number. In ſpeaking this, ſhe turned away with a confuſion which was viſible in her air, and the ſcarlet colour with which her neck was dyed. By heaven! cried he, in the utmoſt agitation, I know ſo little the meaning of what I have juſt now heard, that it ſeems rather a dream than a reality. O the deceiver! returned ſhe, a little ſlackening her pace, will you again pretend to have given no occaſion for the reproach you have received! —Great muſt have been your profeſſions to draw on you a reſentment ſuch as I have been witneſs of; — but I ſhall take care to give the lady, whoever ſhe is, no farther room for jealouſy on my account; and as for mademoiſelle *Sanſerre*, I believe the ſtock of reputation ſhe has will not ſuffer much from the addition of one more favourite to the number the world has already given her.

The oddneſs of this adventure, and the vexation he was in to find *Charlotta* ſeemed incenſed againſt him for a crime of which he knew himſelf ſo perfectly innocent, deſtroyed at once all the conſiderations his timidity had inſpired, and aiming only to be cleared in her opinion, — If there be faith in man, cried he, I know nothing of what I am accuſed; no woman but your charming ſelf ever had the power to give me an uneaſy moment;

ment; — it is you alone have taught me what it is to love, and as I never felt, I never pretended to that paſſion for any other.

Me! replied *Charlotta*, extremely confuſed; if it were ſo, you take a ſtrange time and method to declare it in; — but I know of no concern I have in your amours, your gratitude, or your perfidy; and you had better follow and endeavour to appeaſe your enraged miſtreſs, than loſe your time on me in vain excuſes.

Ah mademoiſelle! cried he, how unjuſt and cruel are you, and how ſevere my fate, which not content with the deſpair my real unworthineſs of adoring you has plunged me in, but alſo adds to it an imputation of crimes my ſoul moſt deteſts: — I never heard even the name of the lady you mentioned till your lips pronounced it; and if it be ſhe I danced with, I proteſt I never ſaw her face: and as for the meaning of the other lady's treatment of me, it muſt certainly be occaſioned by ſome miſtake, having offered nothing to any of the ſex that could juſtify ſuch a proceeding.

All the time he was ſpeaking *Charlotta* was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf. — The hurry of ſpirits ſhe had been in at the apprehenſions of *Horatio*'s having any amorous engagements, ſhewing her how much intereſt ſhe took in him, made her bluſh at having diſcovered herſelf to him ſo far; and tho' ſhe could not be any more tranquil, yet ſhe thought ſhe would for the future be more prudent; to this end ſhe now affected to laugh at the dilemma into which ſhe told him he had brought himſelf, by making addreſſes in two places at the ſame time, and adviſed him in a gay manner to be more circumſpect.

Thus was this beautiful lady, by her jealouſy, convinced of her ſenſibility; and as difficult as

Horatio

Horatio found it to remove the one, he found his conſolation in the diſcovery of the other.

From the time he had been diſengaged from mademoiſelle *Sanſerre*, he had retired with *Charlotta* to one corner of the room; and the greateſt part of the company being in a grand dance, the others were taken up in looking on them, ſo that our young lovers had the opportunity of talking to each other without being taken much notice of; but ſeveral of the maſquers now drawing nearer that way, prevented *Horatio* from ſaying any thing farther at that time, either to clear his innocence or proſecute his paſſion; and *Charlotta*, glad to avoid all diſcourſe on a ſubject ſhe thought herſelf but ill prepared to anſwer, joined ſome ladies, with whom ſhe ſtayed till the ball was near concluded.

Horatio after this withdrew to a window, and ſheltered behind a large damaſk curtain, threw himſelf on a ſopha he found there, and ruminated at full on the adventure had happened to him, in which he found a mixture of joy and diſcontent: the behaviour of *Charlotta* aſſured him he was not indifferent to her; but then the thoughts that he appeared in her eyes as ungrateful, inconſtant and perfidious, made him tremble, leſt the idea of what he ſeemed to be ſhould utterly erace that favourable one ſhe had entertained of what he truly was. By what means he ſhould prove his ſincerity he knew not; and as he was utterly unpractiſed in the affairs of love, lamented the abſence of his good friend the baron *de la Valiere*, who he thought might have been able to give him ſome advice how to proceed.

He remained buried, as it were, in theſe cogitations, when a lady plucked back the curtain which ſcreened him, and without ſeeing any one was there, threw herſelf on the ſopha almoſt in

his lap. — Oh heaven! cried ſhe, perceiving what ſhe had done, and immediately roſe; but *Horatio* ſtarting up, would not ſuffer her to quit the place, telling her, that ſince ſhe chooſe it, it was his buſineſs to retire, and leave her to indulge whatever meditations had brought her thither. She thanked him, in a voice which, by its trembling, teſtified her mind was in ſome very great diſorder; and added, if your good-nature, ſaid ſhe, be equal to your complaiſance, you will do me the favour to deſire a lady, dreſſed in pink and ſilver, with a white ſattin ſcarff croſs her ſhoulder, to come here directly: — you cannot, continued ſhe, be miſtaken in the perſon, becauſe there is no other in the ſame habit. Tho' *Horatio* was very loth to engage himſelf in the lady's affairs, fearing to give a ſecond umbrage to mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, yet he knew not how to excuſe granting ſo ſmall a requeſt, and therefore aſſured her of his compliance.

Accordingly he ſet his eyes in queſt, which ſoon pointed out to him the perſon whom ſhe had deſcribed: having delivered his meſſage to her, *Horatio!* cried ſhe, ſomewhat aſtoniſhed, how came you employed in this errand? he knew her voice, and that it was mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, the miſtreſs of his friend the baron; on which, he immediately told her how the lady had ſurprized him: ſhe laughed heartily, and ſaid no more but left him, and went to the window he had directed.

For a long time he ſought in vain for an opportunity of ſpeaking to the object of his affections: ſhe was ſtill engaged, either in dancing, or in different parties; and as his eyes continually followed her, he eaſily perceived ſhe purpoſely avoided him. A magnificent collation being prepared in a great drawing-room next to that in which

which the company were, they all went in to partake of it. The entertainment was ſerved up on two large tables; but as every one was maſqued, and the vizards ſo contrived, that thoſe who wore them, could eat without plucking them off, they ſat down promiſcuouſly, without ceremony, or any diſtinction of degrees, none being obliged to know another in theſe diſguiſes; only the attendants of the chevalier *St. George*, and the princeſs *Louiſa*, took care not to place themſelves at the ſame table they were, ſo by this means ſat together; but a great number of others being mingled with them, no particular converſation could be expected.

Supper being over, they all returned to the ball-room; and *Horatio* having contrived it ſo as to get next *Charlotta*, ſhe could not refuſe the offer he made her of his hand to lead her in; but as he was about ſaying ſomething to her in a low voice, a man came haſtily to him, and taking him a little on one ſide, preſented him with a letter, and then retired with ſo much precipitation, that *Horatio* could neither ask from whom it came, nor well diſcern what ſort of perſon it was that gave it him. He put it, however, in his pocket, deſigning to read it at more leiſure, his curioſity for the contents not equalling his deſire of entertaining mademoiſelle *Charlotta*; but that young lady, whoſe jealouſy received new fewel from this object, had ſlipt away before he could turn from the man, and had already mixed with a cluſter of both ſexes who had got into the room before them.

Horatio finding all attempts to ſpeak to her that night would be ineffectual, went back into the drawing-room where they ſupped, and where but few people remaining, he might examine the letter with more freedom. He ſaw it had no

ſuperſcription; but ſuppoſing the inſide would give him ſome ſatisfaction, he broke it open haſtily, and found in it theſe lines:

WHether falſe, or faithful, ſtill are you dear to me; and if I am in the leaſt ſo to you, the treatment you received will be pardoned for the ſake of the occaſion. — I own, that at a place where you might have been as partiular as you pleaſed with me, without ſuſpicion, it enraged me to ſee you waſte thoſe precious moments with others, which I flattered myſelf to have ſolely engroſſed; — beſides, the character of mademoiſelle Sanſerre *is ſo well known, that I thought you would have avoided her of all others; yet had ſhe forced herſelf upon you, ſure you might afterwards have come to me, when I had given you ſo particular a deſcription of the habit I ſhould wear; but inſtead of making any excuſe for a firſt tranſgreſſion, you hurry to a ſecond, and pay all your devoirs to another, whom indeed I knew not at that time, but am ſince informed ſhe is one of the maids of honour to princeſs* Louiſa. *— I muſt confeſs I had not reſolution enough to ſuffer ſo cruel an injuſtice, and being too much overcome by my paſſion to reſent it as I ought, I left the place, and deſired our friend to do it for me. — I find ſhe ſomewhat exceeded her commiſſion, but you muſt forgive her, ſince it was her love for me: — I am now at her houſe, where I impatiently expect you. — The baron is ſecure for ſome hours; — thoſe we may paſs together, if you ſtill think there is any thing worth quitting the maſquerade for, to be found in the arms of*

Yours, &c.

P. S. *If you now fail, no excuſe hereafter ſhall ever plead your pardon.*

This

This letter confirmed *Horatio* in the belief he had before, that he had been miſtaken by the lady for ſome favourite perſon; but who the lady was, he was as much in the dark as ever; nor would he have given himſelf any trouble concerning it, if he had not hoped by that means to have retrieved the good opinion of *Charlotta*. He was however impatient to ſhew her the letter, as he doubted not but ſhe had ſeen it delivered to him; but with all his aſſiduity, he could not obtain one word in private during the maſquerade; and when it was broke up, which was not till near morning, and they returned to *St. Germains*, it was impoſſible, becauſe he knew ſhe muſt be in the princeſs's chamber, as he in that of the chevalier *St. George*: he was therefore obliged to content himſelf with the hope that the next day would be more favourable.

CHAP. VII.

An explanation of the foregoing adventure, with a continuation of the intrigues of ſome French *ladies, and the policy of mademoiſelle* Coigney, *in regard of her brother.*

IT cannot be ſuppoſed, that either of our young lovers enjoyed much true repoſe that night, tho' the fatigue of the dance might naturally require it: — the one did but juſt know herſelf a lover, before ſhe felt the worſt torments of that paſſion in her jealouſy; and the other having been compelled, as it were, to lay open his heart, in order to convince his charmer, it had no object but herſelf in view, knew not but his temerity in doing ſo, might be imputed to him as no leſs a

crime, than that from which he attempted to be cleared: each had their different anxieties; but thoſe of *Horatio* were the leaſt ſevere, becauſe thro' all the indignation of his miſtreſs, he ſaw marks of an affection, which he could not have flattered himſelf with, if they had not been evident; and conſcious of his innocence, doubted not but time would both explain that, and reconcile the offended fair: — whereas *Charlotta* was far from being able to aſſure herſelf of her lover's fidelity: ſhe could not conceive how, in the compaſs of one night, ſuch a plurality of miſtakes ſhould happen to the ſame man, and trembled at the reflection, that this man, who poſſibly was the falſeſt of his ſex, ſhould not only have made an impreſſion on her heart, but alſo, by the concern ſhe had ſo unwarily expreſſed, have reaſon to triumph in his conqueſt: — aſhamed therefore of what ſhe felt, and determined to make uſe of her utmoſt efforts to conceal it for the future, if not to conquer it, ſhe thought to ſhun all occaſions of ſeeing or ſpeaking to this dangerous invader of her peace, was the firſt ſtep ſhe ought to take; but how little is a heart, poſſeſſed of the paſſion her's was, capable of judging for itſelf, or maintaining any reſolution in prejudice of the darling object! — ſhe had no ſooner ſet it down as a rule to avoid him, than ſhe began to wiſh for his preſence, and contented herſelf with thinking ſhe deſired it only out of curioſity to hear what he would ſay, and to have an opportunity, by a rallying manner of behaviour, to deſtroy whatever conjectures he might have formed in favour of his paſſion; but all this time ſhe deceived herſelf, and in reality only longed for an interview with him, in hopes he would find means to juſtify himſelf. *Horatio*, who was impatient to attempt it, ſeeing her at a diſtance, walking on the ter-

raſs

raſs, with no other company than mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, went immediately to join them, thinking, that if the preſence of this lady might be a bar to many things he wanted to ſay to *Charlotta*, it would be of ſervice to him another way, by preventing her from making him any reproaches.

As ſoon as he came near, I owe you little thanks, *Horatio*, ſaid mademoiſelle *de Coigney* laughing, for the interruption you gave me laſt night. In the multiplicity of thoſe reflections which his own affairs had occaſioned him, he had entirely forgot the lady in the window; and imagining ſome other accident had happened, which ſhould make him appear yet more guilty in the eyes of *Charlotta*, aſked her, with ſome impatience, what ſhe meant? Do not you remember, anſwered ſhe, that you brought me a meſſage from a certain lady? Yes, madam, ſaid he, and in that, thought I did no more than my duty obliged me to, as ſhe ſeemed under ſome perplexity, which I ſuppoſed ſhe was impatient to acquaint you with.

You judged rightly, indeed, reſumed *de Coigney*; but had you known, how gladly I would have diſpenſed with the honour of her confidence, I dare anſwer you would have ſpared it me: — I will tell you, my dear, purſued ſhe, turning to *Charlotta*, for the ſecrets of this lady are pretty univerſal; and I am certain, that I have heard from no leſs than fifty different perſons, that very affair ſhe was in ſuch a hurry to inform me of laſt night: you muſt needs have heard of the amour between madame *la Boiſſy* and the chevalier *de Mourenbeau*? Frequently, replied *Charlotta*; her ridiculous jealouſies of him have long been the jeſt of the whole court; and I never go to *Marli*, or *Verſailles*, but I am told of ſome

new inſtance of it. And yet to relate a long ſtory of her paſſion, and his ingratitude, ſaid mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, was I laſt night dragged into a dark corner, and deprived for an hour together of all the pleaſures of the maſquerade. It ſeems ſhe had over-heard ſome gallant things between him and the daughter of the count *de Grantree*, and that gave her the occaſion of running into a recapitulation of all the profeſſions of conſtancy he had made to herſelf, the proofs ſhe had given him of a too eaſy belief, and the little regard he now paid to her peace of mind. — I was obliged to affect a pity for her misfortunes, and gratitude for the truſt ſhe repoſed in me, tho' neither the one or the other merited in reality any thing but contempt.

One often ſuffers a good deal from one's complaiſance this way, ſaid *Charlotta*; and for my part, there is nothing I would more carefully avoid than ſecrets of this nature; but you have not told me how far *Horatio* was acceſſary to bringing you into this trouble.

He then ſaid that he would ſave mademoiſelle *de Coigney* the labour, and immediately related how the lady they were ſpeaking of threw herſelf upon him, and afterwards enjoined him to deliver the meſſage. But, added he, I think laſt night was one of the moſt unfortunate ones I have ever known, ſince, with all the care I could take, I was continually prevented, by other people's concerns, from proſecuting my own. — I was not only inſulted and reproached for being miſtaken for ſome other perſon, for it could happen no other way, but alſo ſoon after received a letter, no leſs myſterious to me than the blow, which doubtleſs came from the ſame quarter. As there is no name ſubſcribed, or if there were, I ſhould look on myſelf as under no obligation of ſecrecy,

I will beg leave to communicate it to you, ladies.

With theſe words he took the letter out of his pocket, and held it open between them: *Charlotta* conquered her impatience ſo far as not to take it out of his hand; but mademoiſelle *Coigney* ſnatched it haſtily, imagining ſhe knew the hand; nor was ſhe deceived in her conjecture: ſhe had no ſooner read it ſlightly over,—See here, mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, ſaid ſhe, a new proof of madam *de Olonne*'s folly, and my brother's continued attachment to that vile woman.

Charlotta then looked over the letter with a ſatisfaction that was viſible in her countenance; and as ſoon as ſhe had done, then it is plain, ſaid ſhe, that *Horatio* was taken for monſieur *de Coigney*; but how it happened ſo is what I cannot conceive.

I can eaſily ſolve the riddle, replied mademoiſelle *de Coigney:* I heard my brother ſay he intended to wear a hunting dreſs at the maſquerade; but being diſappointed of going to it by his moſt chriſtian majeſty ſending for him to *Marli*, I ſuppoſe too ſuddenly for him to give notice of his enforced abſence to madame *de Olonne*; and *Horatio* by chance appearing in the ſame habit, which he had doubtleſs told her he would be in, and their ſizes being pretty much alike, ſhe might very well be deceived, and alſo have a ſeeming reaſon for the jealouſy and rage her letter teſtifies.

Nothing could exceed the joy *Horatio* felt at this unexpected eclairciſement of his innocence, which was alſo doubled by the pleaſure which, in ſpite of all her endeavours to reſtrain it, he ſaw ſparkle in the eyes of his beloved *Charlotta*. Neither of them, however, had any opportunity of expreſſing their ſentiments at this time, *de*

Coigney continuing with them till dinner, when they all ſeparated to go to their reſpective tables.

The next day afforded what in this he had ſought in vain: — he found her alone in her own apartment; and having broke the ice, was now grown bold enough to declare his paſſion, with all the embelliſhments neceſſary to render it ſucceſsful: mademoiſelle *Charlotta* knew very well what became the decorum of her ſex, and was too nice an obſerver of it, not to behave with all the reſerve imaginable on this occaſion. All the freedom ſhe had been accuſtomed to treat him with, while ignorant of his, or her own inclination, was now baniſhed from her words and actions, and ſhe gravely told him, that if he was in earneſt, it was utterly improper for her to receive any profeſſions of that kind, without the approbation of monſieur *de Palfoy* her father; and as there was but very little probability of his granting it, on many conſiderations, ſhe would wiſh him to quell, in its infancy, an affection which might otherwiſe be attended with misfortune to them both.

It is certain, indeed, that in this ſhe ſpoke no more than what her reaſon ſuggeſted: ſhe knew very well that her father had much higher expectations in view for her, and that on the leaſt ſuſpicion of her entertaining a foreigner, and one who ſeemed to have no other dependance than that of favour, ſhe ſhould be immediately removed from *St. Germains*; ſo that it behoved her to be very circumſpect in any encouragement ſhe gave him: but though ſhe ſpoke to him in this manner, it was not, as her actions afterwards fully demonſtrated, that ſhe really deſigned what ſhe ſaid ſhould make him deſiſt his pretenſions, but that he ſhould be careful how he

let

let any one into the ſecret of his heart. She foreſaw little proſpect of their love ever being crowned with ſucceſs, yet found too much pleaſure in indulging it to be able to wiſh an extinction of it, either in him or herſelf; and in ſpite of all the diſtance ſhe aſſumed, he eaſily perceived that whatever difficulties he ſhould have to ſtruggle with, in the proſecution of his addreſſes, they would not be owing to her cruelty. They were both of them too young to attend much to conſequences; and as ſecuring the affections of each other was what each equally aimed at, neither of them reflected how terrible a ſeparation would be, and how great the likelihood that it muſt happen they know not how ſoon.

As the remonſtrances of mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had all the effect ſhe intended them for on *Horatio*, he ſo well commanding himſelf, that no perſon in the world, except the baron *de la Valiere*, who was abſent, had the leaſt intimation of his paſſion, they might probably have lived a long time together, in the contentment they now enjoyed, had not an accident, of which neither of them could have any notion, put a ſtop to it.

Horatio thought no more on the affair of madame *de Olonne* and monſieur *de Coigney*, from the time he had been cleared of having any concern with that lady; yet was that night's adventure productive of what he looked upon as the greateſt misfortune could befal him. But to make this matter conſpicuous to the reader, it is neceſſary to give a brief detail of the circumſtances that led to it.

This lady, who was wife to the baron *de Olonne*, was one of the moſt beautiful and moſt vicious women in the kingdom; ſhe entertained

a great number of lovers; but there was none more attached to her, or more loved by her, than young monſieur *de Coigney*; he had for a long time maintained a criminal correſpondence with her, to the great trouble of all his friends, who endeavoured all they could, but in vain, to wean him from her: he had lately a rencounter with one of her former lovers, which had like to have coſt him his life; and it was with great difficulty, and as much as the relations on both ſides could do, by repreſenting to the king, that they were ſet upon by ſtreet-robbers, that they avoided the puniſhment the law inflicts on duelliſts. *De Coigney* was but juſt recovered of the hurts he had received, when, ſo far from reſolving to quit the occaſion of them, he made an appointment to meet her at the maſquerade: — they had deſcribed to each other the habit they intended to wear, when, as he was preparing for the rendezvous, an expreſs came from the king, commanding his immediate attendance at *Marli*, where the court then was: this was occaſioned by old monſieur *de Coigney*, who having, by ſome ſpies he kept about his ſon, received intelligence of this aſſignation, had no other way to diſappoint it, than by the royal authority, which he eaſily procured, as he was very much in favour with his majeſty, and had laid the matter before him.

The perſon who came with the mandate had orders not to quit the preſence of young *Coigney*, but bring him directly; by which means he was deprived of all opportunity of ſending his excuſes to madame *de Olonne*, who coming to the maſquerade, big with expectation of ſeeing her favourite lover; and finding him, as ſhe imagined, engaged with others, and wholly regardleſs of herſelf, was ſeized with the moſt violent jealouſy; and not able to continue in a place where ſhe

ſhe had received ſo manifeſt a ſlight, deſired mademoiſelle *de Freville*, her confidante and companion, to upbraid him with his inconſtancy; which requeſt ſhe complied with in the manner already related, and which gave mademoiſelle *Charlotta* ſuch matter of diſquiet.

The amorous madame *de Olonne*, however, having given vent to the firſt tranſports of her fury, could not hinder thoſe of a ſofter nature from returning with the ſame violence as ever; and for the gratification of them wrote that letter which *Horatio* received, and occaſioned afterward the explanation of the whole affair, which explanation he then thought fortunate for him; but by a whimſical effect of chance it proved utterly the reverſe.

Mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, who had the moſt tender affection for her brother, and paſſionately wiſhed to make him break off all engagements with a woman of madame *de Olonne*'s character, and who might poſſibly bring him under many inconveniences, took the hint which mademoiſelle *Charlotta* unthinkingly gave, by telling her how ſhe had been affronted on his account by *de Freville*, of putting ſomething into his head which might probably ſucceed better than all the attempts had hitherto been practiſed to make him quit his preſent criminal amour.

The firſt time ſhe ſaw mademoiſelle *de Freville*, ſhe told her, as a great ſecret, that her brother was fallen in love with mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, and that ſhe believed it would be a match, for he had already engaged friends to ſollicit monſieur *de Palfoy* on that ſcore. This ſhe knew would be carried directly to madame *de Olonne*, and doubted not but it would ſo increaſe her jealous rage, that all he could ſay in his defence would paſs for nothing: ſhe alſo added, that he was in the

the maſquerade that night, though for ſome private reaſons, beſt known to himſelf, ſaid ſhe, he had ordered his people to give out he was gone to *Marli*.

De Freville, who was the creature of madame *de Olonne*, no ſooner received this intelligence than ſhe flew with it to her, as mademoiſelle *de Coigney* had imagined; neither did it fail of the deſired effect. When he came to viſit her, as he did on the moment of his return from *Marli*, the violence of her temper made her break out into ſuch reproaches and exclamations, as a man had need be very much in love to endure; he endeavoured to make her ſenſible of her error by a thouſand proteſtations; but the more he talked of *Marli* and the king's command, the more ſhe told him of *Charlotta* and the maſquerade; and almoſt diſtracted to find he ſtill perſiſted in denying he was there, or had ever made any tender profeſſions to that lady, ſhe proceeded to ſuch extravagancies as he, who knew himſelf innocent, could not forbear replying to, in terms which were far from being ſoftening: — in fine, they quarrelled to a very high degree, and ſome company happening to come in at the ſame time, hindered either of them from ſaying any thing which might palliate the reſentment of the other.

Before they had an opportunity of meeting again, mademoiſelle *de Coigney* ſaw her brother; and artfully introducing ſome diſcourſe of mademoiſelle *Charlotta de Palfoy*, began to run into the utmoſt encomiums on that lady's beauty, virtue, wit, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and at laſt added, that ſhe ſhould think herſelf happy in having her for a ſiſter. Young *de Coigney* liſtened attentively to what ſhe ſaid: he had often been in her company, but being prepoſſeſſed with his paſſion for madame *de Olonne*, her

her charms had not that effect on him as now that the behaviour of the other had very much leſſened his eſteem of her.

He replied, that he knew no lady more deſerving than the perſon ſhe mentioned, and ſhould be glad if, by her intereſt, he might have permiſſion to viſit her: this was all mademoiſelle *de Coigney* wanted; ſhe doubted not, but if he were once engaged in an honourable paſſion, it would intirely cure him of all regard for madame *de Olonne*; and as ſhe knew he had a good ſhare of underſtanding, thought that when he ſhould come to a more near acquaintance with the perfections of *Charlotta*, the looſe airs of the other would appear in their true colours, and become as odious to him as once they had been infatuating.

Finding him ſo well inclined to her purpoſe, ſhe took upon herſelf the care of introducing him, as it was indeed eaſy to do, conſidering the intimacy there was between her and *Charlotta*. That young lady received him as the brother of a perſon ſhe extremely loved; and little ſuſpecting the deſign on which he came, treated him with a gaiety which heightened her charms, and at the ſame time flattered his hopes, that there was ſomething in his perſon not diſagreeable to her.

Mademoiſelle *de Coigney* took care that every viſit he made to *Charlotta* ſhould be reported to *Olonne*, which ſtill heightening her reſentment, together with his little aſſiduity to moderate it, made a total breach between them, to the great ſatisfaction of all his friends in general. Thoſe of them whom mademoiſelle had acquainted with the ſtratagem by which ſhe brought it about, praiſed her wit and addreſs; and as they knew the family and fortune of mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, encouraged her to do every thing in her

her power, for turning that into reality, which ſhe at firſt had made uſe of only as a feint for the reclaiming of her brother.

The young gentleman himſelf ſtood in need of no remonſtrances of the advantages he might propoſe by a marriage with *Charlotta*; her beauty and the charms of her converſation had made a conqueſt of his heart far more complete than any proſpect of intereſt could have done: not only *de Olonne*, but the whole ſex, would now in vain have endeavoured to attract the leaſt regard from him, and as he was naturally vain, he thought nothing but *Charlotta de Palfoy* worthy of him.

The ſucceſs he had been accuſtomed to meet in his love affairs, emboldened him to declare himſelf much ſooner than he would have done, had he followed the advice of his ſiſter, and too ſoon to be received in a manner agreeable to his wiſhes, by a lady of *Charlotta*'s modeſty and delicacy, even had ſhe not been prepoſſeſſed in favour of another; for though ſhe reſpected him as the brother of her friend, that conſideration was too weak to hinder her from letting him know how diſpleaſing his pretenſions were to her, and that if he perſiſted in them, ſhe ſhould be obliged to refuſe ſeeing him any more. He was now ſenſible of his error, and endeavoured to excuſe it by the violence of his paſſion, which he ſaid would not ſuffer him to conceal what he felt; but as, when a heart is truly devoted to one object, the ſound of love from any other mouth is harſh and diſagreeable; the more he aimed to vindicate himſelf in this point, the more guilty he became, and all he ſaid ſerved only to increaſe her diſlike.

Mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, after this, took upon her to intercede for her brother's paſſion, but with as ill ſucceſs as he had done; and being one day more

more importunate than uſual, mademoiſelle *Charlotta* grew in ſo ill a humour, that ſhe told her ſhe was determined to give no encouragement to the amorous addreſſes of any man, unleſs commanded to do ſo by thoſe who had the power of diſpoſing her; but, added ſhe, I would not have monſieur *de Coigney* make any efforts that way; for were he to gain the conſent of my father, which I am far from believing he would do, I have ſo little inclination to give him thoſe returns of affection he may expect, that in ſuch a caſe I ſhould venture being guilty of diſobedience.

Is there any thing ſo odious then, madam, in the perſon of my brother? ſaid *de Coigney*, with a tone that ſhewed how much ſhe was piqued. I never gave myſelf the trouble of examining into the merits either of his perſon or behaviour, replied ſhe; but to deal ſincerely with you, I have a perfect averſion to the thoughts of changing my condition, and if you deſire the friendſhip between us ſhould ſubſiſt, you will never mention any thing of it to me: — and as to your brother, when I am convinced I ſhall receive no farther perſecutions from him of the nature I have lately had, he may depend on my treating him with my former regard; till then, you will do me a favour, and him a ſervice, to deſire he would refrain his viſits.

Theſe expreſſions may be thought little conformable to the natural politeneſs of the *French*, or to that ſweetneſs of diſpoſition which mademoiſelle *Charlotta* teſtified on other occaſions; but ſhe found herſelf ſo inceſſantly preſſed both by the brother and the ſiſter, and that all the denials ſhe had given, in a different manner, had been without effect, therefore was obliged to aſſume a harſhneſs, which was far from being natural to her,

her, in order to prevent conſequences which ſhe had too much reaſon to apprehend.

Horatio ſoon diſcovered he had a rival in monſieur *de Coigney*; and though he eaſily ſaw, by *Charlotta*'s behaviour, that he had nothing to fear on this ſcore, yet the interruptions he received from the addreſſes of this new lover, made him little able to endure his preſence; and he ſometimes could not refrain himſelf from ſaying ſuch things as, had not the other been too much buoyed up with his vanity, to take them as meant to himſelf, muſt have occaſioned a quarrel.

She made uſe of all the power ſhe had over him, in order to curb the impetuoſity of his temper whenever he met this diſturber of his wiſhes; but his jealouſy would frequently get the better of the reſpect he paid her, and they never were together in her apartment, without filling her with mortal fears. She therefore found it abſolutely neceſſary, to get rid of an adorer ſhe hated, in order to hinder one ſhe loved from doing any thing which might deprive her of him; and though ſhe had a real friendſhip for mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, yet ſhe choſe rather to break with her, than run the hazard ſhe was continually expoſed to by her brother's indefatigable purſuit.

But all her precaution was of no effect, as well as the enforced patience of *Horatio*: what moſt ſhe trembled at, now fell upon her, and by a means ſhe had leaſt thought of. Madame *de Olonne*, full of malice at being forſaken by her lover, and ſoon informed by whoſe charms her misfortune was occaſioned, got a perſon to repreſent to the baron *de Palfoy*, the conqueſt his daughter had made, in ſuch terms, as made him imagine ſhe encouraged his paſſion. Neither the character, family, or fortune of *de Coigney* being equal to what he thought *Charlotta* might deſerve,

ſerve, made him very uneaſy at this report; and as he looked on her not having acquainted him with his pretenſions, as an indication of her having an affection for him, he reſolved to put a ſtop to the progreſs of it at once, which could be done no way ſo effectually, as by removing her from *St. Germains*.

To this end the careful father came himſelf to that court, and waited on the princeſs: he told her highneſs, that being in an ill ſtate of health, and obliged to keep much at home, *Charlotta* muſt exchange the honour ſhe enjoyed in her ſervice, for the obſervance of her duty to a parent, who was now incapable of any other pleaſures than her ſociety.

The princeſs, to whom ſhe was extremely dear, could not think of parting with her without an extreme concern, but after the reaſons he had given for deſiring it, would offer nothing for detaining her; on which ſhe was immediately called in, and made acquainted with this ſudden alteration in her affairs.

CHAP. VIII.

The parting of Horatio *and mademoiſelle* Charlotta, *and what happened after ſhe left* St. Germains.

A Peal of thunder burſting over her head, could not have been more alarming to mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, than the news ſhe now heard; but her father commanded, the princeſs had conſented, and there was no remedy to be hoped: ſhe took leave of her royal miſtreſs with a ſhower of unfeigned tears, after which ſhe retired to her apartment, to prepare for quitting it, while the baron went to pay his compliments to ſome of the gentlemen at that court.

To be removed in this ſudden manner, ſhe could impute to no other motive, than that the love of *Horatio* had, by ſome accident, been betrayed to her father, (for ſhe never ſo much as thought of monſieur *de Coigney*;) and the thoughts of being ſeparated from him, was ſo dreadful, that till this fatal moment, ſhe knew not how dear he was to her. — To add to the calamity of her condition, he was that morning gone a hunting with the chevalier *St. George*, and ſhe had not even the opportunity of giving him the conſolation of knowing ſhe bore at leaſt an equal part in the grief this unexpected accident muſt occaſion. Mademoiſelle *de Coigney* came to take leave of her, as did all the ladies of the queen's train, as well as the princeſs's, and expreſſed the utmoſt concern for loſing ſo agreeable a companion; but theſe ceremonies were tedious to her,

and

and as ſhe could not ſee *Horatio*, ſhe diſpatched every thing with as much expedition as her ſecret diſcontent would permit her to do, and then ſent to let her father know ſhe was ready to attend him.

When they were in the coach, both obſerved a profound ſilence for ſome time; at laſt, I hope *Charlotta*, ſaid the baron, you have no extraordinary reaſons to be troubled at leaving *St. Germains?* None, my lord, anſwered ſhe, of ſo much moment to me as the fears my ſudden removal is owing to your being diſſatisfied with my conduct. I flatter myſelf, reſumed he, you are conſcious of nothing which ſhould authorize ſuch an apprehenſion; — you have had an education which ought to inform you, that perſons of your ſex and age are never to act in any material point of themſelves: — but courts are places where this leſſon is ſeldom practiſed; and though the virtues of the *Engliſh* queen and princeſs are a ſhining example to all about them, yet I am of opinion that innocence is ſafeſt in retirement.

As ſhe was fully convinced in her mind, that it was only owing to ſome jealouſy of her behaviour that ſhe had been taken from *St. Germains*, and alſo that it was on the ſcore of *Horatio*, ſhe would not enquire too deeply, for fear of giving her father an opportunity of entering into examinations, which ſhe thought ſhe could not anſwer, without either injuring the truth, or avowing what would not only have incenſed him to a very great degree, but alſo put him upon meaſures which would deſtroy even the moſt diſtant hope of ever ſeeing *Horatio* more. He, on his ſide, would not acquaint her with the ſentiments which the abovementioned ſuggeſtions had inſpired him with, thinking he ſhould diſcover more of the

the truth, by keeping a watchful eye over her behaviour, without ſeeming to do ſo.

During the time of their little journey from the palace of *St. Germains* to *Paris*, where monſieur the baron *de Palfoy* ordinarily reſided, nothing farther was diſcourſed on: but when they arrived, and mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had opportunity of reflecting on this ſudden turn, ſhe gave a looſe to all the anxieties it occaſioned: — ſhe was not only ſnatched from what was moſt dear to her on earth, but as ſhe had no confidante, nor durſt make any, was alſo without any means either of conveying a letter to him, or receiving the leaſt lntelligence from him.

She had been in *Paris* but a very little time, before ſhe perceived the baron artfully kept her in the moſt ſevere reſtraint, under a ſhew of liberty; pretending to her, as he had done to the princeſs, that he was not well enough to go abroad; he would ſtay at home whole days together, and oblige her to read, or play to him on the ſpinnet, which frequently ſhe did with an aking heart; and when ſhe went out, it was always in company with a relation whom he kept at his houſe on purpoſe, as he ſaid, as a companion to divert her, but in reality to be a ſpy over all her actions; and had orders to dive, by all the inſinuations ſhe was miſtreſs of, into her very thoughts. All this mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had penetration enough to diſcover, and, ſpite of the diſcontent ſhe laboured under, ſo well concealed what they endeavoured to find out, that all the traps laid for her were wholly ineffectual.

But in what manner did the enamoured *Horatio* ſupport ſo cruel an affliction! he was no ſooner informed, at his return from hunting, of what had happened, than he was ſeized with agonies, which, in the force he did himſelf to conceal,

ceal, threw him into a fever, that confined him to his bed for ſeveral days. As his paſſion for madame *Charlotta* was not in the leaſt ſuſpected, every body imputed his diſorder to be occaſioned by having over-heated himſelf in the chace, and during his indiſpoſition was viſited by all the court: — the chevalier *St. George* ſent two or three times a day, to enquire of the health of his countryman, as he was pleaſed to call him, and gave him many other tokens how greatly he was in his favour; but all the civilities he received, were not capable of leſſening the anguiſh of his mind, which kept his body ſo weak, that though youth, and an excellent conſtitution threw off the fever in a ſhort time, yet he was unable to quit his chamber for near three weeks; and when he did, appeared ſo wan and ſo dejected, that he ſeemed no more than the ſhadow of the once gay and ſprightly *Horatio*.

But while he was thus ſinking under the burden of his griefs, and deſpairing ever to ſee his adorable *Charlotta* any more, fate was providing for him a relief as unexpected, as the cauſe of his preſent unhappy ſituation had been, and to the very ſame perſons alſo, was he indebted both for the one and the other.

Young monſieur *de Coigney* was not leſs alarmed than *Horatio* at the removal of *Charlotta*, though it had not the ſame effect on him; he was continually teizing his ſiſter to make her a viſit, and repeat her interceſſions in his behalf; but ſhe had received ſuch tart anſwers on that ſcore, that ſhe was very unwilling to undertake the embaſſy: however, ſhe complied at laſt, and was received by mademoiſelle *Charlotta* in the moſt obliging manner, but had not the leaſt opportunity of executing her commiſſion, that lady having a good deal of company with her, whom ſhe

ſhe purpoſely detained, to avoid entering into any particular converſation with her, till the hour in which ſhe knew her attendance on the queen would oblige her to take leave.

The baron *de Palfoy* was at that time abroad; but when he was informed who had been there, was a little diſturbed, that the ſiſter of *de Coigney* endeavoured ſtill to keep up her intimacy with his daughter, not doubting but ſhe had either brought ſome letter or meſſage from him, as he was fully perſwaded in his mind, that there was a mutual affection between them; but he took no notice of it as yet, thinking that probably ſhe might make a ſecond viſit, and that then he ſhould be better able to judge of the motive.

In the mean time, the father of monſieur *de Coigney*, being informed of theſe proceedings, thought it beneath his ſon to carry on a clandeſtine courtſhip; and the great ſhare he poſſeſſed of the royal favour, he having been inſtrumental in gaining ſome point in the parliament of *Paris*, rendered him vain enough to imagine his alliance would not be refuſed, tho' there was a ſuperiority both of birth and fortune, on the ſide of monſieur the baron *de Palfoy*.

In a perfect confidence of ſucceeding in his requeſt, he went to his houſe, and, after ſome little preparation, propoſed a match between his ſon and mademoiſelle *de Palfoy*. The baron was not at all ſurprized at what he ſaid, becauſe he expected, if the young people were kept aſunder, an offer would be made of this kind; and after hearing calmly all he had to ſay, in order to induce him to give his conſent, he told him that he was very ſorry he had asked a thing which it was impoſſible to grant, becauſe he had

had already determined to diſpoſe otherwiſe of his daughter. Monſieur *de Coigney* then asked, to whom? I know not as yet, replied the other, but when I ſaid I had determined to diſpoſe of her otherwiſe, I only meant to one who is of blood at leaſt equal to her own, and who has never, by any public debaucheries, rendered himſelf contemptible to the diſcreet part of mankind.

De Coigney knew not how either to put up, or reſent this affront; he knew very well that his ſon had behaved ſo as to give cauſe for it, yet thought he had other perfections which might over-balance what, by a partial indulgence, he looked upon only as the follies of youth; and as for the reflection on his family, he told the other, that whatever he was, he owed to the merit of his anceſtors, not his own; and that he doubted not, but his ſon would one day raiſe his name equal to that of *Palfoy*. In fine, the pride of the one, and the vanity of the other, occaſioned a conteſt between them, which might have furniſhed matter for a ſcene in a comedy, had any poet been witneſs of it: the reſult of it was, that they agreed in this, to be mutually diſſatisfied with each other, never to converſe together any more, and to forbid all communication between their families.

The baron went immediately to his daughter's chamber, and having ordered her maid, who was then doing ſomething about her, to leave the room, I have wondered, *Charlotta*, ſaid he, with a countenance that was far from betraying the ſecret vexation of his mind, that you have never, ſince your coming to *Paris*, expreſſed the leaſt deſire of making a viſit at *St. Germains*, though the duty you owe a princeſs, who ſeems to have a very great affection for you, might well have

excuſed any impatience you might have teſtified on that ſcore; beſides, you owe a viſit to mademoiſelle *de Coigney*.

The princeſs merits doubtleſs all the reſpect I am able to pay her, anſwered ſhe; but, my lord, as it was your pleaſure to remove me from that palace, I waited till your command ſhould licence my return: as for mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, the intimacy between us will excuſe thoſe ceremonies which are of little weight, where there is a real friendſhip.

Theſe words confirming all the baron's ſuſpicions, he thought there was no need of farther diſſimulation, and the long-conceived indignation burſt out in looks more furious than the trembling *Charlotta* had ever ſeenin him before. — Yes, degenerate girl! ſaid he, I have but too plain proofs of the friendſhip in which you have linked yourſelf with the family of the *de Coigney's*; — but, tell me, continued he, how dare you engage yourſelf ſo far without my knowledge? could you ever hope I would conſent to an alliance with *de Coigney?*

De Coigney! cried ſhe, much more aſſured than ſhe had been before the mention of that name, heaven forbid you ſhould have ſuch a thought!

The reſolution and diſdain with which ſhe ſpoke theſe words a little ſurprized him: what, cried he, have you not encouraged the addreſſes of young *de Coigney*, and even proceeded ſo far as to make his father imagine, there required no more than to ask my conſent to a marriage between you?

How much courage does innocence inſpire! *Charlotta*, of late ſo timid and alarmed, while ſhe thought *Horatio* was in queſtion, was now all calmneſs and compoſure, when ſhe found *de*

Coigney

Coigney the perſon for whom ſhe had been ſuſpected. She confeſſed to her father, with the moſt ſettled brow, that he had indeed made ſome offers of an affection for her, but ſaid, ſhe had given him ſuch anſwers, as nothing but the height of arrogance and folly could interpret to his advantage; and then, on the baron's commanding her, acquainted him with every particular that had paſſed between that young gentleman, his ſiſter, and herſelf, touching the affair ſhe was accuſed of.

She was ſo minute in every circumſtance, anſwered with ſuch readineſs to all the queſtions he asked of her, and ſeemed ſo perfectly at eaſe, as indeed ſhe was, that the baron could no longer have any doubts of her ſincerity, and was ſorry he had taken her ſo abruptly from *St. Germains:* he now told her, that ſhe was at liberty to viſit there as frequently as ſhe pleaſed, only, as he had been affronted by old monſieur *de Coigney*, as well as to ſilence all future reports concerning the young gentleman, he expected ſhe would break off all acquaintance with mademoiſelle. She aſſured him of her obedience in this point, and added, that ſhe could do it without any difficulty; for though ſhe was a lady who had many good qualities, and one for whom ſhe once had a friendſhip, yet the taking upon her to forward her brother's deſigns, had occaſioned a ſtrangeneſs between them, which had already more than half anticipated his commands.

Monſieur the baron *de Palfoy* was now as well ſatisfied with his daughter as he had lately been the reverſe; and ſhe was allowed once more all thoſe innocent liberties, which the *French* ladies, above thoſe of any other nation in the world, enjoy.

It is not to be doubted, but that the firſt uſe

ſhe made of liberty, was to go to *St. Germains:* ſhe had heard from mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, when ſhe came to viſit her, that *Horatio* had been very much indiſpoſed, and at that time was not quite recovered, and was impatient to give him all the conſolation that the ſight of her could afford; but fearing ſhe ſhould not have an opportunity of ſpeaking to him in private, ſhe wrote a letter, containing a full recital of the reaſon which had induced her father to take her from *St. Germains*, and the happy miſtake he had been in concerning *de Coigney*; concluding with letting him know, he might ſometimes viſit her at *Paris* as an indifferent acquaintance, not the leaſt ſuſpicion being entertained of him, and the baron now in ſo good a humour with her, that it would not be eaſy for any one to make him give credit to any informations to her prejudice. The whole was dictated by a ſpirit of tenderneſs, which, tho' it did not plainly confeſs an affection, implied every thing an honourable lover could either expect or hope.

On her arrival at *St. Germains*, where there was an extreme full court, to congratulate the princeſs *Louiſa*, on the great victories lately gained by *Charles* XII. the brave king of *Sweden*, to whom ſhe had been ſome time contracted, ſhe paſſed directly to her highneſs's apartment; and the chevalier *St. George* being then with her, thoſe of his gentlemen who had attended him thither, were waiting in the antichamber: among them was *Horatio:* the alteration of his countenance on ſight of her, after this abſence, was too viſible not to have been remarked, had not all preſent been too buſy in paying their compliments to her, to take any notice of it. He was one of the laſt that approached, being willing to recover the confuſion he felt himſelf in, leſt it

ſhould

ſhould have an effect on his voice in ſpeaking to her. She, more prepared, received his ſalute with the ſame gay civility ſhe did the others, but at the ſame inſtant ſlipped the letter ſhe had brought with her into his hand.

Any one who is in the leaſt acquainted with the power of love, may gueſs the tranſports of *Horatio* at this condeſcenſion; but, impatient to know the dear contents, he went out of the room as ſoon as he found he could do it without being obſerved, and having peruſed this obliging billet, found in it a ſufficient cordial to revive that long languiſhment his ſpirit had been in.

At his return, he found her engaged in converſation with ſeveral gentlemen and ladies: he mingled in the company, but could expect no other ſatisfaction from it, than being near his dear *Charlotta*, and hearing her ſpeak. The chevalier *St. George* ſoon after came out, and he was obliged, with the reſt of his train, to quit the place which, at preſent, contained the object of his wiſhes. She went in immediately after to the princeſs, ſo he ſaw her no more that day at *St. Germains*.

All that now employed his thoughts was a pretence to viſit her at her father's houſe; for tho' ſhe had told him in her letter, that he might come as an ordinary acquaintance, yet knowing that the continuance of their converſation depended wholly on the ſecrecy of it, he was willing to avoid giving even the moſt diſtant occaſions of ſuſpicion.

Fortune, hitherto favourable to his deſires, now preſented him with one more ample than any thing his own invention could have ſupplied him with. Happening to be at *Paris*, in the company of ſome friends, with whom he ſtayed later than ordinary, he was hurrying through the ſtreets, in

order to go to the inn where his ſervant and horſes waited for him, when he heard the claſhing of ſwords at ſome diſtance from him: guided by his generoſity, he flew to the place where the noiſe directed him, and ſaw by the lights, which hang out very thick in that city, one perſon defending himſelf againſt three, who preſſed very hard upon him, and had got him down juſt as *Horatio* arrived to his relief: he ran among the aſſailants; and either the greatneſs of his courage, or the belief that others would come to his aſſiſtance, threw them into ſuch a conſternation, that they all ſought their ſafety in their flight, while the perſon they had attacked, got up again, and thanked his deliverer, without whoſe timely aid, he ſaid, he could have expected nothing but death; thoſe who ſet upon him being robbers, and, as he perceived by their behaviour, deſperate wretches, who were for ſecuring themſelves, by taking the lives, as well as money, of thoſe who were too weak to reſiſt them: he pointed to a dead body on the ground, who, he told *Horatio*, was his ſervant, and had been killed in his defence.

But how tranſported was our young lover, when he found that the perſon to whom he had done ſo ſignal a piece of ſervice, was the father of his miſtreſs. As he perceived he had ſome wounds, though they proved but ſlight, he compleated the obligation he had began to confer, by ſupporting him under the arm till he got home, where the baron made him enter with him, and would have prevailed with him to ſtay all night; but *Horatio* told him he could not well diſpenſe with being abſent from his poſt; that it was highly proper he ſhould return to *St. Germains* that night, late as it was, but would do himſelf the honour of waiting

waiting on him the next day, to enquire after the ſtate of the wounds he had received.

Mademoiſelle *Charlotta* was gone to bed; but being rouſed by the accident, no ſooner was informed by the ſurgeons, who were immediately ſent for, that there was nothing dangerous in the hurts her father had received, than ſhe bleſſed heaven for making *Horatio* the inſtrument of his preſervation. The ſenſe the baron ſeemed to have of this obligation, and the praiſes he beſtowed on the gallant manner in which the young gentleman came to his relief, made her almoſt ready to flatter herſelf, that fate intereſted itſelf in behalf of their love; and indeed monſieur the baron, notwithſtanding the haughtineſs of his nature, had the moſt juſt notions of gratitude; and to teſtify it to *Horatio*, would have refuſed him ſcarce any thing, except his daughter. But however that ſhould happen, ſhe ſtill found more and more excuſes for indulging the inclinations ſhe had for him; and though ſhe yet had never given him any ſuch aſſurances, yet ſhe reſolved in her own mind to live only for him.

The baron being obliged to keep his bed for ſeveral days, *Horatio* had a pretence for repeating his viſits to him during the time of his confinement, and afterwards went often by invitation; the other, beſides the obligation he had to him, finding ſomething extremely pleaſing in his converſation, to which (not to take from *Horatio*'s merits) the obſequiouſneſs he found no difficulty in himſelf to behave with, towards a man of his age, his quality, and above all, the father of *Charlotta*, not a little contributed.

The lovers had now frequent opportunities of entertaining each other, both at *Paris* and *St. Germains*; nor were any of thoſe demonſtrations which virtue and innocence permitted, wanting

between them, to render them as perfectly eaſy, as people can poſſibly be, who have yet ſomething to deſire, and much to fear. But as ſmooth as their fortune now ſeemed, they knew not how ſoon a ſtorm might ariſe, and give a ſudden interruption to the felicity they enjoyed. — The charms of *Charlotta* were every day making new conqueſts; and among the number of thoſe who pretended to admire her, how probable was it that ſome one might be thought worthy by her father, and ſhe be compelled to receive the addreſſes of a rival. Theſe were reflections too natural not to occur to them both, and whenever they did, could not fail of embittering thoſe ſweets, the certainty of a mutual affection had otherwiſe afforded.

They had now no trouble from monſieur *de Coigney*; his father, in order to make him forget a hopeleſs paſſion, had found an employment for him, which obliged him to go many leagues from *Paris*; and ſince the converſation already mentioned at the baron's, his ſiſter and mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, by command of their reſpective parents, as well as their own inclinations, broke off all correſpondence, nor even ſpoke to each other, unleſs when happening to meet in a viſit, there was no avoiding it; and then it was in ſuch a diſtant manner, and with ſo much indifference, that none would have imagined they ever had been intimate friends and companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A ſecond ſeparation between Horatio *and* Charlotta, *with ſome other occurrences.*

THE ſeaſon of the year now having put an end to the campaign, and the *French*, as well as confederate armies, being retired into their winter-quarters, the baron *de la Valiere*, who had always a ſpecial permiſſion from the general, returned to *Paris*. *Horatio* promiſed himſelf much ſatisfaction in the renewed ſociety of this friend, and no ſooner heard he was on the road, than he went to meet him. The baron, charmed with this proof of his affection and reſpect, received him as a brother, and there was little leſs freedom uſed between them.

After the mutual teſtimonies and good-will were over, *de la Valiere* began to ask him concerning mademoiſelle *Charlotta*; on which *Horatio* acquainted him with her being removed from *St. Germains*, and the occaſion of it, not omitting the arrogance with which old monſieur *de Coigney* had behaved to her father, and the reſentment now between the families.

Well, ſaid the baron, but I hope you have been more ſucceſsful, at leaſt with the young lady: I will never more truſt the intelligence of eyes, if yours did not hold a very tender intercourſe; and I proteſt to you, my dear *Horatio*, that amidſt all the toils and dangers of war, my thoughts were often at *St. Germains*, not envying, but congratulating the pleaſures you enjoyed in the converſation of that amiable lady.

I doubt not, replied *Horatio* with a ſmile, but

we had you with us at a place which contained madam *de Coigney*; and I am of opinion too ſhe was no leſs frequently in the camp with you; for in ſpite of all the reſerve ſhe affected while you were preſent, ſhe never heard the bare mention of your name, without emotions, which were viſible in her countenance.

I would not be vain, replied the baron, but I ſometimes have flattered myſelf with the hope I was not altogether indifferent to her; tho' for two whole years that I have conſtantly made my addreſſes to her, I never could obtain one ſoft confeſſion to aſſure my happineſs: — but let me know how you have proceeded on the ſcore of mademoiſelle *Charlotta?* Believe me, I am not ſo engroſſed by my own affairs, as not to give attention to thoſe of a friend.

Horatio, who had been engaged by *Charlotta* to preſerve an inviolable ſecreſy in every thing that had paſſed between them, without any exception of perſons, would fain have turned the converſation on ſome other topic: he truly loved the baron, had the higheſt opinion of his diſcretion, and would have truſted him with the deareſt ſecrets of his life, provided they related to himſelf alone; but he had given his word, his oath, his honour to *Charlotta*, and durſt not violate them on any conſideration; yet, loth to refuſe, or deceive his friend, he found himſelf in the moſt perplexing dilemma. As often as the other ſpoke of *Charlotta*, he anſwered with ſomething of *de Coigney*; but all his artifice was ineffectual, and the baron at laſt ſaw through it, and aſſuming a very grave countenance, I perceive, *Horatio*, ſaid he, you do not think me worthy your confidence, and I was to blame to preſs you to reveal, what you reſolve to make a myſtery of.

Theſe words made a very deep impreſſion on the

the grateful ſoul of him whom they were addreſſed to; and equally diſtreſſed between the neceſſity of either diſobliging a perſon whoſe generoſity he had experienced, or falſifying the promiſe he had made to *Charlotta*, at laſt an expedient offered to his mind, how to avoid both, and yet not be guilty of injuring the truth.

Alas! my lord, anſwered he, you little know the heart of *Horatio*, if you imagine there be any thing there that would hide itſelf from you: — I freely confeſs the charms of mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had ſuch an effect on me, that, had I been in circumſtances, which in the leaſt could have flattered me with ſucceſs, I ſhould long ago have avowed myſelf her lover: but when I reflected on the diſparity between us, the humour of her father, and a thouſand other impediments, I endeavoured to baniſh ſo hopeleſs a paſſion from my breaſt, and was the more confirmed in my reſolution to do ſo, by the ill treatment monſieur *de Coigney* received: — beſides, her removal from *St. Germains*, depriving me in a great meaſure of thoſe opportunities I had before of entertaining her, might very well contribute to wean off a paſſion, not ſettled either by time or expectation, of ever being gratified; and I hope, continued he, I ſhall always have ſo much command over myſelf, as not to become ridiculous by aiming at impoſſibilities.

Whether the baron gave any credit to what he ſaid on this account, or not, he had too much politeneſs to preſs him any farther; and the diſcourſe ſoon after taking another turn, *Horatio* was very well pleaſed to think he had got off ſo well.

De la Valiere having related to him ſome particulars of the late campaign, which the public accounts had been deficient in, they paſſed from

that to ſome talk of the brave young king of *Sweden*, a topic which filled all *Europe* with admiration: but the *French* being a people in whom the love of glory is the predominant paſſion, were more than any other nation charmed with the greatneſs of that prince's ſoul.

What indeed has any hero of antiquity to boaſt of, in competition with this northern monarch, who conquered and gave away kingdoms for the benefit of others, diſdaining to receive any other reward for all his vaſt fatigues, than the pleaſure of giving a people that perſon whom he judged moſt worthy to reign over them!

The baron, who had attended the count *de Guiſcard*, when he was reſidentiary ambaſſador from his moſt chriſtian majeſty at the *Swediſh* court, had an opportunity of ſeeing more of this monarch, than any other *Horatio* was acquainted with; he therefore, on his requeſting it, informed him how, at the age of eighteen, he threw off all magnificence, forſook the pomp and delicacies of a court he had been bred in, and undertook, and compleated, the delivery of his brother-in-law, the duke of *Holſtein*, from the cruel incurſions of the *Danes*, who had well nigh either taken or ravaged the greateſt part of his territories. He alſo ſet forth, in its proper colours, the baſe part which *Peter Alexowitz*, czar of *Muſcovy*, and *Auguſtus*, king of *Poland*, acted againſt a prince, who was then employing his arms in the cauſe of juſtice; the latter of theſe bringing a powerful army to take from him one part of his dominions; and the former, at the head of an hundred thouſand men were plundering the other: but when he concluded his little narrative, by reciting how this yonng conqueror, with a handful of brave *Swedes*, animated by the example of their king, put entirely to route all that oppoſed him,

Horatio

Horatio felt his ſoul glow with an ardour ſuperior even to that of love: he longed to behold a prince who ſeemed to have all the virtues comprized in him, and whoſe very thoughts, as well as actions, might be looked upon as ſupernatural.

He is, however, greatly to be pitied, ſaid the baron *de la Valiere*, that the wars he is engaged in, and which, in all probability, will be of long continuance, hinders him from the poſſeſſion of the moſt amiable princeſs in the world, and I dare anſwer, at leaſt if I may credit thoſe about her, ſhe wiſhes he were of a leſs martial diſpoſition.

He will be the more worthy of her, cried *Horatio* interrupting him, and the immortal fame of his actions be a ſufficient atonement for all the years of expectation that may be its purchaſe.

From the time *Horatio* had this diſcourſe with the baron, the king of *Sweden* was ever uppermoſt in his thoughts: he had always reflected, that in the ſtation he then was, it would be impoſſible to obtain any more of mademoiſelle *Charlotta* than her heart, at leaſt while the baron *de Palfoy* lived, and that a thouſand accidents might deprive him of all hope of ever being more happy; but, ſaid he to himſelf, were I among the number of thoſe who attend this hero in his martial exploits, I might at leaſt have an opportunity of proving how far fortune would befriend me. — Who knows but I might be able to do ſomething, which might engage that juſt and generous monarch to raiſe me to a degree, capable of avowing my pretenſions, even to her father, and the ſame bleſſed day that joined our principals, might alſo make me bleſſed in the poſſeſſion of my dear *Charlotta!*

With theſe ideas did he often flatter himſelf; but

but the manner in which he ſhould accompliſh his deſires, was yet doubtful to him. The chevalier *St. George* treated him with ſo much kindneſs, that he had no room to doubt his having a great ſhare in his favour; and was fully perſwaded, that if he communicated his intentions to him, he would vouchſafe to give him letters of recommendation to a prince who was to be his brother-in-law: but this he feared to ask, leſt it ſhould be looked upon as ingratitude in him to deſire to leave a court, where he had been ſo graciouſly received, and had many favours, beſides the perquiſites of his poſt, heaped upon him, not only by the chevalier himſelf, but alſo by the queen and princeſs, who, following the example of the late king, behaved with a kind of natural affection to all the *Engliſh*.

He ſometimes communicated his ſentiments on this head to mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, who was too diſcreet not to allow the juſtneſs of them; and well knew, that in the ſtation her lover now was, they never could be on any terms with each other, than thoſe they were at preſent: her reaſon, therefore, and the advantage of her love, made her ſometimes wiſh he would follow the dictates of ſo laudable an ambition; but then the dangers he muſt inevitably be expoſed to, in following a monarch, who never ſet any bounds to his courage, and the thoughts how long it might poſſibly be before ſhe ſaw him again, alarmed all her tenderneſs; and he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the tears ſtand in her eyes whenever they had any diſcourſe of this nature; and tho' her words aſſured him, that it was her opinion, he could not take a more ready way to raiſe his own fortune, yet her looks, at the ſame time, made him plainly ſee how much ſhe would ſuffer in his taking that ſtep.

Many

Many reaſons, both for and againſt following his inclination in this point, preſented themſelves to him; and he had no ſooner, as he thought, determined for the one, than the other roſe with double vehemence, and overthrew the former. In this fluctuating ſituation of mind, did he remain for ſome time, and perhaps had done ſo much longer, had not an accident happened, which proved deciſive, and indeed left him no other party to take, than that he afterwards did.

Charlotta, being now entirely miſtreſs of herſelf, gave him frequent meetings in the *Tuilleries*, judging it ſafer to converſe with him there, than at the houſe of any perſon, whom, in ſuch a caſe, muſt be the confidante of the whole affair; whereas, if they were ſeen together in the walks, it might be judged they met by accident, and not give any grounds of ſuſpicion, which hitherto they had been ſo fortunate as to avoid.

It was in one of thoſe appointments, when entered into a very tender converſation, they forgot themſelves ſo far as to ſuffer the moon to riſe upon them: the ſtillneſs of the evening, and the little company which happened to be there that night, ſeemed to indulge their inclinations of continuing in ſo ſweet a receſs:—they were ſeated on a bench at the foot of a large tree, when *Charlotta*, in anſwer to ſome tender profeſſions he had been making, ſaid, Depend on this, *Horatio*, that as you are the firſt who has ever been capable of making me ſenſible of love, ſo nothing ſhall have power to change my ſentiments while you continue to deſerve, or to deſire I ſhould think of you as I now do. He ſhall not long continue to deſire it,—cried a voice behind them, and immediately ruſhed from the other ſide of the thicket a man with his ſword drawn, and ran full upon *Horatio*, who

who not having time to be upon his guard, had certainly fallen a victim to his rival's fury, had not a gentlman ſeized his arm, and, by ſuperior ſtrength, forced him ſome paces back. — Are you mad, monſieur, ſaid he; do you forget the place you are in, or the danger you ſo lately eſcaped for an enterprize of this nature?

Mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, now a little recovered from her firſt ſurprize, and knowing it was young monſieur *de Coigney* who had given her this alarm, had preſence enough of mind to aſk how he dared, after he knew her own and father's reſolution, to diſturb her, or any company ſhe had with her? He made no reply, but reflecting that there were other ways than fighting, by which he might be revenged, went haſtily away with that friend who had hindered him from executing his raſh purpoſe; but they could hear that he muttered ſomething which ſeemed a menace againſt them both.

How impoſſible is it to expreſs the conſternation our lovers now were in: they found by the repetition monſieur *de Coigney* made of the words ſhe ſpoke, that what they had ſo long and ſo ſucceſsfully laboured to conceal, was now betrayed: — betrayed to one who would not fail to make the moſt malicious uſe of the diſcovery, and doubted not but the affair would become the general talk, perhaps to the prejudice of *Charlotta*'s reputation; but the leaſt thing either could expect, was to be ſeparated for ever.

Horatio, full of diſturbed emotions, conducted his diſconſolate miſtreſs to the gate of the *Tuilleries*, and there took a farewel of her, which he had too much reaſon to fear would be his laſt, at leaſt for a long time. He was tempted by his firſt emotions to ſeek *de Coigney*, and call him to account for the affront he had put upon him, and either loſe his own life, or oblige the other to ſecreſy;

crecy; but then he conſidered, that there was ſome probability he would not dare to own that he had given himſelf any concern about mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, after the injunction laid on him by his father, much leſs as he had attempted a duel in her cauſe, having, as has been already mentioned, been before guilty of a like offence againſt the laws, which in that country are very ſtrict, on account of madame *de Olonne*; and this prevailed with him to be paſſive as to what had happened, till he ſhould hear how the other would behave, and find what turn the affair would take.

Charlotta in the mean time was in the moſt terrible anxieties: — ſhe could not imagine what had brought monſieur *de Coigney*, who ſhe thought had been many miles diſtant, ſo ſuddenly to *Paris:* but on making ſome private enquiry, ſhe was informed, that having met ſome difficulty in the execution of his office, he had taken poſt, in order to lay his complaints before the king, and had arrived that very day. — She now blamed her own inadvertency in holding any diſcourſe with *Horatio*, of a nature not proper to be over-heard, in a place ſo public as the *Tuilleries*, where others, as well as he, might have poſſibly been witneſſes of what was ſaid.

Young monſieur *de Coigney* ſuffered little leſs from the turbulence of his nature, and the mortification it gave his vanity, to find a perſon, whom he looked upon as every way his inferior, preferred to him. His thoughts were wholly bent on revenge; but in what manner he ſhould accompliſh it, he was for ſome time uncertain: when he acquainted his father with the diſcovery he had made, and the reſentment he had teſtified againſt this unworthy rival, as he called him, the old gentleman blamed him for taking any notice of it. Let them love on, ſon, ſaid he; let them marry;

— we

— we ſhall then have a fine opportunity of reproaching the haughty baron with his new alliance. This did not however ſatisfy monſieur *de Coigney*: all the love he once had for mademoiſelle *Charlotta* was now turned into hate; and in ſpite of his father's commands not to meddle in the affair, he could not help throwing out ſome reflections among his companions, very much to the diſadvantage of the young lady's reputation. But theſe might poſſibly have blown over, as he had but a ſmall time to vent his malice. His father knowing the violence of his temper, in order to prevent any ill conſequences, compelled him to return to his employment; taking upon himſelf the management of that buſineſs which had brought him ſo unluckily to *Paris*.

But mademoiſelle *de Coigney* had no ſooner been informed by her brother of the diſcovery he had made, than ſhe doubted not that it was on the ſcore of *Horatio* that he had met with ſuch ill ſucceſs in his courtſhip; and alſo imagined, that it had been owing to ſome ill impreſſions mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had given the baron de *Palfoy*, that her father had been treated by him in the manner already recited. She complained of it to the baron *de la Valiere*, and told him, her whole family had been affronted, and her brother rendered miſerable, for the ſake of a young man, who, ſaid ſhe, can neither have birth or fortune to boaſt of, ſince he has been ſo long a priſoner without any ranſom paid, or interpoſition offered to redeem him.

The baron was too generous not to vindicate the merits of *Horatio*, as much as was conſiſtent with his love and complaiſance for his miſtreſs: he was notwithſtanding very much picqued in his mind that a perſon, to whom he had given the greateſt proofs of a ſincere and diſintereſted friendſhip, ſhould have concealed a ſecret of this nature from

from him, and the more ſo, as he had ſeemed to expect and deſire his confidence. From this time forward he behaved to him with a coldneſs which was ſufficient to convince the other of the motive, eſpecially as he found mademoiſelle *de Coigney* took all opportunities of throwing the moſt picquant reflections on him. It is certain that lady was ſo full of ſpight at the indignity ſhe thought her family had received, that ſhe could not help whiſpering the attachment of *Horatio* and *Charlotta*, not only at *St. Germains*, but at *Paris* alſo, with inuendo's little leſs cruel than thoſe her brother had made uſe of to his companions; ſo that between them, the amour was talked of among all who were acquainted with either of them.

At length the report reached the ears of the baron *de Palfoy*, who, tho' he did not immediately give an entire credit to it, thought it became him to do every thing in his power to ſilence it.

Accordingly he called his daughter to him one day, and having told her the liberty which the world took in cenſuring her conduct on Horatio's account, commanded her to avoid all occaſions of it for the future, by ſeeing him no more.

The confuſion ſhe was in, and which ſhe had not artifice wholly to conceal from the penetrating baron, more convinced him, than all he had been told, that there was in reality ſome tender intercourſe between them; but reſolving to be fully aſcertained, he ſaid no more to her at that time, but diſpatched a meſſenger immediately to *St. Germains*, deſiring *Horatio* to come to him the ſame day.

The lover readily obeyed this ſummons, but not without ſome apprehenſions of the motive: the hints daily given him, joined to the alteration, not only in the behaviour of mademoiſelle *de Coigney*, but likewiſe of the baron *de la Valiere*, gave him

but

but too juſt room to fear his paſſion was no longer a ſecret.

The father of *Charlotta* received him with great courteſy, but nothing of that pleaſantneſs with which he had looked on him ever ſince he had defended him from the robbers. *Horatio*, ſaid he, I am indebted to you for my life, and would willingly make what recompence is in my power for the obligation I have to you: — think therefore what I can do for you; and if your demands exceed not what is fit for you to aſk, or would become me to grant, you may be aſſured of my compliance.

The aſtoniſhment *Horatio* was in at theſe words is impoſſible to be expreſſed; but having an admirable preſence of mind, my lord, anſwered he, I ſhould be unworthy of the favours you do me, could I be capable of preſuming on them ſo far as to make any requeſts beyond the continuance of them.

No, *Horatio*, reſumed the baron, I acknowledge my gratitude has been too deficient, ſince it has extended only to thoſe civilities which are due to your merit, excluſive of any obligation; the converſation we have had together has hitherto afforded a pleaſure to myſelf, and it is with a good deal of mortification I now find a neceſſity to break it off: — I would therefore have the ſatisfaction of doing ſomething that might convince you of my eſteem, at the ſame time that I deſire you to refrain your viſits.

Not all *Horatio*'s courage could enable him to ſtand this ſhock, without teſtifying ſome part of what paſſed in his mind: — he was utterly incapable of making any reply, tho' the ſilence of the other ſhewed he expected it, but ſtood like one confounded, and conſcious of deſerving the baniſhment he heard pronounced againſt him. — At laſt recollecting himſelf a little, — my lord, ſaid he, I

ſee

ſee not how I can be happy enough to preſerve any part of your eſteem, ſince looked upon as unworthy an honour you were once pleaſed to confer upon me.

You affect, ſaid the baron, a ſlowneſs of apprehenſion, which is far from being natural to you, and perhaps imagine, that by not ſeeming to underſtand me, I ſhould believe there were no grounds for me to forbid you my houſe; but, young man, I am not ſo eaſily deceived; and ſince you oblige me to ſpeak plain, muſt tell you, I am ſorry to find you have entertained any projects, which, if you had the leaſt conſulted your reaſon, you would have known could never be accompliſhed.—In fine, *Horatio*, what you make ſo great a myſtery of, may be explained in three words:—I wiſh you well as a friend, but cannot think of making you my ſon:—I would recompence what you have done for me with any thing but my daughter, and as a proof of my concern for your happineſs, I exclude you from all ſociety with her, in order to prevent ſo unavailing a paſſion from taking too deep a root.

Ah, my lord, cried *Horatio*, perceiving all diſſimulation would be vain, the man who once adored mademoiſelle *de Palfoy* can never ceaſe to do ſo. He ought therefore, replied the baron, without being moved, to conſider the conſequences well before he begins to adore:—if I had been conſulted in the matter I ſhould have adviſed you better; but it is now too late, and all I can do is to prevent your ever meeting more:—this, *Horatio*, is all I have to ſay, and that if in any other affair I can be ſerviceable to you, communicate your requeſt in writing, and depend on its being granted.

In ſpeaking theſe laſt words he withdrew, and left *Horatio* in a ſituation of mind not eaſy to be conceived.—He was once about to entreat him to turn

turn back, but had nothing to offer which could make him hope would prevail on him to alter his reſolution. — He never had been inſenſible of the vaſt diſparity there was at preſent between him and the noble family of *de Palfoy:* he could expect no other, or rather worſe treatment than what he had now received, if his paſſion was ever diſcovered, and had no excuſe to make for what himſelf allowed ſo great a preſumption.

With a countenance dejected, and a heart oppreſſed with various agitations, did he quit the houſe which contained what was moſt valuable to him in the world, while poor *Charlotta* endured, if poſſible, a greater ſhock.

The baron *de Palfoy*, now convinced that all he had been informed of was true, was more incenſed againſt her than he had been on the miſtaken ſuppoſition of her being influenced in favour of monſieur *de Coigney:* he had no ſooner left *Horatio* than he flew to her apartment, and reproached her in terms the moſt ſevere that words could form. — It was in vain ſhe proteſted that ſhe never had any deſign of giving herſelf to *Horatio* without having firſt received his permiſſion. — He looked on all ſhe ſaid as an augmentation of her crime, and ſoon came to a determination to put it out of her power to give him more than ſhe had already done.

Early next morning he ſent her, under the conduct of a perſon he could confide in, to a monaſtery about thirty miles from *Paris*, without even letting her know whither ſhe was about being carried, or giving her the leaſt notice of her departure till the coach was at the door, into which he put her himſelf with theſe words, — Adieu *Charlotta*, expect not to ſee *Paris*, or me again, till you deſire no more to ſee *Horatio*.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The reaſons that induced Horatio *to leave* France; *with the chevalier St.* George's *behaviour on knowing his reſolution. He receives an unexpected favour from the baron* de Palfoy.

WHile *Charlotta*, under the diſpleaſure of her father, and divided, as ſhe believed, for ever from her lover, was purſuing her melancholy journey, *Horatio* was giving way to a grief which knew no bounds, and which preyed with the greater fierceneſs on his ſoul, as he had no friend to whom he could diſburden it. The baron's eſtranged behaviour was no ſmall addition to his other diſcontents, and he lamented the cruel neceſſity, which had enforced him to diſoblige a perſon, to whom he owed ſo many favours, and whoſe advice would now have been the greateſt conſolation.

He could not now hope *Charlotta* would be permitted to come to *St. Germains*, and doubted not but her father would take effectual methods, to prevent her viſiting at any place, where even accident might occaſion a meeting between them: he knew the watch had been ſet over her on the account of monſieur *de Coigney*, and might be aſſured it would not now be leſs ſtrict, and that it would be equally impoſſible, for either to communicate their thoughts by writing, as it was to ſee each other.

He was in the midſt of theſe reflections when he heard, by ſome people who were acquainted with the baron *de Palfoy*, that he had ſent his daughter away, but none knew where: this, inſtead

ſtead of leſſening his deſpair, was a very great aggravation of it: — he imagined ſhe was confined in ſome monaſtery, and was not inſenſible of the difficulties that attend ſeeing a young lady, who is ſent there purpoſely to avoid the world; yet, ſaid he to himſelf, could I be happy enough to diſcover, even to what province ſhe was carried, I would go from convent to convent, till I had found which of them contained her.

It was in vain that he made all poſſible enquiry: every one he asked, was in reality as ignorant as himſelf. — The baron *de Palfoy* had truſted none, ſo could not be deceived, but by thoſe perſons who had the charge of conducting her, and of their fidelity he had many proofs. Yet how impoſſible is it for human prudence to reſiſt the decrees of fate. — The ſecret was betrayed, without any one being guilty of abuſing the confidence repoſed in them, and by the ſtrangeſt accident that perhaps ever was, *Horatio* learned all he wiſhed to know, when he had given over all his endeavours for that purpoſe, and was totally deſpairing of it.

He came one day to *Paris*, in order to alleviate his melancholy, in the company of ſome young gentlemen, who had expreſſed a very great regard for him; but his mind being taken up with various and perplexed thoughts on his entrance into that city, he miſtook his way, and turned into the rue *St. Dennis*, inſtead of the rue *St. Honore*, where he had been accuſtomed to leave his horſes and ſervant. — He found his error juſt as he was paſſing by a large inn, and it being a matter of indifference to him where he put up, would not turn back, but ordered his man to alight here. — I forgot where I was going, ſaid he, but I ſuppoſe the horſes will be taken as much care of at this houſe, as where we uſed to go. I

ſhall

ſhall ſee to that, replied the fellow. *Horatio* ſtepped into a room to take ſome refreſhment, while his ſervant went to the ſtable, but had not been there above a minute, before he heard very high words between ſome people in the yard; and as he turned towards the window, ſaw a man in the livery of the baron *de Palfoy*, and whom he preſently knew to be the coachman of that nobleman. He was hot in diſpute with the innkeeper, concerning a horſe which he had hired of him, and, as the other inſiſted, drove ſo hard, that he had killed him. The coachman denied the accuſation; but the innkeeper told him he had witneſſes to prove the horſe died two hours after he was brought home; and declared, that if he had not ſatisfaction for his beaſt, he would complain to the baron, and if he did not do him juſtice, have recourſe to law. — There was a long argument between them, concerning the number of miles, the hours they drove, and the weight of the carriage. — Among other things, the innkeeper alledged, that he ſaw them, as he paſſed his corner, and there were ſo many trunks, boxes, and other baggage, behind and before the coach, beſides the company that was in it, that it required eight horſes, inſtead of ſix, to draw it. Why then, ſaid the coachman, did it not kill our horſes as well as yours? if they had been equally good, they would have held out equally. — I do not pretend mine was as good, replied the innkeeper, I cannot afford to feed my horſes as my lord does; but yet he was a ſtout gelding, and if he had not been drove ſo very hard, and perhaps otherwiſe ill uſed into the bargain, he would have been alive now.

All this was ſufficient to make *Horatio* imagine it was for the journey which deprived him of his dear *Charlotta*, that this horſe had been hired, ſo

tarried in the place where he was till the debate was over, which ended not to the ſatisfaction of the innkeeper, who ſwore he would not be fooled out of his money. As ſoon as the coachman was gone, *Horatio* called him in, and asked what was the matter, and who it was that endeavoured to impoſe upon him? On which the innkeeper readily told him, that on ſuch a day this coachman came to him, and hired a horſe, in order to make up a ſet to go to *Rheines* in *Champaigne*, my lord-baron having three or four ſick in the ſtable at that time. — Two days after, ſaid he, my horſe was brought home all in a foam, and fell down dead in leſs than three hours, and yet this raſcally coachman refuſes to pay me for him.

Horatio humoured him in all he ſaid, and let him go on his own way, till he had vented his whole ſtock of railing, and then asked him what company were in the coach. The innkeeper replied, that there was one man and two women, but did not know who they were, for their faces were muffled up in their hoods. This was ſufficient for him to know it was no other than *Charlotta*, with her woman, and ſome friend whom the baron had ſent with them. The day mentioned, being the very ſame he had been informed ſhe was carried away, was alſo another confirmation; and he had not only the happineſs of knowing where his miſtreſs was, but of knowing it by ſuch means as could give the baron no ſuſpicion of his being acquainted with it, and therefore make him think it neceſſary to remove her.

Having gained this intelligence, which yet he was no better for, than the hope of being able to get a ſight of her through the grate, which he was reſolved to accompliſh ſome way or other, he reſumed his deſign of going into the army of the king

king of *Sweden*. As a perfect knowledge of the many excellent qualities of the chevalier *St. George*, made him regard and love him with an affection beyond what is ordinarily to be met with from a ſervant to his maſter, he felt an extreme repugnance to quit him, and yet more in breaking the matter to him, which, while it teſtified a confidence in the goodneſs of him whoſe aſſiſtance he muſt implore, he thought, at the ſame time, would be looked on as ingratitude in himſelf; and he was ſome time deliberating in what manner he ſhould do it; and it would have been perhaps a great while, before he could have found words, which he would have thought proper for the purpoſe, if he had not taken an opportunity which, without any deſign of his own, offered itſelf to him.

The chevalier *St. George* took a particular pleaſure in the game of *cheſs*; and *Horatio* having learned it among the officers in *Campaine*, frequently played with him: they were one evening at this diverſion, when the lover of *Charlotta* having his mind a little perplexed, placed his men ſo ill, that the chevalier beat him out at every motion. How is this, *Horatio*, cried he; you uſed to play better than I, but now I have the advantage of you. — May you always have it, ſir, replied he with the utmoſt reſpect, over all who pretend to oppoſe you. — *Cheſs* is a kind of emblem of war, where policy ſhould go hand-in-hand with courage; and there is a great maſter in that art, whom if I were ſome time to ſerve under, I flatter myſelf that I ſhould be able to know how to move my men, with better ſucceſs than I have done to-night; but then my skill ſhould be employed only againſt ſuch as are your enemies.

You mean my brother *Charles* of *Sweden*, ſaid

the chevalier ſmiling, but I believe he ſeldom plays. Never, but when kingdoms are at ſtake, reſumed *Horatio*; and if a day ſhould come when you, ſir, ſhall attempt the prize, how fortunate would it be for me to have learned to ſerve you, as I am obliged by much more than my duty, by the moſt natural and inviolable attachment of my heart, which would render it the greateſt bleſſing I could receive from heaven. I believe, indeed, returned the chevalier *St. George*, you love me enough to fight in my cauſe whenever occaſion offers. I would not only fight, but die, cried *Horatio* warmly; yet I would wiſh to have the skill to make a great number of your enemies die before me. Well, ſaid the chevalier, we will talk of this to-morrow; in the mean time, play as well as you can againſt me at *St. Germains*: in another place perhaps you may play for me. *Horatio* made no other reply to theſe words than a low bow, and then elating his hands and eyes to heaven, as internally praying for the opportunity his maſter ſeemed to hint at.

The impreſſion this little converſation made on the mind of the chevalier *St. George*, proved itſelf in its effects the very next day. *Horatio* being ordered to come into his chamber early in the morning, — I have been thinking on what paſſed laſt night between us, ſaid he, and if you have a ſerious intention of doing what you ſeemed to hint at, will contribute all I can to forward you.

Ah ſir! cried *Horatio*, falling at his feet, impute not, I beſeech you, this deſire in me to any thing, but the extreme deſire I have to render myſelf worthy of the favours you have been pleaſed to confer upon me, and to be able to ſerve you, whenever any happy occaſion ſhall preſent itſelf.

No

No more, *Horatio*, replied the chevalier, I am perfectly aſſured of your duty and affection to me, and am ſo far from taking it ill that you deſire to quit my court on this ſcore, that I think your ambition highly laudable: — I will write letters of recommendation with my own hand, to my brother *Charles*, and to ſome others in his camp, which, I doubt not, but will procure you a reception anſwerable to your wiſhes: — therefore, as it is a long journey you are to take, the ſooner you provide for your departure the better. — I will order you out of my privy purſe two thouſand crowns towards your expences.

Horatio found it impoſſible to expreſs how much this goodneſs touched his ſoul; nor could he do it any otherwiſe than by proſtrating himſelf a ſecond time, embracing his knees, and uttering ſome incoherent acclamations, which more ſhewed to his maſter the ſincerity of his gratitude, and the perfect love he bore him, than the moſt elegant ſpeeches could have done.

After all poſſible demonſtrations of the moſt gracious benignity on the one ſide, and reverence on the other, *Horatio* quitted the preſence, and went to Sir *Thomas Higgons*, who at that time was privy-purſe, and one of the fineſt gentlemen that ever *England* bred, and acquainted him with the chevalier *St. George*'s goodneſs to him, and the change that was going to be made in his fortune. He thanked him in the politeſt manner, for being made the firſt that ſhould congratulate him, and told him, he did not doubt but he ſhould ſee him return covered with lawrels, and enriched with honours, by the moſt glorious and grateful monarch the world had to boaſt of. The whole court, whoſe eſteem, the good qualities, handſome perſon, and agreeable behaviour of *Ho-*

ratio, had entirely gained, ſeemed to partake in his ſatisfaction, and he was ſo engroſſed with the preparations for his departure, and receiving the compliments made him, that tho' he was far from forgetting *Charlotta*, yet the languiſhment which her abſence had occaſioned, was entirely baniſhed, and he now appeared all life and ſpirit. — So true it is, that idleneſs is the food of ſoft deſires.

It muſt be confeſſed, indeed, that love had a very great ſhare in reviving in him thoſe martial inclinations, which for a time had ſeemed lulled to reſt, ſince it was to render himſelf in a condition, which might give him hope of obtaining the object of his love, that now puſhed him on to war. He reſolved alſo to make *Rheines* in his way to *Poland*, where the king of *Sweden* then was, purſuing his conqueſts, and ſee, if poſſible, his dear *Charlotta* before he left *France*; and as he was of a more than ordinary ſanguine diſpoſition, he was much ſooner elated with the proſpect of ſucceſs in any undertaking he went about, than dejected at the diſappointment of it.

The baron *de la Valiere*, whoſe friendſhip overbalanced his reſentment, now gave an inſtance of his generoſity, which, as things had ſtood of late between them, *Horatio* was far from expecting. That nobleman came to his apartment one day, with a letter in his hand, and accoſting him with the familiarity he had been accuſtomed to treat him with before their eſtrangement, — *Horatio*, ſaid he, I cannot ſuffer you to leave us, without giving you what teſtimonies of good-will are in my power: — you are now going among ſtrangers, and tho' after the recommendations I hear you are to carry with you from the chevalier *St. George*, nothing can be added to aſſure you of the king of *Sweden*'s favour, yet as many brave

actions

actions are loſt for want of a proper repreſentation of them, and the eyes of kings cannot be every where, it may be of ſome ſervice to you, to have general *Renchild* your friend: I once had the honour of a particular acquaintance with that great man, and I believe this letter, which I beg the favour of you to deliver to him, will in part convince him of your merit, before you may have an opportunity of proving it to him by your actions.

Horatio took the letter out of his hand, which he had preſented to him at the concluſion of his ſpeech; and charmed with this behaviour, The ſatisfaction I ſhould take, ſaid he, in this mark of your forgiving goodneſs, would be beyond all bounds, were I not conſcious how far I have been unworthy of it; and that I fear the ſame goodneſs, always partial to me, may have in this paper (meaning the letter) endeavoured to give the general an idea of me, which I may not be able to preſerve.

I look upon myſelf to be the beſt judge of that, replied the baron with a ſmile; and you may remember that, on a very different occaſion, I ſaw into your ſentiments, before you were well acquainted with the nature of them yourſelf.

As *Horatio* knew theſe words referred to the diſcourſe that had paſſed between them concerning his then infant paſſion for mademoiſelle *de Charlotta*, he could not help bluſhing; but *de la Valiere* perceiving he had given him ſome confuſion, would have turned the diſcourſe, had not the other thought fit to continue it, by letting him know the real motive, which had conſtrained him to act with the reſerve he had done on that ſcore.

The baron *de la Valiere* aſſured him, that he ſhould think no more of it; and though at firſt

he had taken it a little amiſs, yet when he came to reflect on the circumſtance, he could not but confeſs, he ſhould have behaved in the ſame manner himſelf.

The renewal of the former friendſhip between them, greatly added to the contentment *Horatio* at preſent enjoyed; but ſoon after he received ſuch an augmentation of it, as he could never have imagined, much leſs have flattered himſelf with the hope of.

Some few days before his departure, a ſervant of the baron *de Palſoy* came to him, to let him know his lord ſent his compliments, and deſired to ſpeak with him at his own houſe. The meſſage ſeemed ſo improbable, that *Horatio* could ſcarce give credit to it, and imagined the man had been miſtaken in the perſon to whom he delivered it, till he repeated over and over again, that it was to no other he was ſent.

Had it been any other than the father of mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, who had invited him to a houſe he had been once forbid, he ſcarce would have obeyed the ſummons; but as it was he, the awful perſon who gave being to that charmer of his ſoul, he ſent the moſt reſpectful anſwer, and the ſame day took horſe for *Paris*, and attended the explanation of an order which, at preſent, ſeemed ſo myſterious to him.

The baron was no ſooner informed he was there, than he came into the parlour, with a countenance which had in it all the marks of good-humour and ſatisfaction;—*Horatio*, ſaid he, after having made him ſeat himſelf, I doubt not but you think me your enemy, after the treatment I gave you the laſt time you were here; but I aſſure you, I ſuffered no leſs myſelf in forbidding you my houſe, than you could do, in having what you might think an affront put upon

on you: — but, continued he after a pauſe, you ought to conſider I am a father, that *Charlotta* is my only child, that my whole eſtate, and what is of infinite more conſideration with me, the honour of my family, muſt all devolve on her, and that I am under obligations not to be diſpenſed with, to diſpoſe of her in ſuch a manner, as ſhall not any way degrade the anceſtry ſhe is ſprung from. — I own your merits; — I alſo am indebted to you for my life; — but you are a foreigner, your family unknown, — your fortune precarious, — I could wiſh it were otherwiſe; — believe, I find in myſelf an irreſiſtable impulſe to love you, and I know nothing would give me greater pleaſure, than to convince you of it: — In fine, there is nothing but *Charlotta* I would refuſe you.

The old lord uttered all this with ſo feeling an accent, that *Horatio* was very much moved at it; but unable to gueſs what would be the conſequence of this ſtrange preparation, and not having any thing to ask of him, but the only thing he had declared he would not grant, he only thanked him for the concern he was pleaſed to expreſs, and ſaid, that perhaps there might come a time, in which the obſcurity he was in at preſent would be enlightened; at leaſt, cried he, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of endeavouring to acquire by merit, what I am denied by fortune.

I admire this noble ambition in you, replied the baron *de Palfoy*; purſue theſe laudable views, and doubt not of ſucceſs: — it would be an infinite pleaſure to me to ſee you raiſed ſo high, that I ſhould acknowledge an alliance with you the greateſt honour I could hope: and to ſhew you with how much ſincerity I ſpeak, — here is a letter I have wrote to count *Piper*, the firſt miniſter and favourite of the king of *Sweden*;

when you deliver this to him, I am certain you will be convinced, by his reception of you, that you are one, whoſe intereſt I take no inconſiderable part in.

With theſe words he gave him a letter, directed as he had ſaid, but not ſealed, which *Horatio*, after he had manifeſted the ſenſe he had of ſo unhoped an obligation, reminded him of. As it concerns only yourſelf, ſaid the baron, it is proper you ſhould read it firſt, and I will then put on my ſignet.

Horatio on this unfolded it, and found it contained ſuch high commendations of him, and ſuch preſſing entreaties to that miniſter, to contribute all he could to his promotion, that it ſeemed rather dictated by the fondneſs of a parent, than by one who had taken ſo much pains to avoid being ſo. — O, my lord, cried he, as ſoon as he had done peruſing it, how much do you over-rate the little merit I am maſter of, yet how little regard a paſſion which is the ſole inſpirer of it! what will avail all the glory I can acquire, if unſucceſsful in my love!

Let us talk no more of that, ſaid the baron *de Palfoy*, you ought to be ſatisfied I do all for you in my power to do at preſent: — other opportunities may hereafter arrive, in which you may find the continuance of my friendſhip, and a grateful remembrance of the good office you did me; but to engage me to fulfil my obligations without any reluctance on my part, you muſt ſpeak to me no more, on a theme, which I cannot hear without emotions, ſuch as I would by no means give way to.

Horatio gave a deep ſigh, but preſumed not to reply; the other, to prevent him, turned the converſation on the wonderful actions of that young king into whoſe ſervice he was going to enter;

but

but the lover had contemplations of a different nature, which he was impatient to indulge, therefore made his viſit as ſhort as decency, and the favour he had juſt received, would permit. The baron, at parting, gave him a very affectionate embrace, and told him, he ſhould rejoice to hear of his ſucceſs, by letters from him, as often as the places and employments he ſhould be in would allow him to write.

Let any one form, if they can, an idea ſuitable to the preſent ſituation of *Horatio*'s mind at ſo aſtoniſhing an incident: impoſſible was it for him to form any certain conjecture on the baron *de Palfoy*'s behaviour; ſome of his expreſſions ſeemed to flatter him with the higheſt expectations of future happineſs, while others, he thought, gave him reaſon to deſpair: — ſometimes he imagined that it was to his pride, and the greatneſs of his ſpirit, which would not ſuffer him to let any obligation go unrequited, that he owed what had been juſt now done for him. — But when he reflected on the contents of the letter to count *Piper*, he could not help thinking they were dictated by ſomething more than an enforced gratitude: — he remembered too, that he promiſed him the continuance of his friendſhip, and had given ſome hints during the converſation, as if time and ſome accidents, which might poſſibly happen, might give a turn to his affairs, even on *Charlotta*'s account. — On the whole it appeared moſt reaſonable to conclude, that if he could by any means raiſe his fortune in the world, to the pitch the baron had determined for his daughter, he would not diſapprove their loves; and in this belief, he could not but think himſelf as fortunate as he could expect to be, ſince he never had been vain enough to imagine, that in his preſent circumſtances, he might hope either the conſent

of the father, or the ratification of the daughter's affection.

Every thing being now ready for his departure, he took leave of the chevalier *St. George*, who ſeemed to be under a concern for loſing him, which only the knowledge how great an advantage this young gentleman would receive by it, could conſole: the queen alſo gave him a letter from herſelf to her intended ſon-in-law; and the charming princeſs *Louiſa*, with bluſhes, bid him tell the king of *Sweden*, he had her prayers and wiſhes, for ſucceſs in all his glorious enterprizes.

Thus laden with credentials, which might aſſure him of a reception equal to the moſt ambitious aim of his aſpiring ſoul, he ſet out from *Paris*, not without ſome regret for quitting a place where he had been treated with ſuch uncommon and diſtinguiſhed marks of kindneſs and reſpect. But theſe emotions ſoon gave way to others more tranſporting; — he was on his journey towards *Rheines*, the place which contained his beloved *Charlotta*; and the thoughts that every moment brought him ſtill nearer to her, filled him with extaſies, which none but thoſe who truly love, can have any juſt conception of.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Horatio *arrives at* Rheines, *finds means to ſee mademoiſelle* Charlotta, *and afterwards purſues his journey to* Poland.

THE impatience *Horatio* had to be at *Rheines* made him travel very hard till he reached that city; nor did he allow himſelf much time for repoſe after his fatigue, till having made a ſtrict enquiry at all the monaſteries, he at length diſcovered where mademoiſelle *Charlotta* was placed.

Hitherto he had been ſucceſsful beyond his hopes; but the greateſt difficulty was not yet ſurmounted: he doubted not but as ſuch ſecrecy had been uſed in the carrying her from *Paris*, and of the place where ſhe had been conveyed, that the ſame circumſpection would be preſerved in concealing her from the ſight of any ſtranger that ſhould come to the monaſtery. — He invented many pretences, but none ſeemed ſatisfactory to himſelf, therefore could not expect they would paſs upon others. — Sometimes he thought of diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of a woman, his youth, and the delicacy of his complexion, making him imagine he might impoſe on the abbeſs and the nuns for ſuch; but then he feared being betrayed, by not being able to anſwer the queſtions, which would in all probability be asked him. — He endeavoured to find out ſome perſon that was acquainted there; but though he asked all the gentlemen, which were a great many, that dined at the ſame hotel with him, he was at as great a loſs as ever. He went to the chapel every hour that maſs was ſaid, but could flat-

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ter himſelf with no other ſatisfaction from that, than the empty one of knowing he was under the ſame roof with her; for the gallery in which the ladies ſit, penſioners, as well as thoſe who have taken the veil, are ſo cloſely grated, that it is impoſſible for thoſe below to diſtinguiſh any object.

He was almoſt diſtracted when he had been there three or four days, without being able to find any expedient, which he could think likely to ſucceed: — he knew not what to reſolve on; — time preſſed him to purſue his journey; — every day, every hour, that he loſt from proſecuting the glorious hopes he had in view, ſtruck ten thouſand daggers to his ſoul: — but then to go without informing the dear object of his wiſhes how great a part ſhe had in inſpiring his ambition, without aſſuring her of his eternal conſtancy and faith, and receiving ſome ſoft condeſcenſions from her to enable him to ſupport ſo long an abſence as he in all probability muſt endure; — all this, I ſay, was a ſhock to thought, which, had he not been relieved from, would have perhaps abated great part of that ſpirit which it was neceſſary for him to preſerve, in order to agree with the recommendatory letters he carried with him.

He was juſt going out of the chapel, full of unquiet meditations, when paſſihg by the confeſſional, a magdalen, curiouſly painted, which hung near it, attracted his eyes. As he was admiring the piece, ſomething fell from above, and hit againſt his arm; he ſtooped to take it up, and found it a ſmall ivory tablet: he looked up, but could ſee the ſhadow of nothing behind the grate: imagining it only an accident, and not knowing to whom to return it, he put it in his pocket, but was no ſooner out of the chapel, than curioſity excited him to ſee what it contained,

ed, which he had no ſooner done, than in the firſt leaf he found theſe words:

AS I imagine you did not come this long journey without a deſire to ſee me, it would be too ungrateful not to aſſiſt your endeavours: come a little before veſpers, and enquire of the portreſs for mademoiſelle du Pont; — *ſay you are her brother, and leave the reſt to me.*

There was no name ſubſcribed; but the dear characters, tho' evidently wrote in haſte, and with a pencil, which made ſome alteration in the fineneſs of the ſtrokes, convinced him it came from no other than *Charlotta*; and never were any hours ſo tedious to him, as thoſe which paſſed between the receiving this appointment, and that of the fulfilling it.

At length the wiſhed-for time arrived, and he repaired to the gate, where telling the portreſs, as he was ordered, that he was the brother of mademoiſelle *du Pont*, he was immediately brought into the parlour, where he had not waited long, before a young lady appeared behind the grate: as he found it was not her he expected, he was a little at a loſs, and not without ſome apprehenſions that his imagination had deceived him: — I know not, madam, ſaid he, if chance has not made me miſtaken for ſome happier perſon: — I thought to find a ſiſter here. — No, replied ſhe laughing, *Horatio* ſhall find me a ſiſter in my good offices; — mademoiſelle *Charlotta* will be here immediately; — ſhe has counterfeited an indiſpoſition, to avoid going to veſpers, and obtained permiſſion for me to ſtay with her; ſo that every thing is right; and as ſoon as the choir is gone into chapel you will ſee her. It would be needleſs to repeat the tranſports *Horatio* uttered on this occaſion,

occaſion, ſo I ſhall only ſay they were ſuch as convinced mademoiſelle *du Pont*, that her fair friend had not made this condeſcention to a man ungrateful for, or inſenſible of the obligation. He was indeed ſo loſt in them, that he ſcarce remembered to pay thoſe compliments to the lady for her generous aſſiſtance, which it merited from him; but ſhe eaſily forgave any unpoliteneſs he might be guilty of on that ſcore; and he ſo well attoned for it after he had given vent to the ſudden emotions of his joy, that ſhe looked upon him as the moſt accompliſhed, as well as the moſt faithful of his ſex. They had entered into ſome diſcourſe of the rules of the monaſtry, and how impoſſible it would have been for him to have gained an interview with mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, but by the means ſhe had contrived; — ſhe told him that young lady had ſeen him for ſeveral days, and not doubting but it was for her ſake he came, had reſolved to run any riſque rather than he ſhould depart without obtaining ſo ſmall a conſolation, as the ſight of her was capable of affording. *Horatio*, by the moſt paſſionate expreſſions, teſtified how dearly he prized what ſhe had ſeemed to think of ſo little value, when the expected charmer of his ſoul drew near the grate. — All that can be conceived of tender and endearing paſſed between them; but when he related to her the occaſion of his coming, and that change of life he now was entering upon, ſhe liſtened to him with a mixture of pleaſure and anxiety: — ſhe rejoiced with him on the great proſpects he had in view; but the terror of the dangers he was plunging in, was all her own. She was far, however, from diſcouraging him in his deſigns, and concealed not her admiration of the greatneſs of his ſpirit, and that love of glory,

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which ſeemed to render him capable of undertaking any thing.

But when ſhe heard in what manner her father had treated him, ſhe was all aſtoniſhment: as ſhe knew his temper perfectly well, ſhe was certain he would not have acted in the manner he did, without being influenced to it, by a very ſtrong liking for *Horatio*; for though gratitude, for the good office he had received at his hands, might have engaged him to make ſome requital, yet there were ſeveral expreſſions which *Horatio*, who remembered all he ſaid, with the utmoſt exactneſs repeated to her, that convinced her he would not have made uſe of, if he had not meant the perſon better than he at preſent would have him think he did; and that there was in reality nothing reſtrained him from making them as happy as their mutual affection could deſire, but the pride of blood, and the talk of the world, which the diſparity of their preſent circumſtances would occaſion. As ſhe doubted not but the courage and virtue of *Horatio* would remove that impediment, by acquiring a promotion ſufficient to countenance his pretenſions, ſhe had now no other diſquiet, than what aroſe from her fears for his ſafety, which ſhe over and over repeated, conjuring him, in the moſt tender terms, not to hazard himſelf beyond what the duties of his poſt obliged him to: — this, ſaid ſhe, ſhall be the teſt of your affection to me; for whenever I hear you run yourſelf into unneceſſary dangers, I will conclude, from that moment, you have ceaſed to remember, or pay any regard to my injunctions, or repoſe.

Horatio kiſſed her hand through the grate, and told her, he would always ſet too great a value on a life ſhe was ſo good to wiſh the continuance of, not to take all the care of it that honour would

would admit; but ſhe would not give him leave to add any aſſeverations to this promiſe, which, ſaid ſhe, you will every day be tempted to break; — the enterprizing diſpoſition of the prince you are going to ſerve, added to your own ſenſe of glory, will make it very difficult for you not to be the foremoſt in following wherever his royal example leads the way: — nor would I wiſh you to purchaſe ſecurity by the price of infamy; but as you go in a manner ſuch as will, in all probability, place you near his perſon, methinks it would be eaſy for you, by now and then mentioning the princeſs *Louiſa*, to rouſe in him theſe ſoft emotions, which might prevent him from too raſhly expoſing a life ſhe had ſo great an intereſt in.

How great a pity was it this tender converſation between two perſons, who had ſo pure a paſſion for each other, who had been abſent for ſome time, and who knew not when, or whether ever they ſhould meet again, could not be indulged with no longer continuance! but now mademoiſelle *du Pont*, who had been ſo good as to ſtand at ſome little diſtance, while they entertained each other, as a watch to give them notice of any interruption, now warned them that they muſt part: — divine ſervice was over, and the abbeſs and nuns were returning from chapel.

Short was the farewel the lovers took; mademoiſelle *Charlotta* had told him it would be highly improper he ſhould run the hazard of a diſcovery by coming there a ſecond time, which would probably incenſe her father ſo much, as to convert all the favourable intentions he now might have towards them, into the reverſe; and he was therefore obliged to content himſelf with printing with his lips, the ſeal of his affection on her hand, which he had ſcarce done, before, on

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a ſecond motion by mademoiſelle *du Pont*, ſhe ſhot ſuddenly from the place, and went to her chamber, that no ſuſpicions might ariſe, on her being found ſo well, as to have been able to quit it.

As he had paſſed for the brother of mademoiſelle *du Pont*, ſhe ſtayed ſome little time with him: this lady, whom *Charlotta*, in this exigence, had made her confidante, had a great deal of good-nature, and ſeeing the agony *Horatio* was in, endeavoured to conſole him by all the arguments ſhe thought might have force; — ſhe told him, that in the ſhort time ſhe had been made partaker of mademoiſelle *Charlotta*'s ſecrets, ſhe had expreſſed herſelf with a tenderneſs for him, with which he ought to be ſatisfied, and that ſhe was convinced, nothing would ever be capable of making the leaſt alteration in her ſentiments.

While ſhe was ſpeaking in this manner, *Horatio* remembered that he had not given *Charlotta* her tablet, which he now took out of his pocket, and with the ſame pencil ſhe had made uſe of, and which was faſtened to it, wrote in the next leaf to that ſhe had employed, theſe words;

I Go, moſt dear, and moſt adorable Charlotta; *whether to live or die, I know not; but whichever is my portion, the paſſion I have for you is rooted in my ſoul, and will be equally immortal: life can give no joy, but in the hope of being yours; nor death any terrors, but being ſeparated from you: — O let nothing ever prevail on you to forget ſo perfect an attachment; but in the midſt of all the temptations you may be ſurrounded with, think that you have vouchſafed to encourage my hopes, preſuming as they are, and if once loſt to them, what muſt be the deſtiny of*

HORATIO.

Having

Having thus poured out ſome part of the overflowings of his heart, he entreated mademoiſelle *du Pont* to give it her, which ſhe aſſured him ſhe would not only do, but alſo be a faithful monitor for him, during the whole time ſhe ſhould be happy enough to enjoy the company of that lady.

Horatio having now fulfilled all his paſſion required of him, quitted *Rheines* the next day, no leſs impatient to purſue his other miſtreſs, glory!

But let us now ſee in what manner his beautiful ſiſter *Louiſa*, whom we left at *Vienna*, was all this while engaged.

CHAP. XII.

Continuation of the adventures of Louiſa: *her quitting* Vienna *with* Melanthe, *and going to* Venice, *with ſome accidents that there befel them.*

NOT all the gaieties of the court of *Vienna* had power to attach the heart of *Melanthe*, after ſhe heard that a great number of young officers, juſt returned from the campaign in *Italy*, and other perſons of condition, were going to *Venice*, in order to partake the diverſions of the next approaching carnival. She was for following pleaſure every where, and having ſeen all that was worth obſerving in *Germany*, was impatient to be gone, where new company, and new delights, excited her curioſity.

Having therefore obtained proper paſſports, they ſet out in company with ſeveral others who were taking the ſame route, and by eaſy journies through *Tyrol*, at length arrived at that republic,

public, ſo famous over all *Europe* for its ſituation, antiquity, and the excellence of its conſtitution.

Here ſeemed to be at this time an aſſemblage of all that was to be found of grand and polite in the whole chriſtian world; but none appeared with that ſplendor and magnificence, as did *Lewis de Bourbon*, prince of *Conti*: he had in his train above fifty noblemen and gentlemen, of the beſt families in *France*, who had commiſſions under him in the army, and ſeemed proud to be of his retinue, leſs for his being of the blood-royal, than for the many great and amiable qualities which adorned his perſon. This great hero had been a candidate with *Auguſtus*, elector of *Saxony*, for the crown of *Poland*; but the ill genius of that kingdom would not ſuffer it to be governed by a prince, whoſe virtues would doubtleſs have rendered it as flouriſhing and happy, as it has, ſince that unfortunate rejection, been impoveriſhed and miſerable. Bigotted to a family whoſe deſigns are plainly to render the crown hereditary, they not only ſet aſide that great prince, under the vain and common-place pretence, that on electing him, they might be too much under the influence of *France*; but alſo afterward, as reſolved to puſh all good fortune from them with both hands, refuſed *Staniſlaus*, a native of *Poland*, a ſtrict obſerver of its laws, and a man, to whoſe courage, virtue, and every eminent qualification, even envy itſelf could make no objection, and thereby rendered their country the ſeat of war, and theatre of the moſt terrible devaſtations of all kinds. But of this infatuation of the *Poles*, I ſhall have occaſion hereafter to ſpeak more at large, and ſhould not now have made any mention of it, had not the preſence of that hero, whom they firſt rejected, rendered it the general ſubject of diſcourſe at *Venice*. Numberleſs were the

the inſtances he gave of a magnanimity and greatneſs of mind worthy of a more exalted throne, than that of *Poland*; but I ſhall only mention one, which, like the thumb of *Hercules*, may ſerve to give a picture of him in miniature.

Having the good fortune one night, to win a very great ſum at a public gaming, juſt as he ſwept the ſtakes, a noble *Venetian*, who by ſome caſualties in life, was reduced in his circumſtances, could not help crying out, — heavens! how happy would ſuch a chance have made me! theſe words, which the extreme difficulties he was under forced from him, without being ſenſible himſelf of what he ſaid, were over-heard by the prince, who turning haſtily about, inſtead of putting the money into his own pocket, preſented it to him, ſaying, I am doubly indebted to chance, ſir, which has made me maſter of this; ſince it may be of ſervice to you, I beſeech you therefore to accept it, with the reſpects of a prince, whoſe greateſt pleaſure in life is to oblige a worthy perſon.

It would take up too much time, to expatiate on the grateful acknowledgments made by the *Venetian*, or the admiration which the report of this action being immediately ſpread, occaſioned; but, added to others, of a little leſs conſpicuous nature, it greatly ſerved to convince thoſe, who before were ignorant of it, how blind the *Polanders* had been to their own intereſt.

Among the concourſe of nobility and gentry, whom meerly the love of pleaſure had drawn hither, and for that end were continually forming parties, *Melanthe* never failed of making one, either in one company or other: *Louiſa*, whom that lady ſtill treated with her former kindneſs, or rather with an increaſe of it, was alſo ſeldom abſent; and when ſhe was ſo, the fault was wholly

wholly her own inclination: but in truth, that hurry of inceſſant diverſion, which at firſt had ſeemed ſo raviſhing to her young and unexperienced mind, began, by a more perfect acquaintance with it, to grow tireſome to her, and ſhe rather choſe ſometimes to retire with a favourite book into her cloſet, than to go to the moſt elegant entertainment.

It is certain, indeed, that her diſpoſition was rather inclined to ſerious, than the contrary; and that, joined with the reflections, which her good underſtanding was perpetually preſenting her with, on the uncertainty of her birth, the precarioufneſs of her dependance, and her enforced quitting the only perſon, from whom ſhe could expect the means of any ſolid eſtabliſhment in the world, had rendered her ſome time extremely thoughtful, even in the midſt of thoſe pleaſures that are ordinarily moſt enchanting to one of her ſex and age. But as ſhe never was elated with the reſpect paid to her ſuppoſed condition, ſo ſhe never was mortified with the conſciouſneſs of her real one, to a behaviour ſuch as might have degraded the higheſt birth; neither appearing to expect it, or be covetous of honours, nor meanly aſhamed of accepting them when offered. And while, by this prudent management, ſhe ſecured herſelf from any danger of being inſulted, whenever it ſhould be known who ſhe was, ſhe alſo gave no occaſion for any one to make too deep an enquiry into her deſcent, or fortune.

But now the time was arrived, when thoſe deficiences gave her more anxiety, than hitherto they had done; and love, in one moment, filled her with thoſe repinings at her fate, which neither vanity nor ambition would ever have had power to do.

Melanthe here, as at *Vienna*, received the viſits of

of all whoſe birth, fortune, or accompliſhments, gave them a pretence; but there was none who paid them ſo frequently, or which ſhe encouraged with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe of the count *de Bellfleur*, a *French* nobleman, belonging to the above-mentioned prince of *Conti:* ſhe often told *Louiſa*, when they were alone, that there was ſomething in the air, and manner of behaviour of this count, which had ſo perfect a reſemblance with that of *Henricus*, that tho' it reminded her of that once dear and perfidious man, ſhe could not help admiring, and wiſhing a frequent ſight of him. This was ſpoke at her firſt acquaintance with him; but after ſome little time, ſhe informed her, that he had declared a paſſion for her. He is not only like *Henricus* in his perſon, ſaid ſhe, but appears to have the ſame inclinations alſo: — he pretends to adore me, continued ſhe with a ſigh, and ſpares no vows, or preſents, to aſſure me of it: — ſomething within tempts me to believe him, and yet I fear to be a ſecond time betrayed.

Ah! madam, cried *Louiſa*, in the ſincerity of her heart, I beſeech you to be cautious how you too readily give credit to the proteſtations of a ſex, who, by the little obſervations I have made, take a pride in deceiving ours; — beſides, the count *de Bellfleur* is of a nation, where faith, I have heard, is little to be depended on.

Thoſe who give them that character, replied *Melanthe*, do them an infinite injuſtice: — in politics, I allow, they have their artifices, their ſubterfuges, as well as in war; but then they put them in practice only againſt their enemies, or ſuch as are likely to become ſo: — wherever they love, or have a friendſhip, their generoſity is beyond all bounds.

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She purſued this diſcourſe with a long detail of all ſhe had ever read or heard in the praiſe of the *French*, and did not forget to ſpeak of the prince of *Conti*, as an inſtance of the gallant ſpirit with which that people are animated.

Louiſa knew her temper, and that it would be in vain to urge any thing in contradiction to an inclination ſhe found ſhe was reſolved to indulge; but ſhe ſecretly trembled for the conſequence, the count having ſaid many amorous things to herſelf, before he pretended any paſſion for *Melanthe*; and though he had of late deſiſted, on finding how little ſhe was pleaſed with them, yet that he had done ſo, was ſufficient to convince her he was of a wavering diſpoſition. *Melanthe* was not, however, to be truſted with this ſecret; ſhe loved him, and jealouſy, added to a good ſhare of vanity, would, inſtead of engaging any grateful return for a diſcovery of that nature, have made her hate the perſon ſhe had once thought of, as worthy of coming in any competition with herſelf. She therefore indeed thought it beſt not to interfere in the matter, but leave the event wholly to chance.

The evening of the day in which this diſcourſe had paſſed between them, they went to a ball, to which they had been invited by one of the magnifico's. The honour of the prince's company had been requeſted; but he excuſed himſelf on account, as it was imagined, of his being engaged with a certain *German* lady, who alſo being abſent, gave room for this conjecture: moſt of the gentlemen who had followed his highneſs from *France* were there, among whom was the count *de Bellfleur*, and a young gentleman called monſieur *du Pleſſis*, who, by a fall from his horſe, had been prevented from appearing in public ſince his arrival. The gracefulneſs of his perſon, the

gallant manner in which he introduced himſelf, and the brilliant things he ſaid to the ladies, on having been ſo long deprived of the happineſs he now enjoyed, very much attracted the admiration of the company; but *Louiſa* in particular thought ſhe had never ſeen any thing ſo perfectly agreeable: a ſympathy of ſentiment, more than accident, made him chuſe her for his partner, in a grand dance then leading up; and the diſtinction now paid her by him, gave her a ſecret ſatisfaction, which ſhe had never known before on ſuch an occcaſion, though often ſingled out by perſons in more eminent ſtations.

The mind which, whenever agitated by any degree of pain or pleaſure, never fails to diſcover itſelf in the eyes, now ſparkled in thoſe of *Louiſa* with an uncommon luſtre, nor had leſs influence over all her air: — her motions always perfectly eaſy, gentle and graceful, eſpecially in dancing, were now more ſpirituous, more alert than uſual; and ſhe ſo much excelled herſelf, that ſeveral, who had before praiſed her skill in this exerciſe, ſeemed raviſhed, as if they had ſeen ſomething new and unexpected: — her partner was laviſh in the teſtimonies of his admiration, and ſaid, ſhe as much excelled the ladies of his country, as they had been allowed to excel all others.

The encomiums beſtowed on her, and more particularly thoſe ſhe received from him, ſtill added freſh radiance to her eyes, and at the ſame time diffuſed a modeſt bluſh in her cheeks, which heightened all her charms. — Never had ſhe appeared ſo lovely as at this time; and the count *de Bellfleur*, in ſpite of his attachment to *Melanthe*, felt in himſelf a ſtrong propenſity to renew thoſe addreſſes which her reſerved behaviour alone had made him withdraw and carry to another; but the lady to whom for ſome days paſt he had made

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a ſhew of devoting himſelf, was preſent, and he was aſhamed to give ſo glaring an inſtance of his infidelity, which muſt in all probability render him the contempt of both.

This night, however, loſt *Melanthe* the heart ſhe had thought herſelf ſo ſecure of; but little ſuſpecting her misfortune, ſhe treated the inconſtant count with a tenderneſs he was far from deſerving; and having tranſplanted all the affection ſhe once had for *Henricus* on this new object, told him, at a time that ſuch diſcovery was leaſt welcome to him, that ſhe was not inſenſible of his merit, nor could be ungrateful to his paſſion, provided ſhe could be convinced of the ſincerity of it. He had gone too far with her now, to be able to draw back, therefore could not avoid repeating the vows he before had made, though his heart was far from giving any aſſent to what his tongue was obliged to utter; but blinded by her own deſires, ſhe perceived not the change in his, and appointed him to come the next day to her lodgings, promiſing to be denied to all other company, that ſhe might devote herſelf entirely to him.

It is poſſible he was ſo loſt in his paſſion for *Louiſa*, as not to be ſenſible of the condeſcenſion made him by *Melanthe*; but it is certain, by the ſequel of his behaviour, that he was much leſs ſo than he pretended.

The ball being ended, theſe ladies carried with them very different emotions, though neither communicated to the other what ſhe felt. *Melanthe* had a kind of awe for thoſe virtuous principles ſhe obſerved in *Louiſa*, though ſo much her inferior and dependant, and was aſhamed to confeſs her liking of the count ſhould have brought her to ſuch lengths; not that ſhe intended to keep it always a ſecret from her, but choſe ſhe

ſhould find it out by degrees; and theſe thoughts ſo much engroſſed her, that ſhe ſaid little to her that night. *Louiſa*, for her part, having loſt the preſence of her agreeable partner, was buſy in ſupplying that deficiency with the idea of him; ſo that each having meditations of her own of the moſt intereſting nature, had not leiſure to obſerve the thoughtfulneſs of the other, much leſs to enquire the motive of it.

One of the great reaſons, that we find love ſo irreſiſtable, is, that it enters into the heart with ſo much ſubtilty, that it is not to be perceived till it has gathered too much ſtrength to be repulſed. If *Louiſa* had imagined herſelf in any danger from the merits of monſieur *du Pleſſis*, ſhe would at leaſt have been leſs eaſily overcome by them:— ſhe had been accuſtomed to be pleaſed with the converſation of many who had entertained her as he had done, but thought no more of them, or any thing they ſaid, when out of their company; but it was otherways with her now: not a word he had ſpoke, not a glance he had given, but was imprinted in her mind: her memory ran over every little action a thouſand and a thouſand times, and repreſented all as augmented with ſome grace peculiar to himſelf, and infinitely ſuperior to any thing ſhe had ever ſeen: — not even ſleep could ſhut him out; — thro' her cloſed eyes ſhe ſaw the pleaſing viſion; and fancy, active in the cauſe of love, formed new and various ſcenes, which to her waking thoughts were wholly ſtrangers.

Melanthe alſo paſſed the night in ideas which, though experienced in, were not leſs raviſhing: ſhe was not of a temper to put any conſtraint on her inclinations; and having entertained the moſt amorous ones for the count *de Bellfleur*, eaſily overcame all ſcruples that might have hindered the gratification

gratification of them: — her head ran on the appointment ſhe had made him: — the means ſhe would take to engage his conſtancy, — reſolved to ſell the reverſion of her jointure, and accompany him to *France*, and flattered herſelf with the moſt pleaſing images of a long ſeries of continued happineſs in the arms of him, who was now all to her that *Henricus* ever had been.

Full of theſe meditations ſhe roſe, and ſoon after received from the ſubject of them a billet, containing theſe words:

To the Charming MELANTHE.

MADAM,

THO' the tranſporting promiſe you made me, of refuſing admittance to all company but mine, is a new inſtance of your goodneſs, yet I cannot but think we ſhould be ſtill more ſecure from interruption at a place I have taken care to provide. Might I therefore hope you would vouchſafe to meet me about five in the evening, at the dome of St. Mark, *I ſhall be ready with a Gondula to conduct you to a receſs, which ſeems formed by the god of love himſelf for the temple of his pureſt offerings, than which none can be offered with greater paſſion and ſincerity, than thoſe of the adorable* Melanthe's

Moſt devoted, and

Everlaſting ſlave,

DE BELLFLEUR.

P. S. *To prevent your fair friend* Louiſa *from any ſuſpicion on account of being left at home, I have engaged a gentleman to make her a viſit in form, juſt before the time of your*

coming out: — favour me, I beſeech you, with knowing if my contrivances in both theſe points have the ſanction of your approbation.

Tho' *Melanthe*, as may have been already obſerved in the foregoing part of her character, was no ſlave to reputation in *England*, and thought herſelf much leſs obliged to be ſo in a place where ſhe was a ſtranger, and among people who, when ſhe once quitted, ſhe might probably never ſee again, yet ſhe looked on this caution in her lover, as a new proof of his ſincerity and regard for her. She was alſo fond of every thing that had an air of luxury, and doubted not to find the elegance of the *French* taſte in the entertainment he would cauſe to be prepared for her reception, therefore heſitated not a moment to ſend him the following anſwer:

To the engaging Count DE BELLFLEUR.

SEnſible, as you are, of the aſcendant your merits have gained over me, you cannot doubt of my compliance with every thing that ſeems reaſonable to you: — I will not fail to be at the place you mention; but oh! my dear count, I hope you will never give me cauſe to repent this ſtep; — if you ſhould, I muſt be the moſt miſerable of all created beings; but I am reſolved to believe you are all that man ought to be, or that fond tenacious woman can deſire; and in that confidence attend with impatience the hour in which there ſhall be no more reſerve between us, and I be wholly yours.

MELANTHE.

Thus every thing being fixed for her undoing, ſhe ſpent the beſt part of the day in preparing for the

the rendezvous: nothing was omitted in the article of dreſs, which might heighten her charms, and ſecure her conqueſt: — the glaſs was conſulted every moment, and every look and various kind of languiſhment eſſayed, in order to continue in that which ſhe thought would moſt become the occaſion. As ſhe ordinarily paſſed a great deal of time in this employment, *Louiſa* was not ſurprized that ſhe now waſted ſomewhat more than uſual; and the diſcourſe they had together while ſhe was dreſſing, and all the time of dinner, being very much on the ball and the company who were at it, her thoughts were ſo much taken up with the remembrance of *du Pleſſis*, that ſhe perceived not the hurry of ſpirits, which would elſe have been viſible enough to her in all the words and motions of the other, and which increaſed in proportion, as the hour of her appointment drew nearer.

At length it arrived, and a ſervant came into the room, and acquainted *Louiſa* a gentleman deſired to ſpeak with her: ſhe was a little ſurprized, it being uſual for all thoſe who viſited there, to expect their reception from *Melanthe*; but that lady, who doubted not but it was the ſame perſon the count had mentioned in his letter, prevented her from ſaying any thing, by immediately giving orders for the gentleman to be admitted.

But with what ſtrange emotions was the heart of *Louiſa* agitated, when ſhe ſaw monſieur *du Pleſſis* come into the room! and after paying his reſpects to *Melanthe* in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, accoſted her, with ſaying he took the liberty of enquiring of her health, after the fatigue of the laſt night; but, added he, the queſtion, now I have the happineſs of ſeeing you, is altogether needleſs: thoſe fine eyes, and that ſprightly air, declare you formed for everlaſting gaiety, and that

what is apt to throw the ſpirits of others into a languor, ſerves but to render yours more ſparkling.

Louiſa, in ſpite of the confuſion ſhe felt within, anſwered this compliment with her accuſtomed eaſe; and being all ſeated, they began to enter into ſome converſation concerning the ſtate with which the magnifico's of *Venice* are ſerved, the elegance with which they entertain ſtrangers, and ſome other topics relating to the cuſtoms of that republic, when, all on a ſudden, *Melanthe* ſtarting up, cried, Bleſs me! I had forgot a little viſit was in my head to make to a monaſtery hard by: — you will excuſe me, monſieur, continued ſhe, I leave your partner to entertain you, and fancy you two may find ſufficient matter of converſation without a third perſon. She had no ſooner ſpoke this, than ſhe went out of the room, and left *Louiſa* at a loſs how to account for this behaviour, as ſhe had not before mentioned any thing of going abroad. She would have imagined her vanity had been piqued that monſieur *du Pleſſis* had particularized her in this viſit; but as ſhe ſeemed in perfect good humour at going away, and knew ſhe thought it beneath her to put any diſguiſe on her ſentiments, ſhe was certain this ſudden motion muſt have proceeded from ſome other cauſe, which as yet ſhe could form no conjecture of.

This deceived lady, however, was no ſooner out of the room, than monſieur *du Pleſſis* drawing nearer to *Louiſa*, How hard is my fate, madam, ſaid he, in a low voice, that I am compelled to tell you, any other motive, than my own inclination, has occaſioned my waiting on you: — heaven knows it is an honour I ſhould have ſought by the loweſt ſubmiſſions, and all the ways that would not have rendered me unworthy

of

of it; but I now come, madam, not as myſelf, but as the ambaſſador of another, and am engaged, by my word and honour, to plead a cauſe which, if I ſucceed in, muſt be my own deſtruction.

Louiſa was in the utmoſt conſternation at the myſtery which ſeemed contained in theſe words: ſhe looked earneſtly upon him while he was uttering the latter part, and ſaw all the tokens of a ſerious perplexity in his countenance, as well as in the accents with which he delivered them; but not being willing to be the dupe of his diverſion, thought it beſt to anſwer as to a piece of raillery, and told him, laughing, ſhe imagined this was ſome new invention of the frolics of the ſeaſon, but that ſhe was a downright *Engliſhwoman*, underſtood nothing beyond plain ſpeaking, and could no ways ſolve the riddle he propoſed.

What I ſay, may doubtleſs appear ſo, madam, replied he, and I could wiſh it had not been my part to give the explanation; but I cannot diſpenſe with the promiſe I have made, and muſt therefore acquaint you with the hiſtory of it.

After the ball, continued he, monſieur the count *de Bellfleur* deſired me to accompany him to his lodgings, and, as ſoon as we were alone, told me, he had a little ſecret to acquaint me with, but that, before he revealed it, he muſt have the promiſe of my aſſiſtance. As he ſpoke this with a gay and negligent air, I imagined it a thing of no great conſequence, or if it were, he was a man of too much honour, and alſo knew me too well to deſire or expect I would engage in any thing unbecoming that character: indeed I could think of nothing but an amour or a duel, though I was far from being able to gueſs of what ſervice I could be to him in the former. I was, however, unwarily drawn in to give my word, and he then made me the confidante of a

paſſion, which, he ſaid, had received its birth from the firſt moment the belle *Angloiſe*, for by that term, purſued he, bowing, he diſtinguiſhed the adorable *Louiſa*: that he had made ſome diſcovery of his flame, but that finding himſelf rejected, as he thought, in too ſevere a manner, and without affording him opportunity to atteſt his ſincerity, he had converted his addreſſes, tho' not his paſſion, to a lady who, he perceived had the care of her, acting in this manner, partly thro' pique at your diſdain, and partly to gratify his eyes with the ſight of you, which he has reaſon to fear you had totally deprived him of, but for this ſtratagem. He confeſſed to me that he found the object of his pretended ardours infinitely more kind, than ſhe who inſpires the real ones: but this gratification of his vanity is of little conſequence to his peace; — he engaged me to attend you this day, to conjure you to believe his heart is incapable of being influenced by any other charms, and whatever he makes ſhew of to *Melanthe*, his heart is devoted wholly to you, — begs you to permit him to entertain you without the preſence of that lady, the means of which he will take care to contrive; and charged me to aſſure you, that there is no ſacrifice ſo great, but he will readily offer it, to convince you of the ſincerity of his attachment.

This, madam, added he, is the unpleaſing task my promiſe bound me to perform, and which I have acquitted myſelf of, with the ſame pain that man would do, who, by ſome ſtrange caprice of fate, was conſtrained to throw into the ſea the ſum of all his hopes.

The indignation which filled the virtuous ſoul of *Louiſa*, while he was giving her this detail of the count's preſumption, falſehood, and ingratitude, prevented her from giving much attention

to

to the apology with which he concluded. Never, ſince the behaviour of Mr. *B——n*, at Mrs. *C—g—*'s, had ſhe met with any thing that ſhe thought ſo much merited her reſentment: — ſo great was her diſdain, ſhe had not words to expreſs it, but by ſome tears, which the riſing paſſion forced from her eyes: — Heaven! cried ſhe, which of my actions has drawn on me this unworthy treatment? — This was all ſhe was able to utter, while ſhe walked backward and forward in the room, endeavouring to compoſe herſelf, and form ſome anſwer befitting of the meſſage.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* looked on her all this while with admiration: all that ſeemed lovely in her, when he knew no more of her, than that ſhe was young and beautiful, was now heightened in his eyes almoſt to divine, by that virtuous pride, which ſhewed him ſome part of her more charming mind. What he extremely liked before, he now almoſt adored; and having, by the looſe manner in which the count had mentioned theſe two *Engliſh* ladies, imagined them women of not over-rigid principles, now finding his miſtake, at leaſt as concerning one of them, was ſo much aſhamed, and angry with himſelf, for having been the cauſe of that diſorder he was witneſs of, that he for ſome moments was equally at a loſs to appeaſe, as ſhe who felt was to expreſs it.

But being the firſt that recovered preſence of mind; madam, I beſeech you, ſaid he, involve not the innocent with the guilty: — I acknowledge you have reaſon to reſent the boldneſs of the count; but I am no otherwiſe a ſharer in his crime than in reporting it; and if you knew the pain it gave my heart, while I complied with the promiſe I was unhappily betrayed into, I am ſure

you would forgive the miſdemeanour of my tongue.

Sir, anſwered ſhe, I can eaſily forgive the ſlight opinion one ſo much a ſtranger to me as yourſelf may have of me; but monſieur the count has been a conſtant viſitor to the lady I am with, ever ſince our arrival at *Venice*; and am very certain he never found any thing in my behaviour to him or any other perſon, which could juſtly encourage him to ſend me ſuch a meſſage: — a meſſage, indeed, equally affrontive to himſelf, ſince it ſhews him a compoſition of arrogance, vanity, perfidy, and every thing that is contemptible in man. — This, ſir, is the reply I ſend him, and deſire you to tell him withal, that if he perſiſts in giving me any farther trouble of this nature, I ſhall let him know my ſenſe of it in the preſence of *Melanthe*.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* then aſſured her he would be no leſs exact in delivering what ſhe ſaid, than he had been in the obſervance of his promiſe to the other, and conjured her to believe he ſhould do it with infinite more ſatisfaction. He then made uſe of ſo many arguments to prove, that a man of honour ought not to falſify his word, though given to an unworthy perſon, that ſhe was at laſt won to forgive his having undertaken to mention any thing to her of the nature he had done.

Indeed, the agitations ſhe had been in were more owing to the vexation that monſieur *du Pleſſis* was the perſon employed, than that the count had the boldneſs to apply to her in this manner; but the ſubmiſſion ſhe found herſelf treated with by the former, convincing her that he had ſentiments very different from thoſe the other had entertained of her, rendered her more eaſy, and ſhe not only forgave his ſhare in the buſineſs

buſineſs which had brought him there, but alſo permitted him to repeat his viſits, on condition he never gave her any cauſe to ſuſpect the mean opinion the count had of her conduct had any influence on him.

CHAP. XIII.

Louiſa *finds herſelf very much embarraſſed by* Melanthe's *imprudent behaviour.* *Monſieur* du Pleſſis *declares an honourable paſſion for her: her ſentiments and way of acting on that occaſion.*

AFter the departure of monſieur *du Pleſſis*, *Louiſa* fell into a ſerious conſideration of what had paſſed between them: not all the regard, which ſhe could not hinder herſelf from feeling for that young gentleman, nor the pleaſure ſhe took in reflecting on the reſpect he paid her, made her unmindful of what ſhe owed *Melanthe:* the many obligations ſhe had received from her, and the friendſhip ſhe had for her in return, made her think ſhe ought to acquaint her with the baſeneſs of the count *de Bellfleur*, in order to prevent an affection, which ſhe found ſhe had already too much indulged, from influencing her to grant him any farther favours; but this ſhe knew was a very critical point to manage, and was not without ſome apprehenſions, which afterward ſhe experienced were but too well grounded; that when the lady found herſelf obliged to hate the man ſhe took pleaſure in loving, ſhe would alſo hate the woman who was the innocent occaſion of it. Few in the circumſtances *Louiſa* was, but would have been ſwayed by this con-

conſideration, and choſe rather to ſee another become the prey of perfidy and deceit, than fall the victim of jealouſy herſelf; but the generoſity of her nature, would not ſuffer it to have any weight with her, and ſhe thought ſhe could be more eaſy under any misfortunes the diſcovery might involve her in, than in the conſciouſneſs of not having diſcharged the obligations of duty and gratitude, in revealing what ſeemed ſo neceſſary to be known.

With this reſolution, finding *Melanthe* was not come home, ſhe went into her chamber in order to wait her return, and relate the whole hiſtory to her as ſhe ſhould undreſs for bed. But hour after hour elapſing, without any appearance of the perſon ſhe expected, ſhe thought to beguile the tedious time by reading; and remembering that *Melanthe* had a very agreeable book in her hand that morning, ſhe opened a drawer, where ſhe knew that lady was accuſtomed to throw any thing in, which ſhe had no occaſion to conceal; but how great was her ſurprize when, inſtead of what ſhe ſought, ſhe found the letter from count *de Bellfleur*, which *Melanthe*, in the hurry of ſpirits, had forgot to lock up. As it lay open, and was from him, ſhe thought it no breach of honour to examine the contents, but in doing ſo was ready to faint away between grief and aſtoniſhment.

She was not inſenſible that *Melanthe* was charmed with this new lover, and had always feared her liking him would ſway her to ſome imprudencies, but could not have imagined it would have carried her, at leaſt ſo ſoon, to ſuch a guilty length as ſhe now found it did.

Convinced by the hour in which ſhe went out, and alone, that ſhe had complied with the appointment, and that all ſhe would have endeavoured

voured to prevent, was already come to paſs, ſhe now conſidered, that the diſcovery ſhe had to make, would only render this indiſcreet lady more unhappy, and therefore no longer thought herſelf obliged to run any riſque of incurring her ill-will on the occaſion; but in her ſoul extremely lamented this ſecond fall from virtue, which it was impoſſible ſhould not bring on conſequences equally, if not more ſhameful than the firſt.

Good God! cried ſhe, how is it poſſible for a woman of any ſhare of ſenſe, and who has been bleſſed with a ſuitable education, to run thus counter to all the principles of religion, honour, virtue, modeſty, and all that is valuable in our ſex! and yet that many do, I have been a melancholy witneſs: and then again, what is there in this love, reſumed ſhe, that ſo infatuates the underſtanding, that we doat on our diſhonour, and think ruin pleaſing? — Can any perſonal perfections in a man, atone for the contempt he treats us with in courting us to infamy! — the mean opinion he teſtifies to have of us, ſure ought rather to excite hate than love; our very pride, methinks, ſhould be a ſufficient guard, and turn whatever favourable thoughts we might have of ſuch a one, unknowing his deſign, into averſion, when once convinced he preſumed upon our weakneſs.

In theſe kind of reaſonings did ſhe continue ſome time; but reflecting that the trouble ſhe was in might put *Melanthe* on asking the cauſe, it ſeemed beſt to her to avoid ſeeing her that night, ſo retired to her own room, and went to bed, ordering the ſervants to tell their lady, in caſe ſhe enquired for her, that ſhe was a little indiſpoſed.

While *Louiſa* was thus deploring a misfortune ſhe wanted power to remedy, the perſon for whom

ſhe

ſhe was concerned, paſſed her time in a far different manner: the count omitted nothing that might convince her of his gallantry, and give her a pretence for flattering herſelf with his ſincerity: — he ſwore ten thouſand oaths of conſtancy, and ſhe eaſily gave credit to what ſhe wiſhed, and had vanity enough to think ſhe merited: he had prepared every thing that could delight the ſenſes, for her reception, at the houſe to which he carried her; and ſhe found in herſelf ſo little inclination to quit the pleaſures ſhe enjoyed, that it was as much as the little remains of decency, and care of reputation, could do, to make her tear herſelf away before midnight.

In the fulneſs of her heart, ſhe had doubtleſs concealed no part of this adventure from *Louiſa*; but on hearing ſhe was gone to reſt, and not very well, would not diſturb her. The firſt thing ſhe did in the morning, was to run into the chamber, and enquire after her health, which ſhe did in ſo affectionate and tender a manner, that it very much heightened the other's trouble for her.

It is certain that, ſetting aſide too looſe a way of thinking of virtue and religion, and adhering to that falſe maxim, that a woman of rank is above cenſure, *Melanthe* had many amiable qualities, and as ſhe truly loved *Louiſa*, was alarmed at her ſuppoſed indiſpoſition, which, to conceal the perplexity her mind was in, ſhe ſtill continued to counterfeit, as well as to avoid going to a maſquerade, to which they had ſome days before been invited, and which the preſent ſituation of her thoughts left her no reliſh for.

Melanthe would fain have perſwaded her, that this diverſion would contribute to reſtoring her; but ſhe entreated to be excuſed, and the other went without her.

Mon-

Monſieur *du Pleſſis*, in the mean time, having informed the count *de Bellfleur*, how much it was in vain for him to flatter himſelf with any hopes of *Louiſa*, that proud and inconſtant nobleman was extremely mortified, and ſaid, that ſince ſhe was ſo haughty, he was reſolved to contrive, ſome way or other, to get her into his power, as well out of revenge as inclination. — This, the other repreſented to him, would be a very ungenerous way of proceeding; and ſaid, that as ſhe refuſed his addreſſes, meerly out of a principle of virtue, and not for the ſake of a more favoured rival, he ought to content himſelf; but theſe arguments were loſt on a man, whom pride of blood, and an affluence of fortune, had rendered too inſolent and headſtrong to think any thing reaſon which oppoſed his will; and they parted not well ſatisfied with each other, tho' *du Pleſſis* concealed part of the diſlike he had of his principles and manner of behaviour, on account of a long friendſhip between their families, and alſo as the count was his ſuperior in birth, in years, and in the poſt he held in the army.

He had no ſooner left him, than he came to *Louiſa*, thinking it his duty to give her warning of the count's deſign, and that it would be a proper prelude to ſomething elſe he had to ſay. As the ſervants knew ſhe was not perfectly well, they told him, they believed ſhe would ſee no company; but on his entreating it, and ſaying he had ſomething of moment to impart, one of them went in, and repeated what he had ſaid, on which ſhe gave leave for his admiſſion.

He rejoiced to find her alone, as he came prepared to reveal to her more ſecrets, than that of the count's menace; but the pleaſure he took in having ſo favourable an opportunity, was very much

much damped, by ſeeing her look more pale than uſual, and that ſhe was in a night-dreſs. Fearful that this change proceeded from what had paſſed between them the day before, he asked with a haſtineſs, that ſhewed the moſt kind concern, if ſhe were well? No otherways diſordered, anſwered ſhe, than in my mind, and that not ſufficiently to have any effect over my health; but to confeſs the truth, monſieur, ſaid ſhe, the continual round of diverſion this carnival affords, has made what the world calls pleaſure, ceaſe to be ſo with me; and I find more ſolid ſatisfaction in retirement, where I am in no danger of being too much flattered, or affronted.

Ah! madam, cried he, I ſee the audacity of the count dwells too much upon your thoughts, and tremble to relate the buſineſs on which I came, and which it is yet neceſſary you ſhould know. You miſtake me, monſieur, replied ſhe; a common foe of virtue, ſuch as the count, is incapable of taking up my thoughts one moment; it is only thoſe I love, can give me real pain.

I underſtand you, madam, reſumed he, and am too much intereſted in your concern, not to ſympathize on the occaſion: the misfortunes, ſuch as I fear will attend the too great ſenſibility of *Melanthe*, may give you ſo terrible an idea of love in general, that it will be difficult to perſwade you there can be any laſting happineſs to be found in that paſſion: — but, charming *Louiſa*, continued he, if you will make the beſt uſe of your penetration, and examine with a deſire of being convinced, you will eaſily diſtinguiſh the real paſſion from the counterfeit: that love, whoſe ſupremeſt pleaſure is in being capable to give felicity to the beloved object; and that wild deſire, which aims at no more than at a ſelf-gratification:

fication: — the one has the authority of heaven for its ſanction; — the other no excuſe but nature in its depravity. From all attempts of the one, I am confident, your virtue and good ſenſe will always defend you; but to fly with too great obſtinacy the other, is not to anſwer the end of your creation; and deny yourſelf a bleſſing, which you ſeem formed to enjoy, in the moſt extenſive degree.

Both the voice and manner in which monſieur *du Pleſſis* ſpoke, gave *Louiſa* ſome ſuſpicion of what he aimed at in this definition, and filled her at the ſame time with emotions of various kinds; but diſſembling them as well as ſhe could, and endeavouring to turn what he ſaid into raillery, You argue very learnedly on this ſubject, it muſt be confeſſed, anſwered ſhe ſmiling; but all you can urge on that head, nor the compliment you make me, can win me to believe, that love of any kind is not attended with more miſchief than good: — where it is accompanied with the ſtricteſt honour, conſtancy, purity, and all the requiſites that conſtitute what is called a perfect paſſion, there are ordinarily ſo many difficulties in the way to the completion of its wiſhes, that the breaſt which harbours it, muſt endure a continual agitation, which ſurely none would chuſe to be involved in.

Ah! madam, how little are you capable of judging of this paſſion, ſaid he; there is a delicacy in love, which renders even its pains pleaſing, and how much ſoever a lover ſuffers, the thoughts of for whom he ſuffers, is more than a compenſation: I am myſelf an inſtance of this truth: — I am a lover: — conſcious unworthineſs of a ſuitable return of affection, and a thouſand other impediments lie between me and hope, yet would I not change this dear anxiety for that inſipid

inſipid eaſe I lived in, before I ſaw the only object capable of making me a convert to love. — It is certain my paſſion is yet young; but a few days has given it root, which no time, no abſence, no misfortune, ever can diſlodge. — The charming maid is ignorant of her conqueſt: — the carnival draws near to a concluſion — I muſt return to the army, and theſe cruel circumſtances oblige me either to make a declaration, which ſhe may poſſibly condemn as too abrupt, or go and leave her unknowing of my heart, and thereby deprive myſelf even of her pity: — which party, madam, ſhall I take? — Will the ſevere extreme to which I am driven, be ſufficient to atone for a preſumption, which elſe would merit her diſdain?

Louiſa muſt have been as dull, as ſhe was really the contrary, not to have known all this was meant to herſelf; and the pleaſing confuſion which this diſcovery infuſed thro' all her veins, made her at the ſame time ſenſible of the difference ſhe put between him, and all thoſe, who before had entertained her on that ſubject; but not knowing preſently, whether ſhe ought to attribute it to her good or ill fortune, ſhe was wholly at a loſs how to behave, and, to avoid giving any direct anſwer, ſtill affected an air of pleaſantry.

See, cried ſhe, the little reaſon you have to ſpeak in the praiſe of love; for if pity be all you have to hope for from your miſtreſs, I am afraid the conſolation will be in no degree adequate to the misfortune.

Yet if you vouchſafe me that, replied he, kiſſing her hand, I never ſhall complain. Me! interrupted ſhe, pretending the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, and drawing her chair ſomewhat farther from him. Yes, beautiful *Louiſa*, reſumed he; it is

you alone who have been capable of teaching me what love truly is: — your eyes, at firſt ſight, ſubdued my heart; but your virtue has ſince made a conqueſt of my ſoul: — if I dare hope to make you mine, it is only by ſuch ways as heaven, and thoſe who have the power of diſpoſing you, ſhall approve: — in the mean time, I implore no more than your permiſſion to admire you, and to convince you, by all the honourable ſervices in my power to do you while you continue here, how much my words are deficient to denote my meaning.

Louiſa now finding herſelf under a neceſſity of anſwering ſeriouſly, told him, that if it were true, that he had ſentiments for her of the nature he pretended, they would not only merit, but receive the moſt grateful acknowledgments on her part; but at the ſame time ſhe ſhould be ſorry he had entertained them, and would wiſh him not to indulge a proſpect, which could laſt no longer than while both remained in *Venice*, and muſt infalliby vaniſh on their ſeparation.

No, madam, replied he, when the next campaign is over, I ſhall return to *France*; and ſure the diſtance between that kingdom and *England* is not ſo great, but a leſs motive than yourſelf, would eaſily carry me thither; and ſuch credentials alſo of who, and what I am, as, I flatter myſelf, would not appear contemptible in the eyes of your friends: — the proſpect therefore is not ſo viſionary as you ſeem to think, provided I have your conſent.

The mention he made of her friends, reminding her of her deſtitute condition, gave her the utmoſt ſhock; which not being able to overcome, ſhe remained ſilent ſome moments; but at laſt, perceiving he waited her reply, monſieur, ſaid

ſhe,

ſhe, there may be a thouſand indiſſoluble bars between us, which you do not think of.

None, interrupted he eagerly, but what ſuch love as mine will eaſily ſurmount: — it is true, I am ignorant of your condition in the world; but if it be ſuperior to mine, the paſſion I am poſſeſſed of will inſpire me with means to raiſe me to an equality; and if inferior, which heaven grant may be the caſe, it will only give me the opportunity of proving, that I love *Louiſa* for *Louiſa*'s ſelf, and look upon every thing ſhe brings beſide as nothing.

The emphaſis he gave theſe words, manifeſting their ſincerity, could not but give new charms to the perſon who ſpoke them: *Louiſa* thought ſhe might, without a bluſh, teſtify the ſenſe ſhe had of his generoſity; but tho' what ſhe ſaid was perfectly obliging to him, yet ſhe concluded with letting him know, there ſtill was ſomething that rendered the accompliſhment of what he ſeemed to wiſh, impoſſible.

Then your heart already is engaged, cried he, or you are predeſtined by your parents to ſome happier man? Without either of theſe, anſwered ſhe, there may be reaſons to prevent our ever meeting more; --- therefore I owe ſo much to the honourable offers you are pleaſed to make me, as to wiſh you to overcome whatever inclinations you may have for one, who I once more aſſure you never can be yours.

It would be impoſſible to expreſs the diſtraction monſieur *du Pleſſis* teſtified at this expreſſion: — a thouſand times over did he repeat that dreadful word NEVER; — then added, neither engaged by love or promiſe, yet never can be mine! does my ill fate come wrapped to me in riddles! — yet many things have ſeemed impoſſible, that are not ſo in themſelves: — O *Louiſa!* confined he, if there

there be any thing, beſide my want of merit, that impedes my wiſhes, and you delight not in my torment, ſpeak it I conjure you.

There is a neceſſity of denying you in this alſo, ſaid *Louiſa*; but to ſhew you how little I am inclined to be ungrateful, be certain that I have the higheſt idea of your merits, and prize them as much as I ought to do.

Theſe laſt words, obliging as they were, could not conſole monſieur *du Pleſſis* for the cruelty, as he termed it, of refuſing to let him know what this invincible obſtacle was, which put a ſtop to any further correſpondence between them: he ſpared neither prayers nor tears to draw the ſecret from her, but all were ineffectual; and ſhe at laſt told him, that if he preſſed her any farther on that head, ſhe muſt for the future avoid his preſence.

This was a menace, which he had not courage to dare the execution of, and he promiſed to conform to her will, though with ſuch agonies as ſhewed her how much he valued even the little ſhe was pleaſed to grant; but it was not in the power of her perſwaſions to prevail on him to reſolve to make any efforts for the vanquiſhing his paſſion; he ſtill proteſted that he neither could ceaſe to love her, and her alone, nor even to wiſh an alteration in his ſentiments.

By what has been already ſaid of the extreme liking which the firſt ſight of this young gentleman inſpired *Louiſa* with, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed ſhe could not hear his complaints, and be witneſs of the anxieties ſhe was inforced to inflict on him, without feeling at leaſt an equal ſhare: ſhe endeavoured not to conceal the pity ſhe had for him; but he now found that was far from being all he wanted, becauſe it forwarded not, as he at firſt imagined, the progreſs of his hopes,

hopes, but rather ſhewed them at more diſtance than ever.

The buſineſs of his love ſo engroſſed his thoughts during this viſit, that he almoſt forgot to mention any thing of the count's deſigns upon her, and ſhe as little remembered to remind him of it, though he told her on his entrance, that he had ſomething to acquaint her with on this ſubject, and it was not till he was going to take leave, that it came into his head. When he had related it to her, ſhe aſſured him, that ſhe took the caution he gave her, as a new proof of his friendſhip, which, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall always prize. At parting, ſhe permitted him to ſalute her, and gave her promiſe not to refuſe ſeeing him, while they continued in that city; but told him at the ſame time, that he muſt not expect any thing from his repeated viſits, more than ſhe had already granted.

He durſt not, at that time, preſs her any farther, but fetched a deep ſigh as he went out of the room, accompanied with a look more expreſſive than any words could be, of the diſcontent he laboured under, while ſhe, oppreſſed beneath the double weight of his and her own grief, remained in a condition he was little able to form any conjecture of.

Pleaſed as ſhe was with the preſence of the only man who had ever had power of inſpiring her with one tender thought, yet a thouſand times ſhe had wiſhed him gone before he went, that ſhe might be at liberty to give vent to the ſtruggling paſſions, which were more than once ready to throw her into a ſwoon. The perfections ſhe ſaw in the perſon of her lover; — the reſpect he treated her with, notwithſtanding the violence of the paſſion he was poſſeſſed of; — the ſincerity that appeared in all his looks and words: — the generoſity

generoſity of his behaviour in regard to her fortune; — all the qualifications that would have made any other woman bleſſed, in the offer of ſuch a heart, ſerved but to make her wretched, ſince ſhe could not look on herſelf in a condition capable of accepting it.

Alas! *du Pleſſis*, cried ſhe, little do you think to whom you would ally yourſelf: — you would, you ſay, deſpiſe a portion, but would you marry a foundling, a child of charity, one that has neither name nor friends, and who, in her beſt circumſtances, is but a poor dependant, a ſervant in effect, though not in ſhew, and owes her very cloaths to the bounty of another? — Oh! why did the miſtaken goodneſs of *Dorilaus* give me any other education, than ſuch as befitted my wretched fortune! Better I had been bred an humble drudge, and never been taught how to diſtinguiſh merit. — What avail the accompliſhments that coſt him ſo much money, and me ſo much pains to acquire, but to attract a ſhort-lived admiration, which, when I am truly known, will be ſucceeded with an adequate deriſion! — Could I but ſay I was deſcended from honeſt, tho' mean parents, I would not murmur at my fate, but I have none, — none to own me; — I am a nothing, — a kind of reptile in humanity, and have been ſhewn in a genteel way of life only to make my native miſery more conſpicuous.

Thus did love repreſent her unhappy circumſtances in their worſt colours, and render her, which till now ſhe had never been, thankleſs to heaven for all the good ſhe had received, ſince it ſeemed to deny her the only good her paſſion coveted, that of being in a condition to reward the affection of her dear *du Pleſſis*.

A torrent of tears at length ſomewhat mitigated the violence of her paſſion, and unwilling to

be ſeen by *Melanthe* in the preſent confuſion of her thoughts, ſhe went to bed, leaving the ſame orders as ſhe had done the night before.

CHAP. XIV.

The baſe deſigns of the count de Bellfleur *occaſion a melancholly change in* Louiſa's *way of life; the generous behaviour of monſieur* du Pleſſis *on that occaſion.*

HAD the agonies *Louiſa* ſuffered been of very long continuance, ſhe muſt have ſunk under them; but grief is eaſily diſſipated in a young heart, and ſhe awoke more tranquil. — The principles of religion grew ſtronger, as her paſſion weaker, and ſhe reflected that ſhe ought to ſubmit in every thing to the will of heaven, which ſometimes converts what ſeems the greateſt evil, into good. — The offer of ſuch a match as monſieur *du Pleſſis*, a man ſhe loved, and who was maſter of accompliſhments which might excuſe the moſt violent paſſion, appeared indeed a happineſs ſhe would have gloried in, had ſhe been really ſuch as he took her for; but then ſhe had known him but a very ſhort time, had no experience of his principles or humour; and tho' he ſeemed all honour, could not aſſure herſelf that the generoſity which ſo much engaged her, might not be all artifice; at leaſt, ſhe found to think ſo, would moſt contribute to her eaſe, therefore indulged it as much as ſhe was able. She condemned herſelf for having given monſieur *du Pleſſis* permiſſion to continue his viſits, after having aſſured him, he had nothing to hope from them, becauſe a further converſation might only ſerve to render

render both more unhappy. She reſolved however to give him no opportunity of talking to her of his paſſion, and in order to avoid thinking of it herſelf, as much as poſſible, to go, as uſual, into all company that came to *Melanthe*, and partake of every diverſion that offered itſelf.

Accordingly ſhe forced herſelf into a gaiety ſhe was far from feeling, vainly imagining, that by counterfeiting a chearfulneſs, ſhe ſhould in time be able to reſume it; but *du Pleſſis* hung too heavy at her heart, and when ſhe affected the greateſt ſhew of mirth, it was often interrupted with ſighs, which ſhe was not always ſenſible of herſelf. He viſited her almoſt every day under one pretence or other; but ſhe took ſuch care never to be alone at the times that ſhe could poſſibly expect him, that he had not the leaſt opportunity to renew his addreſſes, any other way than by his looks, which notwithſtanding were perfectly intelligible to her, though ſhe ſeemed not to obſerve them.

Melanthe, no longer able to keep the ſecret of her amour, finding *Louiſa*, as ſhe thought, had entirely regained her former ſprightlineſs, acquainted her with all had paſſed between herſelf and count *de Bellfleur*; which, though the other was no ſtranger to, ſhe ſeemed aſtoniſhed at, and could not help telling her, that ſhe feared the conſequence of an intrigue of that nature, would one day be fatal to her peace. Yet, ſaid *Melanthe*, where one loves, and is beloved, it is hard to deny one's ſelf a certain happineſs for the dread of an imaginary ill. — In fine, my dear *Louiſa*, I found I could not live without him; — heaven will ſure excuſe the error of an inclination which is born with us, and which not all our reaſon is of force to conquer. — But, added ſhe, you always ſeem to ſpeak of the count, as of

a man that wanted charms to excuſe the tenderneſs I have for him; and, I have obſerved, deny him thoſe praiſes, which I have heard you beſtow very freely, on perſons that have not half his merit.

Louiſa, knowing how vain it was to conteſt with inclination, in perſons who are reſolved to indulge it, and alſo that all advice was now too late, began to repent of what ſhe ſaid. If, madam, replied ſhe, after a little pauſe, I have ſeemed unjuſt to the count's perfections, it was only becauſe I feared you were but too ſenſible of them; for otherwiſe, it muſt be owned, he has a perſon and behaviour extremely engaging; but as the carnival will put an end to all the acquaintance we have contracted here, it gives me pain to think how you will ſupport a ſeparation.

Perhaps it may not happen ſo ſoon as you imagine, ſaid *Melanthe*:—tho' the carnival, and with it all the pleaſures of this place will ſoon be over, our loves may be continued elſewhere:— ſuppoſe, *Louiſa*, we go to *France*, added ſhe with a ſignificant ſmile, that ſhewed it was her intention to do ſo.

Some company coming in, prevented any farther diſcourſe on this head for the preſent; but afterward ſhe confirmed what ſhe had now hinted at, and told *Louiſa*, that ſhe had reſolved to paſs ſome little time in ſeeing thoſe places which were in her way to *France*, and afterwards meet the count at *Paris*, on his return from the campaign. *Louiſa*, unable to determine within herſelf whether ſhe ought to rejoice, or be ſad at this intended journey, fell into a ſudden thoughtfulneſs, which the other at that time took no notice of, but it ſerved afterwards to corroborate the truth of ſomething ſhe was told, and proved of a conſequence little to be foreſeen.

The

The inconſtant count, in the mean time, ſatieted with *Melanthe*, and as much in love with *Louiſa* as a man of his temper could be, was contriving all the ways his inventive wit could furniſh him with to get handſomely rid of the one, and attain the enjoyment of the other. As he had ſpent many years in a continual courſe of gallantry, and had made and broke a thouſand engagements, he eaſily found exped ents for throwing off his intercourſe with *Melanthe*, but none that could give him the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs in his deſigns on *Louiſa*, while they lived together and continued friends: to part them therefore was his aim, and to accompliſh it the following method came into his head.

On his firſt acquaintance with theſe ladies his deſign was wholly on *Louiſa*, but meeting a rebuff from her, his vanity rather than his inclinations had made him turn his devoirs to *Melanthe*, who too eaſily yielding to his ſuit, ſerved but to heighten his deſires for the other: the extravagant fondneſs of that unhappy woman rendering her viſibly uneaſy at even the ordinary civilities ſhe ſaw him behave with to any other, diſcover'd to him that jealouſy was not the leaſt reigning foible of her ſoul, and the ſureſt means to make her hate that perſon whom it was not the intereſt of his paſſion ſhe ſhould continue to love. When they were alone together one day at the place of their uſual rendezvous, in the midſt of the moſt tender endearments, he aſked ſuddenly if ſhe had ever made *Louiſa* the confident of his happineſs. She was a little ſurprized at the queſtion, but anſwered that ſhe had not, and deſired to know the reaſon of that demand; becauſe, cried he, I am very certain ſhe is no friend to our loves; and by the manner in which ſhe behaves to me, whenever ſhe has the leaſt opportunity of ſhewing her ill humour, I

imagined ſhe either knew or ſuſpected the affair between us.

Melanthe, conſcious ſhe had hid nothing from her, and alſo ſenſible of the little approbation ſhe gave to her intrigue, was very much picqued that ſhe ſhould have done any thing to make the count perceive it; — Whatever ſhe ſuſpects, cried ſhe, haughtily, ſhe ought not to treat with any ill manners a perſon whom I avow a friendſhip for. Vanity, anſwered he, ſometimes gets the better of diſcretion in ladies of her years: — ſhe knows herſelf handſome, and cannot have a good opinion of the man who prefers any charms to her own. I imagine this to be the cauſe why ſhe looks on me with ſuch diſdain, and whenever you are not witneſs of her words, is ſo keen in ſatirical reflections. — On our firſt acquaintance ſhe looked and ſpoke with greater ſoftneſs, and I can impute it to no other motive than the pride of beauty, that this ſudden change has happened.

All the time he was ſpeaking, the ſoul of *Melanthe* grew more and more fired with jealouſy. —It is natural for every one to imagine whatever they like is agreeable to others. The diſtaſte which *Louiſa* had on many occaſions teſtified for the count, ſeemed now to have been only affected: —the melancholy ſhe had been in, and the deep reſverie ſhe remembered ſhe had fallen into when firſt ſhe informed her of their amour, joined to convince her, that the advice ſhe gave proceeded from a motive very different from what ſhe pretended.

The wily count ſaw into the workings of her ſoul; and while he ſeemed as if he would not diſcover the whole of his ſentiments for fear of diſobliging her, threw out the plaineſt hints, that *Louiſa* had made him advances which would have been very flattering to a heart not pre-engaged, till *Melanthe*, not

not able to contain her rage, broke out into the ſevereſt invectives againſt the innocent *Louiſa*. — The ungrateful wretch! cried ſhe, how dare ſhe preſume to envy, much leſs to offer an interruption to my pleaſures!—What, have I raiſed the little wretch to ſuch a forgetfulneſs of herſelf, that ſhe pretends to rival her miſtreſs and benefactreſs! In the height of her reſentment, ſhe related to the count in what manner ſhe had taken her into her ſervice; but that finding her, as ſhe imagined, a girl of prudence, ſhe had made her a companion during her travels, and as ſuch treated her with reſpect, and made others do ſo too; — but, ſaid ſhe, I will reduce her to what ſhe was, and ſince ſhe knows not how to prize the honour of my friendſhip, make her feel the ſeverities of ſervitude.

Nothing could be more aſtoniſhing, and at the ſame time more pleaſing to count *Bellfleur* than this diſcovery: what he felt for *Louiſa* could not be called love, he deſired only to enjoy her; and the knowledge of her meanneſs, together with *Melanthe*'s reſentment, which he doubted not but he ſhould be able to improve to the turning her out of doors, made him imagine ſhe would then be humbled enough to accept of any offers he might make her.

Purſuant to this cruel aim, he told *Melanthe*, that now not thinking himſelf under any obligation to conceal the whole of the affair, he muſt confeſs *Louiſa* had not only made him advances, but gone ſo far as to diſcover a very great paſſion for him. — As I had never, ſaid he, given her the leaſt room to hope I was ambitious of any favours from her of that nature, I could not help thinking ſhe was guilty of ſome indecencies ill becoming a woman of condition, as well as infidelity to her friendſhip for you, whom ſhe might

well ſee I adored: — but alas! I little ſuſpected the obligations ſhe had to you, and now I know what ſhe is, am in the utmoſt conſternation at her ingratitude, impudence, and ſtupidity. Heavens! added he, could ſhe have the vanity to imagine, that the genteel garb you had put her in, could raiſe her to ſuch an equality, as to make me heſitate one moment if I ſhould give the balance of merit on her ſide, and quit the amiable *Melanthe*, for the pert charms of her woman!

Melanthe, believing every thing he ſaid on this occaſion, was ready to burſt with indignation; which impatient to give vent to, parted from her lover, much ſooner than ſhe was accuſtomed, in order to wreak on the poor *Louiſa*, all that rage and malice could ſuggeſt.

That innocent maid, little ſuſpecting the misfortune that was falling on her, was at ombre with ſome ladies who came to viſit them, when the furious *Melanthe* came home, and taking this opportunity of heightening her intended revenge, by making it more public,—ſo, minx, ſaid ſhe to her, after having made her compliments to the company, you ape the woman of faſhion exceeding well, as you imagine; but hereafter, know yourſelf, and keep the diſtance that becomes you. With theſe words ſhe gave her a puſh from the table, in ſo rough a manner, that the cards fell out of her hand.

It is hard to ſay, whether *Louiſa* herſelf, or the ladies who were preſent, were moſt aſtoniſhed at this behaviour; every one looked one upon another without ſpeaking for ſome time: at laſt, *Louiſa*, who wanted not ſpirit, and on this occaſion teſtified an uncommon preſence of mind, — if I have ſeemed otherwiſe than what I am, madam, ſaid ſhe, it was your commands obliged me to it: — I never yet forgot myſelf, and ſhall as readily

readily reſume what diſtance you are pleaſed to enjoin me. Inſolent, ungrateful wretch, cried *Melanthe*, vexed to the ſoul to find her ſeem ſo little ſhocked at what ſhe had done, if I permitted you any liberties, it was becauſe I thought you merited them; — but get out of my ſight, and dare not to come into it again, till I ſend for you. I ſhall obey you, madam, replied *Louiſa*, and perhaps be as well pleaſed to be your ſervant as companion.

This reſignation, and ſeeming tranquility under an inſult, ſhe expected would have been ſo mortifying, was the greateſt diſappointment could be given to *Melanthe*, and increaſed her rage to ſuch a degree, that ſhe flew to her as ſhe was going out of the room, and ſtruck her ſeveral blows, uſing at the ſame time expreſſions which are not decent to repeat; but ſuch, as in ſome unguarded moments, women of quality level themſelves with the vulgar enough to be guilty of. — This is a behaviour, madam, which demeans yourſelf much more than me, ſaid *Louiſa*, and when reaſon gets the better of your paſſion, I doubt not but you will be juſt enough to acknowledge you have injured me.

She got out of the room with theſe words, but heard *Melanthe* ſtill outragious in her reproaches; but, determined not to anſwer, made what haſte ſhe could into her own chamber, where having ſhut herſelf in, ſhe gave a looſe to the diſtraction ſo unexpected an event muſt naturally occaſion.

Pride is a paſſion ſo incident to human nature, that there is no breaſt whatever that has not ſome ſhare of it; and it would be to deſcribe *Louiſa* ſuch as no woman ever was, or ever can be, eſpecially at her years, to ſay ſhe was not ſenſibly touched at the indignity ſhe had received from a perſon, who, but a few hours before, had

treated her as pretty near an equality with herſelf. — Nor was her amazement inferior to her grief, when, after examining, with the utmoſt care, all her words and actions, ſhe could find nothing in either, that could poſſibly give occaſion for this ſudden turn.

From the preſent, ſhe caſt her thoughts back on the paſt accidents of her life, and comparing them together, How cruelly capricious is my fate, ſaid ſhe, which never preſents me with a good, but to be productive of an adequate evil! — How great a bleſſing was the protection and tenderneſs I found from *Dorilaus*, yet how unhappy did the too great increaſe of that tenderneſs render me! — What now avails all the friendſhip I received from *Melanthe*, but to make me the leſs able to ſupport her ill uſage! — And what, of what advantage is it to me, that I am beloved by a man the moſt worthy to be loved, ſince I am of a condition, which forbids me to give any encouragement to his, or my own wiſhes!

In this manner did ſhe pour forth the troubles of her ſoul, till the hour of ſupper being arrived, *Melanthe*'s woman knocked at the chamber, and *Louiſa* having opened it, ſhe told her, that ſhe was ſorry to ſee ſuch an alteration in the family, but it was her ladyſhip's pleaſure that ſhe ſhould eat at the ſecond table. It is very well, ſaid *Louiſa*, reſolving, whatever ſhe endured, not to let *Melanthe* ſee any thing ſhe could do diſturbed her too much, and in ſaying ſo, went with her into the hall, and ſat down to table, but with what appetite, I leave the reader to gueſs.

Melanthe, who now hated her to a greater degree than ever ſhe had loved her, gave to the ladies who who were with her, the whole hiſtory of *Louiſa*, as far as ſhe knew of it, and rather aggravated, than any way ſoftened the mean condition

dition from which ſhe had relieved her; but when they asked her, what that unhappy creature had done to forfeit a continuance of her goodneſs, ſhe only anſwered in general, that ſhe had found her to be an ungrateful and perfidious wretch.

As ſhe mentioned no particular inſtance on which this accuſation was grounded, every one was at liberty to judge of it as they pleaſed. — The accompliſhments *Louiſa* was miſtreſs of, made every one convinced, ſhe had been educated in no mean way, tho' by ſome accidents ſhe might have been reduced to the calamities *Melanthe* had ſo largely expatiated upon, and more there were, who pitied her, than approved the behaviour of her ſuperior: — ſome indeed, who had envied the praiſes they had heard beſtowed on her, were rejoiced at her fall, and made it a matter of mirth wherever they came; — and others again thought themſelves affronted, by having a perſon, who they now found was no more than a ſervant, introduced into their company, and would never viſit *Melanthe* afterward, the whole time ſhe ſtayed in *Venice*.

The affair, however, occaſioned a great deal of diſcourſe: monſieur *du Pleſſis* heard of it the next day, related after different faſhions. The concern he was in, was conformable to the paſſion he had for the fair occaſion, and both beyond what is ordinarily to be found in perſons of his ſex. Impatient to know the truth, he went to *Melanthe*'s, and ſhe happening to be abroad, he deſired to ſpeak to *Louiſa*, but was told ſhe was indiſpoſed, and could ſee no company. Theſe orders had been given by *Melanthe*, but were very agreeable to *Louiſa* herſelf, who deſired to avoid the ſight of every one ſhe had converſed with in a different manner from what ſhe could now

expect; but of the whole world, this gentleman ſhe moſt wiſhed to ſhun.

He concealed the trouble he was in as well as he was able, and affecting a careleſs air, told the perſon who anſwered him, that he only came to ask if ſhe had heard the laſt new ſong, and that he would ſend it to her.

The moment he came home, he ſat down and wrote the following billet.

To the ever-charming LOUISA.

THAT invincible bar you mentioned, yet made ſo great a ſecret of, is at laſt revealed, and I ſhould be unworthy of the bleſſing I aſpire to, if I were unable to ſurmount it. Cruel Louiſa! *you little know me, or the force of that paſſion you have inſpired, to imagine that any difference, which chance may have put between us, can make the leaſt alteration in my ſentiments! — It is to your own perfections I have devoted my heart, not to the merit or grandeur of your anceſtors. What has my love to do with fortune, or with family! — Does a diamond loſe any thing of its intrinſic value, for being preſented by an unknown, or an obſcure hand? — My eyes convince me of the charms of my adored* Louiſa; *my underſtanding ſhews me thoſe of her mind; and if heaven vouchſafes to bleſs me with ſo rich a jewel, I never ſhall examine whence it came. — If therefore I am not ſo unhappy as to be hated by you, let not vain punctilioes divide us; and, as the firſt proof of my inviolable paſſion, permit me to remove you from a place where you have met with ſuch unworthy treatment: — I hope you wrong me not ſo far, as to ſuſpect I have any other deſigns on you, than ſuch as are conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt honour; but to prevent all ſcruples of that nature from entering your gentle breaſt, I would*

I would wiſh to place you in a convent, the choice of which ſhall be your own, provided it may be where I ſometimes may be allowed to pay my vows to you thro' the grate, till time ſhall have ſufficiently proved my fidelity, and you ſhall prevail on yourſelf to recompence my flame, by beſtowing on me your hand and heart: — the one I would not ask, without the other; but both together, would render the happieſt of mankind

Your eternally devoted

DU PLESSIS.

P. S. *As I perceive it will be next to an impoſſibility to gain a ſight of you, while you continue with that ungenerous woman, I intreat to know by a line how I ſtand in your opinion; and if the offers I make you, in the ſincerity of my ſoul, may be thought worthy your acceptance.*

This epiſtle he ordered his valet de chambre to give into her own hand, if there were a poſſibility of it; and the fellow ſo well executed his commiſſion, being acquainted with *Melanthe*'s ſervants, that he was carried directly up to her chamber. She was a little ſurprized to ſee him, becauſe ſhe knew it was contrary to *Melanthe*'s commands that any one ſhould ſee her; and doubted not but to find ſhe was treated with any kind of reſpect, would enhance her ill humour to her. But ſhe ſaid nothing that diſcovered her ſentiments on this point, and with all the appearance of a perfect eaſe of mind, asked what he had to deliver to her. Only a ſong, mademoiſelle, anſwered he, which my maſter ordered me to give you, and to deſire you will let him know how you like it: — he ſays it might be turned into

into an admirable duetto, and begs you would employ your genius on that ſcore, and ſend it by me.

Poor *Louiſa*, who took his words literally, and thought her preſent circumſtances too diſcordant for the fulfilling his requeſt, opened the ſuppoſed piece of muſic with an akeing heart; but when ſhe had peruſed it, and found the artifice her lover had made uſe of, to communicate his generous intentions to her, it is extremely fine, ſaid ſhe to the valet, and I will do what he requires to the beſt of my power, but fear I ſhall not be able to give it ſuch a turn as he may expect; if you pleaſe, continued ſhe, to wait a little, I ſhall not be long before I diſpatch you. In ſpeaking theſe words ſhe went into her cloſet, and read over and over the offers he had made, in which, with the ſtricteſt examination, ſhe could find nothing but what indicated the moſt perfect love, honour, and generoſity. In the firſt tranſports of her ſoul ſhe was tempted to comply; but her ſecond thoughts were abſolutely againſt it. Thoſe very reaſons which would have prevailed with almoſt any other woman, made her obſtinate to refuſe: — the more ſhe found him worthy, the leſs could ſhe ſupport the thoughts of giving him a beggar for a wife; and the more ſhe loved him, the leſs could ſhe conſent to be obliged to him; ſo ſhe took but a ſmall time for conſideration, before ſhe returned an anſwer in theſe terms:

To the moſt accompliſhed, and moſt generous monſieur DU PLESSIS.

AS it was not owing to my pride or vanity, but meerly compliance with the will of Melanthe, *that my real meanneſs was made a ſecret, I find it revealed without any mortification; but, monſieur, the diſtance between us is not ſhortened by being known: as the conſciouſneſs of my unworthineſs remains with me, and ever muſt do ſo, I again repeat*

peat the impoſſibility of accepting your too generous paſſion, and, after this, you will not wonder I ſhould refuſe thoſe other obliging offers you are ſo good to make. — *I left my native country with* Melanthe, *devoted myſelf to her ſervice, while ſhe was pleaſed to continue me in it, and only wait her commands for my doing ſo, or to return to* England. — *I believe, by what her woman told me this day, the latter will be my fate.* — *Think not, however, moſt truly worthy of your whole ſex, that I want eyes to diſtinguiſh your merits, or a heart capable of being influenced by them, perhaps too deeply for my own future peace:* — *this is a confeſſion I would not have made, were I ever to ſee you more; but as I am determined to ſhut myſelf from all the world during my abode at* Venice, *I thought I owed this little recompence to the generous affection you expreſs for me, and had rather you ſhould think any thing of me, than that I am ungrateful.*

LOUISA.

P. S. *I beg, monſieur, after this, you will not attempt either to ſpeak or write to me.*

When ſhe had ſent this away, ſhe fell into freſh complainings at the ſeverity of her fate, which conſtrained her to refuſe what moſt ſhe languiſhed for: — the uncertainty how ſhe ſhould be diſpoſed of, was alſo a matter of grief: — ſhe was at this time a priſoner in *Melanthe*'s houſe: ſhe had ſent ſeveral meſſages to that lady, by her woman, intreating to know in what ſhe had offended, but could receive no other anſwer than abuſes, without one word which gave her the leaſt light into the cauſe of this ſtrange treatment; but that morning, ſhe was informed, by the ſame woman, that her lady proteſted ſhe ſhould never more come into her preſence, and that ſhe would ſend her home: this, as ſhe had wrote to monſieur

ſieur *du Pleſſis*, ſeemed highly probable, as there was no appearance of a reconciliation; and the thoughts in what manner ſhe ſhould begin her life again, on her return, filled her with many anxieties, which, joined to others of a different nature, rendered her condition truly pitiable.

It was in the midſt of theſe perplexing meditations, that word was brought her from *Melanthe*, that ſhe muſt prepare for her departure on the enſuing day. It was in vain ſhe again begged leave to ſee her, and to be made acquainted with the reaſon of her diſpleaſure; but the other would not be prevailed upon, but ſent her a purſe ſufficient to defray the expences of her journey to *England*, and bid her woman tell her ſhe had no occaſion to repine, for ſhe turned her away in a much better condition than ſhe had found her.

CHAP. XV.

Louiſa *is in danger of being raviſhed by the count* de Bellfleur; *is providentially reſcued by monſieur* du Pleſſis; *with ſeveral other particulars.*

Louiſa packed up her things, as ſhe had been commanded, though with what confuſion of mind is not eaſy to be expreſſed; and, when ſhe was ready to go, wrote a letter to *Melanthe*, thanking her for all the favours ſhe had received from her, acknowledging them to be as unmerited as her late diſpleaſure, which ſhe conjured her to believe ſhe had never, even in thought, done any thing juſtly to incur; — wiſhed her proſperity, and that ſhe might never find a perſon leſs faithful to her intereſts than ſhe had been. Having deſired her woman to deliver this to her, ſhe

ſhe took leave of the ſervants, who all loved her extremely, and ſaw her go with tears in their eyes.

The route ſhe intended to take was to *Padua* by water, thence in a poſt-chaiſe to *Leghorn*, where ſhe was informed, it would be eaſy to find a ſhip bound for *England*; to what port was indifferent to her, being now once more to ſeek her fortune, tho' in her native country, and muſt truſt wholly to that Providence for her future ſupport, which had hitherto protected her.

Accordingly ſhe took her paſſage to *Padua* in one of thoſe boats, which are continually going between *Venice* and that city; and it being near the cloſe of day when ſhe landed, was obliged to go into an inn, deſigning to lye there that night, and early in the morning ſet out for *Leghorn*.

She was no ſooner in bed than, having never been alone in one of thoſe places before, a thouſand dreadful apprehenſions came into her head: all the ſtories ſhe had been told, when a child, of robberies and murders committed on travellers in inns, were now revived in her memory:—every little noiſe ſhe heard made her fall into tremblings; and the very whiſtling of the wind, which at another time would have lulled her to ſleep, now kept her waking: but theſe ideal terrors had not long poſſeſſed her, before ſhe had an occaſion of real ones, more ſhocking than her moſt timid fancy could have ſuggeſted.

The wicked count *de Bellfleur*, who had taken care to prevent the paſſion he excited in *Melanthe* againſt her from growing cool, learned from that deceived lady, in what manner ſhe intended to diſpoſe of her; and no ſooner heard which way ſhe went, than, attended by one ſervant, who was the confidante and tool of all his vices, he took boat for *Padua*, and preſently finding out,

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by deſcribing her, at what inn ſhe was lodged, went directly thither; and, having called the man of the houſe, asked him if ſuch a young woman were not lodged there, to which being anſwered in the affirmative, he told him that ſhe was his wife; — that being but lately married to her, in compliance with her requeſt, he had brought her to ſee the diverſions of the carnival, and that ſhe was eloped, he doubted not, but for the ſake of a gallant, ſince he loved her too well, to have given her any cauſe to take ſo imprudent a ſtep.

The concern he ſeemed to be under gained immediate credit to all he ſaid, which he eaſily perceiving, I know, ſaid he, that if I have recourſe to a magiſtrate I ſhall have a grant, and proper officers to force her to return to her duty; but I would fain reclaim her by fair means: — it is death to me to expoſe her; and if my perſwaſions will be effectual, the world ſhall never know her fault.

The innkeeper then told him ſhe was gone to bed, but he would wait on him to her chamber, and he might call to her to bid her open the door. No, anſwered the count, if ſhe hears my voice, ſhe may, perhaps, be frighted enough to commit ſome deſperate action; — you ſhall therefore ſpeak to her, and make ſome pretence for obliging her to riſe.

On this they both went up, and the man knocked ſoftly at firſt, but, on her not anſwering immediately, more loud. — She, who heard him before, but imagining ſomething of what ſhe had heard of others, was now going to happen to herſelf, was endeavouring to aſſume all the courage ſhe could, for ſupporting her in whatever exigence heaven ſhould reduce her to: — at laſt ſhe asked who was there, and for what reaſon

ſhe

ſhe was diſturbed? The innkeeper then ſaid he wanted ſomething out of the room, and ſhe muſt needs open the door. This ſhe refuſed to do, but got out of bed, and began to put on her clothes, reſolving to die as decently as ſhe could, verily believing they were come to rob and murder her.

The man, who ſpoke all by the count's direction, then told her, that if ſhe would not open the door, he muſt be obliged to break it, and preſently beat ſo violently againſt it, that the poor terrified *Louiſa* expected it to burſt, ſo thought it would be better to unbolt it of her own accord, than, by a vain reſiſtance, provoke worſe uſage, than ſhe might otherwiſe receive: but what was her aſtoniſhment, when ſhe beheld the count *de Bellfleur!* On the firſt moment, the words monſieur *du Pleſſis* repeated to her, that *he would have her one way or another*, came into her mind, and made her give a great ſhriek; but then almoſt at the ſame time the thought that he might poſſibly be ſent by *Melanthe* to bring her back, ſomewhat mitigated her fears. — Unable was ſhe to ſpeak, however; — and the conſternation ſhe appeared to be in at his preſence, joined with his taking her by the hand, and bidding her be under no apprehenſions, confirmed the truth of what he had told the innkeeper, who thinking he had no other buſineſs there, and they would be ſooneſt reconciled when alone, left them together, and went down ſtairs.

When the count ſaw he was gone, — I could not ſupport the thoughts of ſeeing you no more, my dear *Louiſa*, ſaid he; I have heard *Melanthe*'s cruel uſage of you, and alſo that your condition is ſuch, that you have no friends in *England* to receive you, if you ſhould proſecute your journey: — I come therefore to make you an offer,

offer, which, in your preſent circumſtances, you will find it imprudent, I believe, to reject: — I long have loved you, and if you will be mine, will keep you concealed at a houſe where I can confide, till my return to the army; then will take the ſame care of you, and place you ſomewhere near my own quarters; and, as I ſhall go to *Paris* as ſoon as the next campaign is over, will there provide for you in as handſome a manner as you can wiſh; — for, be aſſured, dear lovely girl, that no woman upon earth will ever be capable of making me forſake you.

That ſhe had patience to hear him talk ſo long in this manner, was wholly owing to the fear and ſurprize ſhe had been in, and perhaps had not yet recovered enough from, to make any reply to what he ſaid, if he had contented himſelf only with words; but his actions rouſing a different paſſion in her ſoul, ſhe broke from his arms, into which he had ſnatched her at the concluſion of his ſpeech, and looking on him with eyes ſparkling with diſdain and rage, — Perfidious man! cried ſhe, is this, this the conſequence of the vows you made *Melanthe*; and do you think, after this knowledge of your baſeneſs, I can harbour any idea of you, but what is ſhocking and deteſtable!

I never loved *Melanthe*, by heaven, reſumed he; ſhe made me advances, and not to have returned them, would have called even my common civility in queſtion; — but from the firſt moment I ſaw your beauties, I was determined to neglect nothing that might give me the enjoyment of them: — fortune has crowned my wiſhes, you are in my power, and it would be madneſs in you to loſe the merit of yielding, and compel me to be obliged to my own ſtrength for a pleaſure I would rather owe to your ſoftneſs: — come,

come,

come, continued he, after having faſtened the door, let us go to bed; — I will ſave your modeſty, by pulling your clothes off myſelf. In ſpeaking this, he catched hold of her again, and attempted to untie a knot which faſtened her robe de chambre at the breaſt. On this ſhe gave ſuch ſhrieks, and ſtamped with her feet ſo forcibly on the ground, that the innkeeper fearing the incenſed huſband, as he ſuppoſed him to be, was going to kill her, ran haſtily up ſtairs, and called to have the door opened, ſaying, he would have no murder in his houſe.

The artful count immediately let him in, and told him, he need be under no apprehenſions, his wife was too dear to him, to ſuffer any thing from his reſentment; and all the noiſe you heard, ſaid he, was only becauſe I inſiſted on her going to bed! By theſe words *Louiſa* diſcovered how he had impoſed upon the man, and cried out ſhe was not his wife; but as ſhe ſpoke very bad *Italian*, and the man underſtood no *French*, the count being very fluent in that language, had much the advantage, the innkeeper was fully ſatisfied, and they were again left alone, having a ſecond opportunity to proſecute his villainous attempt.

You ſee, ſaid he, how much in vain it is for you to reſiſt: — would it not be wiſer in you, therefore, to meet my flames with equal warmth; — to feign a kindneſs even if you have none, and thereby oblige me to uſe you with a future tenderneſs: — believe I love you now with an extravagance of fondneſs: — it is in your power to preſerve that affection for ever: — give me then willingly that charming mouth.

He had all this time been kiſſing her with the utmoſt eagerneſs, ſo that with all her ſtruggling ſhe had not been able either to diſengage herſelf from

from his embrace, or to utter one word; and he was very near forcing from her yet greater liberties, when, all at once, heaven gave her ſtrength to ſpring ſuddenly from him, and running to a table where he had laid his ſword, ſhe drew it out of the ſcabbord with ſo much ſpeed, that he could not prevent her, and making a puſh at him with one hand, kept him from cloſing with, or diſarming her, till with the other, ſhe had plucked back the bolt of the door.

In this poſture ſhe flew down ſtairs, and reached the hall before he overtook her, quite breathleſs and ready to faint. He was going to lay hold of her, when he found himſelf ſeized behind by two perſons, whom, on turning to examine the reaſon, he found was monſieur *du Pleſſis*, and the innkeeper. He ſtarted at the ſight of that gentleman, and was going to ſay ſomewhat to him in *French*, when the innkeeper told him, the young woman ſhould be moleſted no farther till he knew the truth of the affair; for, ſaid he, there is a perſon, meaning monſieur *du Pleſſis*, who is juſt come in, and ſays ſhe has no husband, and belongs to an *Engliſh* lady of quality now at *Venice*: — I will therefore take care of her this night, and if you have any real claim to her, you may make it out before the magiſtrate to-morrow.

The count was ſo enraged to find it had been by monſieur *du Pleſſis* he had been diſappointed, that he ſnatched his ſword from *Louiſa*, who had all this time held it in her hand, and made ſo furious a thruſt at him, that, had he not been more than ordinary nimble in avoiding it, by ſtepping aſide, it muſt have infallibly gone through his body. — He immediately drew, and ſtood on his defence, but the innkeeper, and ſeveral other people, whom *Louiſa*'s cries had by this time brought into the hall, prevented any miſchief.

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The confuſion of voices, and uproar which this accident occaſioned, would ſuffer nothing to be heard diſtinctly; but the guilt of count *Bellfleur* might eaſily be read in his looks, and not able to ſtand the teſt of any inquiry, he departed with his ſervant, caſting the moſt malicious reflections as he went out, both on *Louiſa* and her deliverer.

Du Pleſſis leſs affected, becauſe innocent, gave every one the ſatisfaction they deſired: he ſaid, that the young lady being of *Engliſh* birth, came along with a lady of her own country, to viſit ſeveral parts of *Europe*, meerly for pleaſure; that the lady was ſtill at *Venice*, and that on ſome little diſguſt between them, ſhe who was there, meaning *Louiſa*, had quitted her, and was now returning home by the way of *Leghorn*; of the truth of what he told them, he added, they might be informed, by ſending to *Venice* the next day.

He alſo ſaid, that having a buſineſs to be negotiated in *England*, he had followed this young lady, in order to beg the favour of her to deliver letters to ſome friends he had there, not having the opportunity of making this requeſt before, by reaſon of her departure having been ſo ſudden, that he knew nothing of it before ſhe was gone.

The truth of all this *Louiſa* confirmed, and on farther talk of the affair, acquainted them, that the gentleman who had occaſioned this diſturbance, for ſhe forbore mentioning his name, had often ſollicited her love on unlawful terms, and being rejected by her, had taken this diſhonourable way of compaſſing his deſires, at a place where he knew ſhe was alone, and wholly a ſtranger.

The fright and confuſion ſhe had been in, had rendered her ſo faint, that it was with infinite difficulty ſhe brought out theſe words; but having

ving ſomething given her to refreſh her ſpirits, and being conducted into another room out of the crowd, ſhe began, by degrees, to recover herſelf.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* then informed her, that on coming to *Melanthe*'s, and hearing ſhe was gone, he immediately took boat, reſolving to prevail on her to alter her reſolution of going to *England*, or die at her feet: — that he eaſily found the inn ſhe was at, and that the man of the houſe preſently told him, ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed was there; but that he underſtood ſhe had eloped from her husband, who had purſued, and was now above with her.

Never, ſaid this faithful lover, did any horror equal what I felt at this intelligence! — The baſe count *de Bellfleur* came preſently into my mind: — I thought it could be no other who had taken this abhorred method of accompliſhing the menaces you may remember I repeated to you: — I was going to fly up ſtairs that inſtant, but was with-held, and found it beſt to argue the man into reaſon, who, I found, was fully prepoſſeſſed that you was his wife: as I was giving ſome part of your hiſtory, I ſaw the count's man paſſing through the hall; he ſaw me too, and would have avoided me, but I ran to him, ſeized him by the throat, and aſked him what buſineſs had brought either him or his maſter to this place: the diſorder he was in, and the heſitation with which he ſpoke, together with refuſing to give any direct anſwer, very much ſtaggered the innkeeper, who was juſt conſenting to go up with me to your chamber, and examine into the truth of this affair, when we ſaw you come down, armed as your virtue prompted, and at the ſame time flying from the villain's purſuit.

Louiſa could not help confeſſing that ſhe owed the

the preſervation of her honour wholly to him; for, ſaid ſhe, the people were ſo fully perſwaded not only that I was his wife, but alſo that I had fled from him on ſome unwarrantable intent, that all I did, or could have done, would only have ſerved to render me more guilty in their opinion; and it muſt have been by death alone I could have eſcaped the monſter's more deteſted luſt.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* now made uſe of every argument that love and wit could inſpire, to prevail with her to accept of the offer contained in the letter he had wrote to her; and concluded with reminding her, that if the charming confeſſion her anſwer had made him, was to be depended on, and that ſhe had indeed a heart not wholly uninfluenced by his paſſion, ſhe would not refuſe agreeing to a propoſal, which not the moſt rigid virtue and honour could diſapprove.

Louiſa on this replied with bluſhes, that ſince, by the belief ſhe ſhould never ſee him more, ſhe had been unwarily drawn in to declare herſelf ſo far, ſhe neither could, nor would attempt to deny what ſhe had ſaid; but, added ſhe, it is perhaps, by being too much influenced by your merits, that I find myſelf obliged to refuſe what you require of me: — I cannot think, cried ſhe, of rendering unhappy a perſon who ſo much deſerves to be bleſſed: — and what but miſery would attend a match ſo unequal as yours would be with me!— How would your kindred brook it! — How would the world cenſure and ridicule the fondneſs of an affection ſo ill placed! — What would they ſay, when they ſhould hear the nobly born, the rich, and the accompliſhed monſieur *du Pleſſis*, had taken for his wife a maid obſcurely deſcended, and with no other dowry than her virtue! — My very affection for you would, in the general opinion, loſe all its merit, and paſs for

ſordid intereſt: — I ſhould be looked upon as the bane of your glory; — as one, whoſe artifices had enſnared you into a forgetfulneſs of what you owed to yourſelf and family, and be deſpiſed and hated by all who have a regard for you. — This, monſieur, continued ſhe, is what I cannot bear, neither for your ſake nor my own, and entreat you will no farther urge a ſuit, which all manner of conſiderations forbid me to comply with.

The firmneſs and reſolution with which ſhe uttered theſe words, threw him into the moſt violent deſpair; and here might be ſeen the difference between a ſincere and a counterfeited paſſion: the one is timid, fearful of offending, and modeſt even to its own loſs; — the other preſuming, bold, and regardleſs of the conſequences, preſſes, in ſpight of oppoſition, to its deſired point.

Louiſa had too much penetration not to make this diſtinction: ſhe ſaw the truth of his affection in his grief, and that awe which deterred him from expreſſing what he felt: — ſhe ſympathized in all his pains, and for every ſigh his oppreſſed heart ſent forth, her own wept tears of blood; yet not receding from the reſolution ſhe had formed, nothing could be more truly moving than the ſcene between them.

At length he ceaſed to mention marriage, but conjured her to conſider the ſnares which would be continually laid, by wicked and deſigning men, for one ſo young and beautiful: — that ſhe could go no where without finding other *Bellfleurs*; and ſhe might judge, by the danger ſhe had juſt now ſo narrowly eſcaped, of the probability of being involved again in the ſame. — He repreſented to her, in the moſt pathetic terms, that her innocence could have no ſure protection, but in the arms of a husband, or the walls of a convent; and on his knees beſeeched her, for the

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ſake of that virtue which ſhe ſo juſtly prized, ſince ſhe would not accept of him for the one, to permit him to place her in that other only aſylum for a perſon in her circumſtances.

Difficult was it for her to reſiſt an argument, the reaſon of which ſhe was ſo well convinced of, and could offer nothing in contradiction to, but that ſhe had a certain averſion in her nature to receive any obligations from a man who had declared himſelf her lover, and who might poſſibly hereafter preſume upon the favours he had done her.

It was in vain he complained of her unjuſt ſuſpicion in this point, which, to remove, he proteſted to her, that he would leave the choice of the monaſtery wholly to herſelf: that in whatever part ſhe thought would be moſt agreeable, he would conduct her; and that, after ſhe was entered, he would not even attempt to ſee her thro' the grate, without having firſt received her permiſſion for his viſit. Not all this was ſufficient to aſſure her ſcrupulous delicacy: ſhe remained conſtant in her determination; and all he could prevail on her, was leave to attend her as far as *Leghorn*, to ſecure her from any ſecond attempt the injurious count might poſſibly make.

After this, they entered into ſome diſcourſe of *Melanthe*, and whether it would be proper for *Louiſa* to write her an account of this affair, and the count's perfidiouſneſs. Monſieur *du Pleſſis* ſaid, he thought that the late uſage, ſhe had received from that lady, deſerved not ſhe ſhould take any intereſt in her affairs; but it was not this that hindered *Louiſa* from doing it; — the remembrance of the kindneſs ſhe had once been treated with by her, more than balanced, in her way of thinking, all the inſults that ſucceeded it; and when ſhe reflected how much *Melanthe*

loved the count, and that ſhe had already granted him all the favours in her power, it ſeemed to her rather an act of cruelty than friendſhip, to acquaint her with this ingratitude, and thereby anticipate a misfortune, which, perhaps, by his artifices, and continued diſſimulation, might be for a long time concealed: —therefore, for this reaſon, ſhe exacted a promiſe from monſieur *du Pleſſis*, not to make any noiſe of this affair at his return to *Venice*, unleſs the count, by ſome raſh and precipitate behaviour, ſhould enforce him to it.

This injunction diſcovered ſo forgiving a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition in the perſon who made it, that monſieur *du Pleſſis* could not refrain teſtifying his admiration by the moſt paſſionate exclamations; in which perhaps he had continued longer, had not the eyes of the fair object diſcovered a certain languiſhment, which reminded him, he ſhould be wanting in the reſpect he profeſſed, to detain her any longer from that repoſe, which ſeemed neceſſary, after the extraordinary hurry of ſpirits ſhe had ſuſtained; therefore, having taken his leave of her for that night, retired to a chamber he had ordered to be got ready for him, as did ſhe to that where ſhe had been ſo lately diſturbed: but all thoſe who are in the leaſt capable of any idea of thoſe emotions, which agitated the minds of both theſe amiable perſons, will believe neither of them ſlept much that night.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The innkeeper's ſcruples oblige Louiſa *to write to* Melanthe: *her behaviour on the diſcovery of the count's falſhood.* Louiſa *changes her reſolution, and goes to* Bologna.

MOnſieur *du Pleſſis*, having found it impoſſible to diſſuade *Louiſa* from going to *England*, now bent his whole thoughts to perform his promiſe of conducting her to *Leghorn*, in the moſt commodious manner he could; accordingly he roſe very early, and calling for the man of the houſe, deſired he would provide a handſome poſt-chaiſe, and if he knew any fellows whoſe integrity might be relied on, he thought neceſſary to hire two ſuch, who, furniſhed with fire-arms, might ſerve as a guard againſt any attack the count might take it into his head to make.

But the innkeeper had now entertained notions that forbid him to correſpond with the deſigns of *du Pleſſis*: ſome of his neighbours, who had heard of laſt night's accident, whiſpered it in his ears, that it would not be ſafe for him to let theſe young people depart together; that he could not be aſſured the perſon, who pretended to be the husband, might not be ſo in reality; and if he ſhould come again, with proper officers, and proofs, to claim his wife, it might be of dangerous conſequence to him to have favoured her eſcape; and that the only way he had to ſecure himſelf from being brought into trouble, was to lay the whole affair before the podeſtat. This advice ſeemed to him too reaſonable not to be complied with: he went directly to that magi-

ſtrate, and while the lover was ſpeaking to him, officers came in to ſeize both him and *Louiſa*, and carry them before the podeſtat.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* was very much ſurprized and vexed at this interruption, and the more ſo, as he feared it would terrify *Louiſa* to a greater degree than the nature of the thing required; but in this he did injury to her courage: when ſhe was called up, and informed of the buſineſs, ſhe ſurrendered herſelf with all the dauntleſsneſs of innocence to the officers, and ſuffered them to conduct her, with *du Pleſſis*, to the houſe of the podeſtat.

Both of them flattered themſelves with the belief, that when he ſhould come to hear the ſtory, they would be immediately diſcharged; but he happened to be one of thoſe, who are over wary in the execution of their office; and he only told them, that what they ſaid might be true, but he was not to take things on the bare word of the parties themſelves; and that therefore they muſt be confined, till either the perſon who claimed the woman for his wife, ſhould bring proofs ſhe was ſo, or ſhe ſhould be able to make out he had no right over her.

That is eaſy for me to do, ſaid *Louiſa*; I am only concerned that this gentleman, meaning *du Pleſſis*, ſhould be detained on an account he has no manner of intereſt in. The podeſtat anſwered, it was unavoidable, becauſe as the perſon, who ſaid he was her husband, had accuſed her of an elopement, there was all the reaſon in the world to ſuppoſe, that if it were ſo, it was in favour of this gentleman, by the rage he was informed he had teſtified at finding him in *Padua*.

Louiſa gave only a ſcornful ſmile, denoting how much ſhe diſdained a crime of the nature ſhe was ſuſpected of, and followed one of the officers,

officers, who conducted her to the place appointed for her confinement.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* was touched to the ſoul at the indignity he thought offered to this ſovereign of his affections; but he reſtrained himſelf when he conſidered that it had the ſanction of law, which in all nations muſt be ſubmitted to; and he only told the podeſtat, that the virtue of that lady would ſoon be cleared, to the confuſion of thoſe who had preſumed to traduce it.

As, after they were under confinement, they had no opportunity of adviſing each other what to do, monſieur *du Pleſſis*, uneaſy at the injuſtice done him, wrote immediately to the prince of *Conti*, in theſe terms:

To his Royal Highneſs the Prince of CONTI.

IT is with the extremeſt reluctance I give your royal highneſs this trouble, or find myſelf obliged to accuſe the count de Bellfleur, *of an action ſo diſhonourable to our nation: but as I am here under confinement, for preventing him from committing a rape on a young* Engliſh *lady, whom, failing to ſeduce at* Venice, *he followed hither; and under the pretence of being her husband, gained the people of the houſe on his ſide, and had infallibly compaſſed his intent, had it not been for my ſeaſonable interpoſition: I am too well convinced of the juſtice I preſume to implore, to doubt if your highneſs will oblige him to clear up the affair to the podeſtat, on which ſhe will be at liberty to proſecute her journey, and I to throw myſelf, with the utmoſt gratitude and ſubmiſſion, at your feet, who have the honour to be*

Your royal highneſs's

Moſt devoted

Padua.

Louiſa, who was ignorant what her lover had done, and knew no other way, than by writing to *Melanthe*, to extricate herſelf from this trouble, ſent a letter to her, the contents whereof were as follows:

MADAM,

ON what imagined cauſe ſoever you were pleaſed to baniſh me, I am certain you have too much goodneſs to ſuffer any one, much leſs a perſon whom you once honoured with your friendſhip, to remain in priſon for a crime it is impoſſible for me to be guilty of: — I am ſorry I muſt accuſe a perſon ſo dear to you; — but it is, madam, no other than the unworthy count de Bellfleur, *who followed me hither, came into the inn where I was lodged, into the very chamber, and oh! I tremble while I relate it, had proceeded yet farther; and I had been inevitably loſt, had not heaven ſent me a deliverer in the unexpected arrival of monſieur* du Pleſſis, *who is alſo a priſoner as well as myſelf, for the timely reſcue he gave me. You will wonder, doubtleſs, by what law either I ſhould be confined for endeavouring to defend my chaſtity, or he, for generouſly aſſiſting me; but the deteſted artful count had pretended himſelf my husband; and under the ſanction of that name it was, that he met no oppoſition to his wicked will from the people of the houſe, and rendered them regardleſs of my ſhrieks and cries. — The magiſtrates are yet dubious of the truth; and till it can be proved what I really am, both myſelf and monſieur* du Pleſſis *muſt continue where we are. — Have pity on me, therefore, I conjure you, madam, and write to the podeſtat: I have already told him I had the honour to belong to you; — a line from you will confirm it, and once more ſet at liberty a maid, who will ever remember all your favours with the greateſt gratitude, and your with-*

withdrawing them as the worſt misfortune could have befallen,

MADAM,

From the priſon at Padua.

Your moſt faithful, and moſt humble ſervant,

LOUISA.

Theſe letters were ſent away by ſpecial meſſengers, who had orders to be as expeditious as poſſible in the delivery of them.

But while theſe accidents happened at *Padua*, *Melanthe* was not without her ſhare of inquietudes at *Venice:* ſhe had not ſeen her beloved count in two whole days, and, tho' ſhe ſent ſeveral times to his lodgings, could hear nothing, but that he was not yet come home. As her vanity would not ſuffer her to think herſelf neglected, without having received ſome glaring proofs of it, ſhe feared ſome misfortune had befallen him, and expoſed herſelf not a little in the enquiries ſhe made after him, among all thoſe who ſhe could imagine were able to inform her any thing concerning him.

At length ſome perſon, who happened to ſee him take boat, told her he was gone to *Padua*, which being the route ſhe knew *Louiſa* had taken, and ſhe had alſo informed him, a ſudden thought ſtarted into her head, that he was gone in purſuit of her. — It now ſeemed not impoſſible, but that all he had ſaid concerning his diſlike of her, might be artifice; and that the love of variety might prevail on him at laſt to comply with the advances he pretended ſhe had made him. — The privacy with which he went, none of his acquaintance knowing any thing of his journey, ſeemed to favour this opinion; and never

was a heart more racked with jealouſy and ſuſpence, than that of this unhappy, and too eaſily deceived lady.

She had ſometimes an inclination to go to *Padua* in perſon, and endeavour to find out what buſineſs had carried him thither; and her impatience had doubtleſs got the better of her prudence in this particular, if, ſending once more to his lodgings, ſhe had not heard he was returned. — On this, ſhe expected to ſee him in the evening, and flattered herſelf with his being able to make ſome reaſonable excuſe for his abſence; but finding he came not, ſhe was all diſtraction, and ſent a billet to him next morning, requiring him to come to her immediately on the receipt of it; but as he was at that time in too ill a humour to think of entertaining her, ſent her an anſwer by word of mouth, that he was indiſpoſed, and would wait on her on his recovery. — This meſſage ſeemed ſo cold, and ſo unlike the paſſion he had hitherto profeſſed for her, that it threw her almoſt into convulſive agonies. — A maſquerade was to be that night at the houſe of a perſon of quality; ſhe ſent again, to know if he intended to be there, and, if he did, what habit he would wear, it being cuſtomary with them, ever ſince their amour, to acquaint each other with their dreſſes, that they might not miſtake, by addreſſing to wrong perſons. His reply was, that he would go, if health permitted, but as to what he ſhould wear, he had not as yet thought of it.

What, if he has not thought of it! cried ſhe haughtily, when ſhe heard theſe words; — the knowledge that I ſhall be there, ought now to make him think of it. — Pride, love, and the aſtoniſhment at this ſudden change in his behaviour, rendered her wholly forgetful of what ſhe owed her ſex and rank; and ſhe was juſt going

to

to his lodgings, in order to upbraid him with his indifference, and prove what it was ſhe now had to depend on from him, when the meſſenger from *Louiſa* arrived, and delivered her the letter, which contained a ſad eclairciſement of all ſhe wanted to be informed of.

At firſt reading it, ſhe ſeemed like one tranſfixed with a ſudden clap of thunder: — ſhe had indeed been jealous, ſuſpicious, fearful of her fate; but ſo glaring, ſo impudent a treachery had never entered her head, that any man could be guilty of, much leſs one whom her too fond paſſion had figured to her imagination, as poſſeſſed of all the virtues of his ſex. It ſeemed too monſtrous to be true; and ſhe had accuſed the innocent *Louiſa* as the inventor of this falſhood, meerly in revenge for her late treatment, had there been the leaſt ſhadow of a pretence for doing ſo: —Gladly would ſhe have encouraged ſuch a hope, but common ſenſe forbid it; — all circumſtances ſeemed to concur, in proving that he was indeed the villain which the letter repreſented him; and that ſurprize, which had in a manner ſtupified her on the diſcovery, was ſucceeded by a ſtorm of mingled grief and rage, which no words can ſufficiently deſcribe: — ſhe exclaimed againſt fate, curſed all mankind, and accuſed every thing as acceſſary to her misfortune, but that to which alone ſhe owed it, her own imprudence.

The diſorders of her mind had ſuch an effect on her body, that ſhe fell into fits, and a phyſician was ſent for, who, though eſteemed the moſt skilful in that country, found it required all his art to prevent a fever: ſhe continued, however, for five days, in a condition ſuch as permitted her not to do any thing, either for the ſatisfaction of her own impatient curioſity, or to comply with the juſt requeſt *Louiſa* had made;

and had not monſieur *du Pleſſis*'s letter to the prince been more ſucceſsful, they muſt both have continued where they were, perhaps for a conſiderable time.

That, however, had all the effect could be expected from a prince of ſo much honour: he immediately ſent for the count *de Bellfleur*; and eaſily finding, by the confuſion with which he replied to his examination, and the little low evaſions he was obliged to have recourſe to, that the affair was as monſieur *du Pleſſis* had repreſented, gave him a ſevere check, and ordered him to depart immediately from *Venice*, where he told him, he had given ſuch occaſion to call the honour of the *French* nation in general in queſtion; and to repair with all expedition to his winter quarters; which command he inſtantly obeyed, without taking any leave of *Melanthe*, or perhaps even thinking on her.

At the ſame time the prince diſpatched his gentleman of horſe to *Padua*, with neceſſary inſtructions for clearing up the affair; on which the priſoners were diſcharged, and their pardon aſked by the podeſtat for doing what, he ſaid, the duties of his poſt had alone obliged him to; though it is certain he had exerciſed his authority with greater ſtrictneſs than the neceſſity of the thing required; ſince, if the count had been in reality the huſband of *Louiſa*, it would have been more eaſy for him to bring proofs of it, than for thoſe under confinement to invalidate his claim.

After the proper compliments to the gentleman who had taken this trouble, monſieur *du Pleſſis* entreated he would excuſe him to the prince, that he retarded the thanks he had to pay his royal highneſs, till his return from conducting *Louiſa* ſome part of her journey, which being a piece of gallantry the lady herſelf ſeemed well

pleaſed

pleaſed with, was eaſily complied with by the other.

This faithful lover had now a full opportunity to entertain his miſtreſs with his paſſion, and repreſented it to her with ſo much force and eloquence, together with the dangers ſhe would continually be expoſed to, that ſhe had at length no words to form denials, and gave him leave to conduct her to ſome monaſtery in *Italy*, the choice of which ſhe left to him, till the campaign was over. This was indeed all he preſumed to requeſt of her at preſent. It may happen, ſaid he, that your lover may fall a victim to the fate of war, among many other more brave and worthy men, who doubtleſs will not ſurvive the next battle, and you will then be at liberty to purſue your inclinations, either to *England* or elſewhere; and be aſſured of this, that I ſhall take care, before the hour of danger, to leave you miſtreſs of a fortune, ſufficient to protect you from any future inſults, of the nature you received from *Melanthe*.

The tender ſoul of *Louiſa* was ſo much diſſolved at theſe words, that ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, and cried out, Oh! too generous *du Pleſſis*, think not I will ſurvive the cruel hour which informs me all that is valuable in man has ceaſed to be! — Take, — oh! take no care for me; when you are no more, nothing this world affords can enable me to drag on a wretched life!

What muſt be the tranſport of a man, who loved like him, to hear a mouth accuſtomed to the greateſt reſerve, utter exclamations ſo ſoft, ſo engaging, ſo convincing to him, that he was no leſs dear to her than he could even wiſh to be! — He threw himſelf at her feet, and even thought that poſture not humble enough to teſtify, as it deſerved, his gratitude and joy. But ſhe not ſuffering

fering him to continue in it, he took the hand that raiſed him, kiſſed off the tears which had fallen from her eyes upon it, with ſpeechleſs extaſies, and ſeemed almoſt beſide himſelf at the concern ſhe could not yet overcome, on the bare imagination of loſing him in the way he mentioned. If you love me, ſaid ſhe tenderly, you will endeavour to preſerve yourſelf: — I have now put myſelf under your protection, by conſenting to do as you would have me, and have no other from whom I would receive thoſe favours I expect from you: — think not, therefore, that I will perform my promiſe, unleſs you give me yours, not to be ſo covetous of fame, as to court dangers, nor, in too eager a purſuit of glory, to loſe the remembrance of what you owe to love.

Oh thou divineſt ſoftneſs! cried he, be aſſured I will put nothing to the venture that might take me from *Louiſa!* — Your kindneſs, my angel, has ſhewed me the value of life, and almoſt made a coward of your lover: — no farther will I go, than the duties of my poſt oblige me, and that honour, which to forfeit, would render me unworthy of your care.

Louiſa now found herſelf ſo much at eaſe, in having diſcovered a ſecret ſhe had ſo long laboured with, and ſuffered an infinity of pain in the concealing of, that nothing could be more chearful than her looks and behaviour. He, on the other hand, was all rapture, yet did it not make him in the leaſt forgetful of the rules he had preſcribed himſelf, or give her modeſty any room to repent the confeſſion ſhe had made in favour of his paſſion: — the converſation between them was all made up of innocence and love; and every hour they paſſed together, rendered them ſtill dearer to each other.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* having thus gained the point

point his ſoul was ſet on, began to conſider in what part of *Italy* it would be beſt to place his dear *Louiſa*; as *Bologna* was a free country, under the juriſdiction of the pope, he thought ſhe would there be the leaſt ſubject to alarms, on account of the army's continual marches and countermarches through moſt other parts of *Italy*. He therefore got a poſt-chaiſe, and, by eaſy journeys, conducted her thither; and having made an agreement with the lady abbeis of the *Auguſtines*, ſhe was welcomed into the convent by the holy ſiſterhood, with all imaginable good-nature and politeneſs.

It would be endleſs to recite the farewels of theſe equally ſincere and paſſionate lovers; ſo I ſhall only ſay, that never any parting was more truly touching; and the grief, which both of them endured, was only alleviated by the confidence they had in each other's affection, and the mutual promiſes of communicating the aſſurances of perſevering in it, by letters, as often as opportunity would permit.

Melanthe being recovered of the indiſpoſition of her body, though not of her mind, was informed of every particular of her perfidious lover's conduct; but as he had quitted *Venice* before ſhe did her chamber, was obliged to bear the load of diſcontent her too eaſy belief had brought upon her, without even the poor eaſe of venting it in reproaches on him. The carnival ſoon after ending, and finding that change of place was no defence from misfortunes of the kind ſhe had ſuſtained, without ſhe could alſo change her way of thinking, ſhe took the firſt convenience that offered, and returned to *England*, rather in worſe humour than ſhe had left it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Horatio *arrives at* Warſaw, *ſees the coronation of* Staniſlaus *and his queen: his reception from the king of* Sweden: *his promotion: follows that prince in all his conqueſts thro'* Poland, Lithuania, *and* Saxony. *The ſtory of count* Patkul *and madame* de Euſilden.

WHile theſe things were tranſacting in *Italy*, *Horatio*, animated by love and glory, was purſuing his journey to *Poland*. His impatience was ſo great, that he travelled almoſt night and day, already imitating the example of the maſter he was going to ſerve; no wood, no river was impaſſable to him that ſhortened the diſtance to the place he ſo much longed to approach: and thus by inuring himſelf to hardſhip, became fitly qualified to bear his part in all the vaſt fatigues to which that prince inceſſantly expoſed his royal perſon.

Not a city, town, or even village he paſſed through, but ecchoed with the wonders performed by the young king of *Sweden*: — new victories, new acquiſitions met him wherever he came: — all tongues were full of his praiſes; and even thoſe who had been ruined by his conqueſts, could not help ſpeaking of him with admiration. — *Horatio* heard all this with pleaſure, but mixed with a kind of pain that he was not preſent at theſe great actions. — How glorious is it, cried he to himſelf, to fight under the banner of this invincible monarch! — What immortal honour has not every private man acquired, who contributed

buted the leaſt part to ſucceſſes that aſtoniſh the whole world!

But notwithſtanding his eagerneſs, which carried him through marſhes, over mountains, and ways, which to an ordinary traveller would have ſeemed impaſſable, he met with ſeveral delays in his journey, eſpecially when he got into *Germany*, where they were extremely ſcrupulous; and he was obliged to wait at ſome towns two or three days, before he could obtain paſſports: he alſo met ſeveral parties of flying horſe and dragoons, who were ſcouting about the country, as he drew nearer *Saxony*; but his policy furniſhed him with ſtratagems to get over theſe difficulties, and he got ſafe to *Punitz*, in the palatinate of *Poſnania*, where a great part of the king of *Sweden*'s army was encamped. — He immediately demanded to be brought to the preſence of the grand marſhal *Renchild*, to whom he delivered the letter of the baron *de la Valiere*, and found the good effects of it by the civilities with which that great general vouchſafed to treat him. He would have had him ſtay with him; but *Horatio*, knowing the king was at *Warſaw*, was too impatient of ſeeing that monarch, to be prevailed upon, on which he ſent a party of horſe to eſcorte him to that city.

He had the good fortune to arrive on the very day that *Staniſlaus* and his queen were crowned, and was witneſs of part of the ceremony. The king of *Sweden* was there incognito, and being ſhewn to *Horatio*, he could not forbear teſtifying his ſurprize, to ſee ſo great a prince, and one who, in every action of his life, diſcovered a magnanimity even above his rank, habited in a manner, not to be diſtinguiſhed from a private man; but it was not in the power of any garb to take from him a look of majeſty, which ſhewed

ed him born to command, not only his own ſubjects, but kings themſelves, when they preſumed to become his enemies. There was a fierceneſs in his eyes, but tempered with ſo much ſweetneſs, that it was impoſſible for thoſe, who moſt trembled at his frowns, to avoid loving him at the ſame time.

Staniſlaus had in him all that could attract reſpect and good wiſhes; beſide the moſt graceful perſon that can be imagined, he had a certain air of grandeur, joined with an openneſs of behaviour, that ſhewed him equally incapable of doing a mean or diſhonourable action: his queen was one of the greateſt beauties of her time; and every one preſent at their coronation, confeſſed, that never any two perſons more became a throne, or were more worthy of the dignity conferred upon them.

The whole court was too much taken up that day, for *Horatio* to think of preſenting himſelf before the king of *Sweden*; but the officer, who commanded the party that general *Renchild* had ſent with him, introduced him in the evening to count *Hoorn*, governor of *Warſaw*, who provided him an apartment, and the next morning introduced him to count *Piper*. That miniſter no ſooner read the baron *de Palfoy*'s letter, and heard he had others to deliver to the king from the chevalier *St. George*, and the queen dowager of *England*, than he treated him with the utmoſt marks of eſteem; and aſſured him, that ſince he had an inclination to ſerve his majeſty, he would contribute every thing in his power to make him not repent the long fatigues he had undergone for that purpoſe; but, ſaid he with a ſmile, you will have no need of me; you bring, I perceive, recommendations more effectual, and have beſides, in yourſelf,

yourſelf, ſufficient to engage all you have to wiſh from a monarch ſo juſt and generous as ours.

Horatio replied to this compliment with all humility; and as the count perceived by his accent that he was not a *Frenchman*, tho' he ſpoke the language perfectly well, he asked him of what country he was; to which *Horatio* replied, that he was of *England*, but made him no farther acquainted with his affairs, nor that the motive of his having remained ſo long in *France*, was becauſe he was not ranſomed by his friends: not that he concealed this out of pride, but he knew the character of moſt firſt miniſters, and thought it not prudence to unboſom himſelf to one of thoſe, whoſe firſt ſtudy, when they come into that employment, is to diſcover as much as they can of others, without revealing any thing of themſelves. For this reaſon, he was alſo very ſparing of entering into any diſcourſe of the chevalier's court, or of that of the king of *France*, and anſwered all the queſtions put to him by the count, that his youth, and being of foreign extraction, hindered him from being let into any ſecrets of ſtate.

After a pretty long converſation, the count led him to the king of *Sweden*'s apartment, where, juſt as they were about to enter, he asked him, if he could ſpeak *Latin*; for, ſaid he, tho' his majeſty underſtands *French*, he never could be brought to ſpeak it, nor is pleaſed to be addreſſed in that language. *Horatio* thanked him for this information, and told him, that though he could not boaſt of being able to deliver himſelf with an affluence, becoming the preſence of ſo great a prince, yet he would chuſe rather to ſhew his bad learning, than his want of ambition, to do every thing that might render himſelf acceptable.

As he ſpoke theſe words, he found himſelf in his

his preſence. — The king was encompaſſed by the officers of the army, to whom he was giving ſome directions; but ſeeing count *Piper*, and a ſtranger with him, he left off what he was ſaying, and, without giving him time to ſpeak, cried, Count, who have you brought me here? One, may it pleaſe your majeſty, replied he, who brings his credentials with him, and has no need of my interceſſion to engage his welcome. While the count was making this reply, the king, who had an uncommon quickneſs in his eyes, meaſured *Horatio* from head to foot; and our young ſoldier of fortune, without being daunted, put one knee to the ground, and delivered his packet with theſe words: — The princes, by whom I have the honour to be ſent, commanded me to aſſure your majeſty, that they participate in all your dangers, rejoice in all your glories, and pray, that as you only conquer for the good of others, the ſword you draw, in the cauſe of juſtice, may ſoon be ſheathed in a laſting and univerſal peace.

I am afraid it will be long before all that is neceſſary for that purpoſe is accompliſhed, ſaid the king; wrong, when eſtabliſhed, not eaſily gives place to right; — but we are yet young enough to hope it.

He broke open his letters as he ſpoke this; and while he was examining them, took his eye off the paper ſeveral times to look on *Horatio*, and then read again.

When he had done, I am very much obliged, ſaid he, to the zeal, theſe letters tell me, you have expreſſed for my ſervice, and ſhall not be ungrateful: — we are here idle at preſent, but ſhall not long be ſo; and you will have opportunities enough to prove your courage, and gratify that love of arms which, my brother informs me, is the predominant paſſion of your ſoul.

After

After this, he asked him ſeveral queſtions concerning the chevalier *St. George*, the queen, and princeſs *Louiſa*; to which *Horatio* anſwered with great propriety, but mingled with ſuch encomiums of theſe royal perſons, as teſtified his gratitude for the favours he received from them. But when he mentioned the princeſs, and delivered the meſſage ſhe ſent by him, a more lively colour fluſhed into the king's cheeks, and he replied, Well, we ſhall do all we can to comply with her commands; then turned quick about, and reſumed the diſcourſe he was in before *Horatio*'s entrance, with his officers, as much as to ſay, the buſineſs of his love muſt not interrupt that of the war; and *Horatio* had afterwards the opportunity of obſerving, that though he often looked upon the picture of that amiable princeſs, which he always wore in his boſom, yet he would on a ſudden ſnatch his eyes away, as fearing to be too much ſoftened.

Horatio was ordered to be lodged in the caſtle where the garriſon was kept; but he was every day at the king's levee, and received the moſt extraordinary marks of his favour and affection; for which, as he looked upon himſelf entirely indebted to the recommendations of his friends in *France*, he wrote letters of thanks, and an account of all that happened to him.

Poland being now entirely ſubdued by the valour and fortune of *Charles* XII. and having received a king of his nomination, ſubmitted chearfully, glad to ſee an end of devaſtation, as they then flattered themſelves; but the troubles of that unfortunate kingdom were yet to endure much longer. — *Auguſtus*, impatient of recovering what he had loſt, and the czar of *Muſcovy*, jealous and envious of the king of *Sweden*'s glory, came pouring with mighty armies from *Saxony* and *Ruſſia*.

Ruſſia. *Shullenburgh*, the general of the former, had paſſed the *Oder*; and the other, at the head of a numerous body, was plundering all that came in his way, and putting to the ſword every one whom he even ſuſpected of adhering to king *Staniſlaus*; ſo that nothing now was talked of but war, and the means concerted how to put a ſtop to the miſeries theſe two ambitious princes made, not only in that country, but all the adjacent parts.

It was agreed that general *Renchild* ſhould go to meet *Shullenburgh*, and the two kings drive out the *Muſcovites*; who being divided into ſeveral parties, *Staniſlaus* went at the head of one army, and the king of *Sweden* led another; and taking different routes, had every day what he called skirmiſhes, but what the vanquiſhed looked upon as terrible battles.

The king of *Sweden*, before their departure from *Warſaw*, told *Horatio*, that all his officers were gallant men, and it was not his cuſtom to diſplace any one for meer favour to another; he muſt therefore wait till the fate of war, or ſome other accident, made a vacancy, before he could give him a commiſſion; in the mean time, ſaid he, with a great deal of ſweetneſs, you muſt be content to be only my aid-du-camp. On this, *Horatio* replied to his majeſty, with as much politeneſs as ſincerity, that it was the poſt he wiſhed, tho' dare not preſume to ask; for, he looked upon the honour of being near, and receiving the commands of ſo excellent a monarch preferable to the higheſt commiſſion in the army.

Thus, highly contented with his lot, did he attend the king, through rivers, lakes, marſhes, and all the obſtacles nature had thrown in the way of this conqueror; and whenever they came

to

to any battle, was ſo ſwift in bearing his commands to the general, and in returning to him in which line ſoever he was, that *Poniatosky* gave him the name of the *Mercury* to their *Jove*; nor did he leſs ſignalize his valour; he fought by the ſide of the king, like one who valued not life, in competition with the praiſes of his maſter. In an engagement, where they took the baggage of *Auguſtus*, he did extraordinary ſervice; and a colonel then being killed on the ſpot, the king preſently cried out, Now here is a regiment for my *Horatio*. Our young warrior thanked him on his knees, but beſeeched he might not be removed from him, again proteſting, that he could no where deſerve ſo well, as where he was animated by his royal preſence. This *Charles* XII. took very kindly, and told him, he ſhould have his deſire; but, ſaid he, I muſt alſo have mine: — I will continue you my aid-du-camp, but you ſhall accept the commiſſion, and the lieutenant-colonel ſhall command the regiment in your abſence.

He alſo allotted him ſo large a ſhare in the prize taken in this battle, that *Horatio* was already become rich enough to avow his pretenſions to the daughter of the baron *de Palſoy*; but, dear as ſhe was to him, his love and admiration of the king of *Sweden*, joined to the ambition of deſiring ſtill more than he had received, kept him from entertaining the leaſt deſire of quitting the ſervice he was in.

In eight or nine weeks did the two kings clear the country round, and drove their enemies into the heart of *Lithuania*. As they were about to return, they were met by the welcome news that general *Renchild* had been no leſs ſucceſsful, and entirely routed the whole army of *Shullenburgh*, and alſo that the diet of *Ratisbon*, fearing the king

king of *Sweden* would enter *Germany*, had come to a reſolution to declare him an enemy to the empire, in caſe he offered to paſs the *Oder* with his army.

They could not have taken a more effectual ſtep to bring on what they dreaded, than by daring him to it by this menace. He took but little time for conſideration, before he determined to carry the war into *Saxony*, and drive *Auguſtus* from his electorate, as he had done from his kingdom.

He had no ſooner made known his reſolution, than the troops began to march, and with a chearfulneſs and alacrity, which ſhewed they had no will but that of their king: — indeed he ſeemed the ſoul of this mighty body, of which every ſingle man was a member, and actuated only by him.

It is certain his heart was ſet on eſtabliſhing *Staniſlaus* on the throne, and he knew no better way of preventing *Auguſtus* from moleſting him, than by cutting off all communication between his electorate and *Poland:* — accordingly, he bent his courſe to *Saxony*, marched thro' *Sileſia* and *Luſatia*, plundered the open country, laid the rich city of *Leipſick*, and other towns under contribution, and at length encamped at *Alrauſtadt*, near the plains of *Lutſen*, whence he ſent to the ſtates of *Saxony*, to give him an eſtimate of what they could ſupply, and obliged them to levy whatever ſums he had occaſion for: not that he had the leaſt ſpark of avarice in his nature, but his hatred to *Auguſtus*, who had by his injuſtice made him become his enemy, was ſo great, that it extended to all thoſe of his country, ſo far, as to humble and impoveriſh the once opulent inhabitants, making them not only ſupport his numerous army, but laid on them beſides many unneceſſary

ceſſary impoſts, which he divided among his ſoldiers, ſo that they were all cloathed in gold and ſilver, and every private man had the appearance of a general, the king himſelf ſtill preſerving his uſual plainneſs; but he loved, he ſaid, to ſee the *Saxon* riches upon *Swediſh* backs.

Horatio had now a ſecond opportunity of writing to *France*, which he did not fail to do, and, as there was no talk of the army decamping for ſome time, let his friends know he hoped to hear from them at *Alranſtadt*.

Auguſtus, in the mean time deprived of every thing, and a wanderer in that kingdom, where he had lately reigned, ſent a mean ſubmiſſion to him, entreating peace, and that he might have leave to return to his electorate. This was granted by the conqueror, on condition he would renounce, for ever, all thoughts of re-entering *Poland*, or giving any diſturbance to *Staniſlaus*. — But as the treaty was going to be ſigned, the czar ſent an army of twenty thouſand men to his relief, who defeated general *Mayerfield*, whom the king had left to guard that kingdom; and the dethroned monarch once more entered *Warſaw*, the capital of *Poland*, in triumph.

Charles XII. was ſo exaſperated when he received this intelligence, that he gave immediate orders to decamp, reſolving he ſhould not long enjoy the benefit of his breach of faith; but the puſilanimity of *Auguſtus* prevented him: that prince was afraid the czar ſhould diſcover the peace he had been ſecretly negotiating, and withdraw his troops; and as he had neither any of his own, nor money to aſſiſt him, he ſent the articles demanded of him by the king of *Sweden*, ſigned with his own hand, and ſet out to *Alranſtadt*, hoping, by his preſence and perſuaſion, to molify his indignation, and be permitted to enjoy his own *Saxony* in peace.

What more could the utmoſt ambition of man require than the king of *Sweden* now received! To ſee a prince, ſo lately his equal and inveterate enemy, come to ſolicit favour of him in his camp, almoſt at his feet; but whatever were his ſentiments on this occaſion he concealed them, and tho' he could not but deſpiſe ſuch an act of meanneſs, he treated him with the utmoſt politeneſs, tho' without making any abatement of the demands he had exacted from him. On the contrary, he inſiſted on his delivering up to him general *Patkul*, ambaſſador from the czar, who at that time was a priſoner in *Saxony*, being determined to put him to death as a traitor, having been born his ſubject, and now entered into the ſervice of his ſworn enemy.

Auguſtus beſeeched him in the moſt abject manner to relinquiſh this one point, and remonſtrated to him that the czar, his preſent maſter, would look on it as the utmoſt indignity offered to himſelf in the perſon of his ambaſſador: he aſſured him he hated *Patkul*, but feared the giving him up would be reſented by all the princes of *Europe*. All he could urge on this head was to no effect; the king of *Sweden* was not to be moved from any reſolution he had once made; and the unfortunate *Patkul* was ſent to *Alranſtadt* and chained to a ſtake for three whole months, and afterwards conducted to *Caſimir*, where he was to receive his ſentence.

Horatio, who was an entire ſtranger to the motive of this behaviour in the king, and had never ſeen any thing before in him that looked like a cruel diſpoſition, was one day mentioning his ſurprize at it to a young officer with whom he had contracted a great intimacy, on which he gave him the following account:

This *Patkul*, ſaid he, is a *Livonian* born, which, tho' a free country, is part of the dominions annexed

nexed to the crown of *Sweden*: *Charles* XI. began to introduce a more abſolute form of government than was conſiſtent with the humour of that people; his ſon has been far from receding in that point, and *Patkul* being a perſon of great conſideration among them, ſtood up for their liberties in a manner which our king could not forgive:—he ordered him to be ſeized, but he made his eſcape, and was proſcribed in *Sweden*; on which he entered into the ſervice of king *Auguſtus*, and was made his general; but on ſome miſunderſtanding between him and the chancellor, he quitted *Poland* and went to *Ruſſia*, where he got into great favour with the czar, was highly promoted, and ſent his reſidentiary ambaſſador in *Saxony*. *Auguſtus*, whoſe fate it has been to diſoblige every body, on ſome pretence clapped into priſon the repreſentative of his only friend, and now we ſee, has given him up to death, to ſatiate the demands of his greateſt enemy.

Horatio could not keep himſelf from falling into a deep muſing at the recital of this adventure: he thought *Patkul* worthy of compaſſion, yet found reaſons to juſtify the king's reſentment: and as this officer had often diſburthened himſelf to him with the greateſt freedom, he had no reſerve toward him, and this led them into a diſcourſe on arbitrary power.—*Horatio* ſaid, that he could not help beleiving that nature never intended millions to be ſubjected to the deſpotic will of one perſon, and that a limited government was the moſt conformable to reaſon. The officer agreed with him in that; except the perſon who ruled had really more perfections than all thoſe he ruled over; and if ſo, ſaid he, and his commands are always calculated for the happineſs of the ſubject, they cannot be more happy than in an implicit obedience. True, replied *Horatio*, I am confident that ſuch a prince as ours knows how to chuſe for his people

much better than they do for themſelves; but how can they be certain that his deſcendants will have the ſame virtues! and when once an abſolute power is granted to a good prince, it will be in vain that the people will endeavour to wreſt it from the hands of a bad one. — Never can any point be redeemed from the crown without a vaſt effuſion of blood, and the endangering ſuch calamities on the country, that the relief would be as bad as the diſeaſe. Upon the whole, therefore, I cannot think *Patkul* in the wrong for attempting to maintain the liberty of his country, tho' I do for entering into the ſervice of the avowed enemy of his maſter.

It is that, I believe, reſumed the other, which the king chiefly reſents: his majeſty is too juſt to condemn a man for maintaining the principles he was bred in, however they may diſagree with his own; but to become his enemy, to enliſt himſelf in the ſervice of thoſe who aim at the deſtruction of his lawful prince, is certainly a treaſon of the blackeſt dye.

As they were in this diſcourſe, colonel *Poniatoſky* came in, and hearing they were ſpeaking of *Patkul*, — I have juſt now, ſaid he, received a letter from one of my friends in *Saxony* concerning that general, which deeply affects me, not for his own, but for the ſake of a lady, to whom, after a long ſeries of diſappointments, he was juſt going to be married, when *Auguſtus*, againſt the law of nations, made him a priſoner. I will relate the whole adventure to you, continued he; on which the others aſſuring him they ſhould think themſelves obliged to him, he went on.

When he firſt entered into the ſervice of *Auguſtus*, he became paſſionately in love with madam *d' Enſilden*, a young lady, whoſe beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her worthy the affections of a man of more honour than he had teſti-

fied

fied in his public capacity: her friends at leaſt thought ſo; and chancellor *Flemming* making his addreſſes to her at the ſame time, had the advantage in every thing but in her heart; there *Patkul* triumphed in ſpight of all objections: and tho' king *Auguſtus* vouchſafed himſelf to ſollicit in behalf of his favourite, her conſtancy remained unſhaken as a rock; which ſo incenſed a monarch haughty and imperious in his nature, before humbled by our glorious *Charles*, that he made uſe of his authority, and forbid her to think of marrying any other: to which ſhe reſolutely anſwered, that ſhe knew no right princes had to interfere with the marriages of private perſons; but ſince his majeſty commanded it, ſhe would endeavour to obey and live ſingle. This not ſatisfying the king, he hated *Patkul* from that moment; and the rivals ſoon after meeting in madam *d' Enſilden*'s apartment, ſome hot words aroſe between them, which being by *Flemming* reported to his maſter, he ſent, in the moment of his paſſion, to require *Patkul* to reſign his office of general: he did ſo, but with a murmur that was far from abating the royal reſentments; and he had then ordered him into confinement, but that private intelligence being given him, he made his eſcape before the officers, commiſſioned for that purpoſe, reached his houſe. He then went to the czar, who knowing him an experienced general, of which at that time he ſtood greatly in need, gladly received him; and it was there he firſt merited the hate of all good men, by countenancing and abetting thoſe ambitious projects his new maſter was then forming againſt the king of *Sweden*. But ſee the fate of treaſon; he perſuaded him to enter into an alliance with *Poland* and *Saxony* againſt *Sweden*, which laid the foundation of this unjuſt war, and for which *Auguſtus* has ſo dearly paid; and being ſent ambaſſador, in order to negotiate theſe affairs, again re-

newed thoſe of his love. *Auguſtus*, now obliged to the czar for the preſervation of his dominions, durſt not openly eſpouſe chancellor *Flemming*, but no ſooner heard that the marriage was near being compleated, than he ventured every thing to prevent it; and, under a pretence of his own forging, confined *Patkul* in the caſtle of *Koniſting*, where he lay a conſiderable time; the czar being too much taken up with combating the fortune of our victorious king, to examine into this affair, and beſides, unwilling to break with *Auguſtus*, as things then ſtood. Madam *d' Enſilden* did all this time whatever could be expected from a ſincere affection, in order to procure his enlargement; but the intereſt of her friends, at leaſt of thoſe who would be employed in this interceſſion, were infinitely too weak to oppoſe that of *Flemming* and the king's own inclination, ſo that he remained a priſoner, without being permitted either to write to madam *d' Enſilden* or ſee her, till the time of his being delivered into our hands. But on hearing he was ſo, my friend informs me her great ſpirit, which till now had made her ſupport her misfortune without diſcovering to the world any part of the agonies ſhe ſuſtained, in an inſtant quite forſook her: ſhe abandoned herſelf to deſpair and grief, equally exclaiming againſt the *Czar*, *Auguſtus*, and *Charles* XII; has ever ſince ſhut herſelf up in her apartment, which ſhe has cauſed to be hung with black, the windows cloſed, and no light but what a ſmall lamp affords, and only adds more horror to the melancholly ſcene: ſhe weeps inceſſantly, and as ſhe expects her lover will obtain no mercy, declares, ſhe only waits till ſhe hears the ſentence of his fate is given, to dye, if poſſible, at the ſame moment of his execution.

I muſt confeſs, continued *Poniatoſky*, the hiſtory of this lady's ſufferings touch me very much; and

and though I think her lover well worthy of the death he will undoubtedly receive, could wiſh ſome unexpected chance might once more ſet him free, and in a condition to recompence ſo tender a paſſion, which *Auguſtus* has now no longer any power to oppoſe.

Horatio had a heart too tender, and too ſenſible of the woes of love, not to be greatly affected with this paſſage; and as they all were young, and probably had each of them a lady to whom their affections were given, could not help ſimpathizing in the misfortunes of two perſons, who ſeemed to have fallen into them merely by the ſincere attachment they had for each other.

CHAP. XVIII.

King Staniſlaus *quits* Alranſtadt *to appeaſe the troubles in* Poland: Charles XII. *gives laws to the empire: a courier arrives from* Paris: Horatio *receives letters which give him great ſurprize.*

AUGUSTUS being able to obtain no better conditions from the king of *Sweden*, than leave to return to his almoſt ruined electorate, took leave of his conqueror with an almoſt broken heart. — Intelligence ſoon after arriving that *Poland* was half demoliſhed by the violence of different factions, who, in the abſence of both their kings, contended with equal fury for the ſovereign power, *Staniſlaus* took an affectionate farewell of his dear friend and patron, and went to appeaſe the troubles of that kingdom, and make himſelf peaceably acknowledged for what he was, their lawful king, not only by election, but by the gift of the conqueror, *Charles* XII. of *Sweden*. He

was attended by 10,000 *Swediſh* horſe, and twice the number of foot, in order to make good his claim againſt any of his rebellious ſubjects.

Charles having now accompliſhed all he could deſire in relation to the *Poliſh* affairs, began to grow weary of the idle life he led at *Alranſtadt*, and was thinking which way he ſhould turn his arms; he had been uſed ill by the czar, who, as has been before obſerved, plotted his deſtruction while a minor, and began hoſtilities when he thought him not in a condition to defend himſelf, much leſs to make any repriſals: his reſentment therefore againſt him was no leſs implacable than it had been againſt *Auguſtus*. — But the emperor had alſo diſobliged him. Count *Zobor*, the chamberlain, had taken very indecent and unbecoming liberties with his character, in the preſence of his own ambaſſador at *Vienna*; and that court had given ſhelter to 1500 *Muſcovites*, who having eſcaped his arms, fled thither for protection. As he was now ſo near, he therefore thought beſt to call the emperor firſt to account, and then proceed to attack the czar.

To this end he ſent to demand count *Zobor*, and the 1500 *Muſcovites* ſhould be given into his hands: the timid emperor complied with the firſt, and ſent his chamberlain to be puniſhed as the king thought fit; but it was not in his power to acquieſce with the other; the *Ruſſian* envoy, then at *Vienna*, having intelligence of it, provided for their eſcape by different routs. The king of *Sweden* then ſent a ſecond mandate, requiring protection for all the *Lutherans* throughout *Germany*, particularly in *Sileſia*, and that they ſhould be reſtored to all the liberties and privileges eſtabliſhed by the treaty of *Weſtphalia*. The emperor, who would have yielded any thing to get the king of

Sweden

Sweden out of his neighbourhood, granted even this, diſobliging as it was to the pope and his own catholic ſubjects: and having ratified theſe conceſſions, the king vouchſafed to let his chamberlain return, without any other puniſhment than impriſonment, ſo long as theſe affairs remained in agitation.

Having thus given laws to *Germany*, and terror to the emperor, he reſolved to turn where he might expect more oppoſition; and accordingly he ordered count *Piper* to acquaint the officers, that they muſt now begin to think of preparing for a march.

In the mean time ambaſſadors from all the courts of *Europe* were ſent to his camp, moſt of them being apprehenſive that they ſhould be the next who felt the terror of his arms: but thoſe who had nothing of this kind to dread, and were really his friends, made uſe of all the arguments in their power to prevail on him to return to *Stockholm*. *France* in particular ſent courier after courier, remonſtrating to him that his glory was complete; that he had already exceeded *Alexander*, and ſhould now return covered, as he was, with lawrels, and let his ſubjects enjoy the bleſſing of his preſence. The court of *St. Germains* added their entreaties to that of *Verſailles*, but each were equally ineffectual; nor could even the thoughts of the beautiful princeſs *Louiſa*, his betrothed ſpouſe, and whom he was to marry at the end of this war, put a ſtop to the vehemence of his impatience to revenge the many injuries he had received from the czar of *Muſcovy*.

Theſe were the ſentiments by which this conquering monarch were agitated; but *Horatio*, tho' no leſs fond of glory, had a ſoftneſs in his nature, which made him languiſh for the ſight of his dear *Charlotta*, whom he had been abſent from

near two years; and being now bleſſed with a fortune from the plunder of *Saxony*, which might countenance his pretenſions to her, paſſionately longed for an opportunity of returning without incurring the cenſure of cowardice or ingratitude. By theſe couriers he received letters from the baron *de la Valiere*, and ſeveral others of his friends, but none from the father of *Charlotta*; nor did any of them make any mention of that lady, tho' he knew the paſſion he had for her was now no ſecret to any of them.

He was very much ſurprized that the baron *de Palfoy* had not wrote, becauſe as he had in a manner promiſed to correſpond with him by deſiring him to write, he had a right to expect that favour when they came to *Alranſtadt*; for till then it was ſcarce poſſible, by reaſon of the army's continual and uncertain motions; but he was much more ſo, that the baron *de la Valiere* had not been ſo good as to give him ſome information of an affair, of which he could not be inſenſible his peace ſo much depended: that he did not do it, he therefore preſently concluded, was owing to the having nothing pleaſing to acquaint him with.

As love is always apprehenſive of the worſt that can poſſibly befal, he thought now of nothing but her being obliged to give her hand to ſome rival approved by her father:—What avails it, cried he, that fortune has raiſed me to an equality with her, if, by other means, I am deprived of her!

He was beginning to give way to a deſpair little befitting a ſoldier, when another courier arriving from *Verſailles* with diſpatches to the king, he alſo received a packet, in which were three letters. The firſt he caſt his eye upon had on it the characters of *Charlotta*: amazed and tranſported he haſtily broke the ſeal, and found it contained theſe lines:

To Colonel HORATIO.

Sir,

I Have the permiſſion of my father to purſue my inclinations, in giving you this teſtimony how ſincerely I congratulate your good fortune; though I ought not to call it by that name, ſince I find everybody allows your rewards have not exceeded your merits; but as neither has been found deficient either for your ambition or the ſatisfaction of your friends, all who are truly ſuch think you ought to be content, and run no future hazards. — Be aſſured you have many well-wiſhers here, among the number of whom you will be guilty of great injuſtice not to place

CHARLOTTA DE PALFOY.

How well were all the late anxieties he had endured attoned for by this billet; it was ſhort indeed, and wrote with a more diſtant air than he might have expected, had the dear authoreſs been at liberty to purſue the dictates of her heart; but as it informed him it was permitted by her father, and was doubtleſs under his inſpection, the knowledge that he had authorized her to write at all, was more flattering to his hopes of happineſs than all ſhe could have ſaid without that ſanction. After having indulged the raptures this condeſcention excited, he proceeded to the reſt, and found the next he opened was from the baron *de Palfoy*, who expreſſed himſelf to him in theſe terms:

To Colonel HORATIO.

I Think myſelf obliged to you for ſo much exceeding the character I gave you; but I value myſelf on knowing mankind, and am glad to find I was not deceived in you, when I expected you to do more than

I durſt venture on my own opinion to aſſure the count. He tells me, in a letter I received from him the laſt courier, that the victorious Charles XII. *himſelf cannot behave with greater bravery in the time of action, nor more moderation after it is over. —This is a great praiſe, indeed, from ſuch a man as he; and I acquaint you with it not to make you vain, for that would blemiſh the luſtre of your other good qualities, but that you may know how to make proper acknowledgments to that miniſter.*

Our court, I know, makes preſſing inſtances to the king of Sweden *not to carry on the war any farther: I wiſh they may ſucceed, or if they ſhould not, that you might be able to find ſome opportunity of quitting the ſervice for reaſons which you will ſee in a letter that accompanies this, and to which nothing can be added to convince you what part you ought to take.—I ſhall therefore ſay no more than that I am, with a very tender regard,*

Yours,

PALFOY.

Rejoiced as he was at receiving a letter from the father of his miſtreſs, wrote in a manner which he might look upon as a kind of confirmation he no longer would be refractory to his wiſhes, the latter part of it contained an enigma he could by no means comprehend. — It ſeemed impoſſible to him there could be any reaſons prevalent enough to make him quit, with honour, a prince who had ſo liberally rewarded his ſervice; but hoping a further explanation, he loſt not any time in conjectures; and tearing open the other letter, without giving himſelf time to examine the hand in which it was directed, found, to his inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment, the name of *Dorilaus* ſub-

ſubſcribed. It was indeed wrote by that gentleman, and contained as follows:

Dear Horatio,

ACcidents, which at our parting neither of us could foreſee, have doubtleſs long ſince made you ceaſe to hope any continuance of that kindneſs my former behaviour ſeemed to promiſe; but never, perhaps, did heaven deal its bleſſings with a more myſterious hand than it has done to you. — That ſeeming neglect in me, at a time when you were a priſoner among ſtrangers, and had moſt need of my aſſiſtance, had the appearance of the greateſt misfortune could befal you; yet has it been productive of the greateſt good, and laid the foundation of a happineſs which cannot but be laſting. — I reſerve the explanation of this riddle till you arrive at Paris, *where I now am, and intend to continue my whole life. — That I impatiently deſire to ſee you, ought to be a ſufficient inducement for you to return with as much expedition as poſſible: — I will therefore make this experiment of that affection, I might add duty, you owe me, and only give you leave to gueſs what recompence this proof of your obedience will entitle you to. — If therefore the king of* Sweden *is reſolute to extend his conqueſts, intreat his permiſſion to reſign: I know the obligations you have to that excellent prince; but I know alſo you have others to me, which cannot be diſpenſed with: — beſides, his majeſty's affairs cannot ſuffer by the loſs of one man: yours will be in danger, if not totally ruined, by your continuance with him, and myſelf deprived at the ſame time of the only remaining comfort of my days. — Your ſiſter left me ſoon after you did: — ſhe went to* Aix la Chapelle, *ſince which I have never been able to hear any thing of her. — Let me not loſe you both; if you have any regard for your own intereſt, or the peace*

of

of him whom you have ever found a father in his care and affection, and whom you will now find ſo more than you can poſſibly expect.

DORILAUS.

Impoſſible is it to conceive, without being in the very circumſtances *Horatio* was, what a ſtrange variety of mingled paſſions agitated his breaſt on having read, and conſidered theſe letters: — to find ſuch unhoped condeſcenſions from the baron *de Palfoy*, and that *Dorilaus* was ſtill living, and had the ſame, if not more tender inclinations for him than ever, the latter of which he had long ſince ceaſed to hope, was ſufficient to have overwhelmed even the moſt phlegmatic perſon with an exceſs of joy: — but then the dark expreſſions in both theſe letters, put his brain on the rack. — The baron had ſeemed to refer to an explanation of what he darkly hinted at in the letter of *Dorilaus*, but that he found rather more obſolete: he could imagine nothing farther, than that *Dorilaus* having reſolved to make him his heir, as he remembered ſome people ſaid before he left *England*, on the knowledge of that intelligence, the baron *de Palfoy* had conſented to his marriage with mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, and this, her being permitted to write to him confirmed. — This indeed was the ſupreme aim of his deſires; and this it was that made him quit *St. Germains*, in hope of raiſing himſelf to a condition, which might enable her to own her affection to him without a bluſh: but tranſporting as this idea was, it was mingled with diſquiet, to reflect on the terms which both the baron and *Dorilaus* ſeemed to inſiſt on for the accompliſhment of his wiſhes, though he impatiently longed to ſee *Dorilaus* after ſo long an abſence. — Though in the poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of *Charlotta* all his hopes were centered, yet to leave a prince who had ſo highly favoured him, and under whoſe banners he had gained ſo much conſideration, was a piece of ingratitude, which it was worſe than death for him to be guilty of. — No! ſaid he, it would be to render me unworthy of all the bleſſings they make me hope, ſhould I purchaſe them on ſuch conditions! — How can they demand them of me! — The baron, *Charlotta*, and *Dorilaus*, have all of them the higheſt notions of honour, generoſity, and gratitude, and can they approve that in me, which I am certain they would not be guilty of themſelves! — Sure it is but to try me, they ſeem to exact what they are ſenſible I cannot yield to, without the breach of every thing that can intitle me to eſteem or love!

Thus did he argue within himſelf for one moment; the next, other reaſons, directly oppoſite to theſe, preſented themſelves. — *Dorilaus*, cried he, demands all my obedience; — all my gratitude: — without his protection I had been an outcaſt in the world! — Whatever honours, whatever happineſs I enjoy, is it not to him I owe them! — Can I refuſe then to comply with commands which, he ſays, are neceſſary to his peace! — Beſides, was it not *Charlotta* that inſpired this ardour in me for great actions! Was not the poſſeſſion of that charming maid, the ſole end I propoſed to myſelf in all I have undertaken! and ſhall I, by refuſing her requeſt, madly run the riſque of loſing her for ever! — Does not ſhe wiſh, her father perſwade, and *Dorilaus* enjoin me to return! — Does not love, friendſhip, duty call me to partake the joys that each affords! — And ſhall I refuſe the tender invitation! — No, the world cannot condemn me for following motives ſuch as theſe, and even the royal *Charles* himſelf

himſelf is too generous not to acquit me of ingratitude or cowardice.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed, he had potent inducements for his return to *Paris*, to combat againſt thoſe of continuing in the king of *Sweden*'s ſervice; and both, by turns, appeared ſo prevalent, that it is uncertain which would have got the better, had not an accident happened, which unhappily determined him in favour of the latter.

Colonel *Poniatosky*, who had attended *Staniſlaus* into *Poland*, now the diſturbances of that kingdom were quieted, on hearing the king of *Sweden* was on ſome new expedition, obtained leave of *Staniſlaus* to return to the camp, and implored his majeſty's permiſſion to be one of thoſe who ſhould partake the glorious toils he was now re-entering into. To which he replied, that he ſhould be glad to have him near his perſon, but feared he would be wanted in *Poland*. No, may it pleaſe your majeſty, reſumed *Poniatosky*, there ſeems to be no longer any buſineſs in that kingdom for a ſoldier: — all ſeem ready to obey the royal *Staniſlaus* out of affection to his perſon, and admiration of thoſe virtues they are now perfectly convinced of; nor is *Auguſtus* in a condition to violate the treaty of reſignation: — refuſe me not therefore, I beſeech your majeſty, continued he, falling upon both his knees, what I look on as my greateſt happineſs, as it is my greateſt glory.

The king ſeemed very well pleaſed at the emphaſis with which he expreſſed himſelf; and having raiſed him from the poſture he was in, Be it ſo, cried he, henceforward we will be inſeparable.

Horatio was charmed with this teſtimony of love and zeal in a perſon, who had doubtleſs friends and kindred, who would have been glad he had leſs attachment to a ſervice ſo full of dangers as that of the king of *Sweden*'s, and ſomewhat

what aſhamed he had ever entertained a thought of quitting it, reſolved, as he had been more obliged, not to ſhew leſs gratitude than *Poniatosky*. Therefore, without any further deliberation, retired to his quarters, and prepared the following anſwers to the letters had been brought him. As all things, in a lover's heart, yield to the darling object, the firſt he wrote was to his miſtreſs.

To mademoiſelle DE PALFOY.

With what tranſports I received yours, adorable Charlotta, *I am little able to expreſs! — — To find I am not forgotten! — That what I have done is approved by her for whom alone I live, and whoſe praiſe alone can make me vain, ſo ſwallowed up all other conſiderations, that it had almoſt made me quit* Alranſtadt *that moment, and fly to pour beneath your feet, my gratitude and joy! — But glory, tyrannic glory, would not ſuffer me to obey the ſoft impulſe, nor re-enjoy that bleſſing, till conſcious I deſerved it better! — My friends overrate my ſervices; and tho' that partial indulgence is the ultimate of my ambition, I dare not abuſe what they are ſo good to offer.*

To feaſt my long, long famiſhed ſight with gazing once more on your charms, I would forgo every thing but the hope of rendering myſelf one day more worthy of it! — Too dear I prize the good wiſhes you vouchſafe to have for me, not to attempt every thing in my power to prevent the diſappointment of them: the little I have yet done, alas! ſerves but to prove how much the man, who has in view rendering himſelf acceptable to the divine Charlotta, *dares to do, when dangers worthy of his courage preſent themſelves. — A ſmall time may, perhaps, afford me an opportunity: — yet did you know how dear*

dear this ſelf-denial coſts me, you would confeſs it the greateſt proof of affection ever man gave: — permit me therefore to gratify an ambition, which has no other aim than a juſtification of the favours I receive: — continue to look with a favourable eye on my endeavours, and they cannot then fail of ſuch ſucceſs, as may give me a claim to the glorious title of my moſt adored and loved Charlotta's

Everlaſting ſlave,

HORATIO.

To her father he wrote in the following manner:

To the baron DE PALFOY.

My Lord,

THE favours your goodneſs confers upon me, are ſuch as can be equalled by but one thing in the world, and that is my juſt and grateful ſenſe of them. — Charming would be the toils of war, did all employed in them meet a recompence like mine! — Is there a man ſo mean, ſo poor in ſpirit, that praiſes ſuch as I receive might not animate to actions worthy of them! — What acknowledgments can I make the count, ſuitable to the immenſe obligations I owe him, for inſpiring your lordſhip with ſentiments, which, though the ſupreme wiſh of my aſpiring ſoul, I never durſt allow myſelf to hope; and which afford a proſpect of future accumulated bleſſings, ſuch as I could ſcarce flatter myſelf with being real, were not the tranſporting idea in ſome meaſure confirmed to me, by your having given a ſanction to a correſpondence I ſo lately deſpaired of ever obtaining! Bleſſed change! — Extatic condeſcenſions! — Fortune has done all ſhe can for me, and anticipated all the good that, after a long train

of

of ſervices, and approved fidelity, I ſcarce ſhould have preſumed to hope! — Oh my lord! I have no words to thank you as I ought! It is deeds alone, and rendering myſelf worthy of your indulgence, that muſt preſerve your good opinion, and keep you from repenting having overwhelmed me with this profuſion of happineſs! — Yet how joyfully could I now purſue the route to Paris, *and content myſelf with owing every thing meerly to your goodneſs, were I not with-held by all the conſiderations that ought to have weight with a man of honour! — My royal general is inflexible to the perſwaſions of almoſt all the courts in* Chriſtendom, *and hurried by his thirſt of fame, or ſome other more latent motive, has given orders to prepare for a march, where, or againſt whom, is yet a ſecret to the army; but by the preparations for it, we believe they are not ſhort journeys we are to take. — Should I now quit a ſervice where I have been promoted ſo much beyond my merit, what, my lord, but cowardice, or ingratitude, could be imputed to me as the motive! — Not all my reaſons, powerful as they are, would have any weight with a prince, who is deaf to every thing but the calls of glory; and I muſt return loaden with his diſpleaſure, and the reproaches of all I leave behind! — Now to return is certain infamy! — To go, is in purſuit of honour! — Your lordſhip will not therefore be ſurprized I make choice of the latter, ſince no hazard can be equal to that of forfeiting the little reputation I have acquired, and which alone can render me worthy any part of the favours I have received.*

I am,

With the extremeſt reſpect and ſubmiſſion,

Your Lordſhip's

Eternally devoted ſervant,

HORATIO.

The laſt and moſt difficult task he had to go through, was the refuſal he muſt give to *Dorilaus*, who had laid his commands on him in ſuch expreſs terms; and it was not without a good deal of blotting, altering, and re-altering, he at length formed an epiſtle to him in theſe terms:

To my more than father, my only patron, protector, and benefactor, the moſt worthy DORILAUS.

Moſt dear and ever honoured Sir,

TO hear you are living, and ſtill remember me with kindneſs, affords too great a tranſport to ſuffer me to throw away any thought either on the motives of your long ſilence, or that happineſs which you tell me I may expect has been the produce of it: — it is ſufficient for me to know I am ſtill bleſſed in the favour of the moſt excellent perſon that ever lived, and am not in the leaſt anxious for an explanation of any farther good.

To tell you with how much ardency I long to throw myſelf at your feet, to relate to you all the various accidents that have befallen me, ſince firſt you condeſcended to put me in the paths of glory, and to pour out my ſoul before you with thankſgiving, would be as impoſſible as it is for me at preſent to enjoy that bleſſing! — The king's affairs, it is true, would ſuffer nothing by my abſence; but, ſir, what would the world ſay of me, if, after a whole year of inactivity and idleneſs, I flew, on the the firſt appearance of danger, and forſook a prince by whom I have been ſo highly favoured? — Inſtead of the character I have always been ambitious of attaining, ſhould I not be branded with everlaſting infamy! — Put not therefore, I beſeech you, to ſo ſevere a teſt that love and duty, to which you cannot have a greater claim than I a readineſs to pay? — Did you command my life, it is yours: —

I owe it to you, and with it all that can render it agreeable; but, ſir, my honour, my reputation, muſt ſurvive when I am no more; it was the firſt, and will be the laſt bent of my deſires. No perils can come in any degree of competition with thoſe of being deprived of that, nor any indulgencies of fortune compenſate for the loſs of it: — pardon then this enforced diſobedience, and believe it is the only thing in which I could be guilty of it. — I very much lament my ſiſter's abſence, as I find by yours ſhe went without your permiſſion: time and reflection will doubtleſs bring her to a more juſt ſenſe of what ſhe, as well as myſelf, ought to have of your goodneſs to us, and make her return full of ſincere contrition for having offended you. I ſhould implore your favourable opinion of her actions in the mean time, were not all the intereſt I have in you too little to apologize for my own behaviour. — All, ſir, I dare to implore, is pardon for myſelf, and that you will be aſſured no ſon, no dependant whatever, would more rejoice in an opportunity of teſtifying his duty, affection, gratitude, and ſubmiſſion, than him who is now conſtrained by ties, which I flatter myſelf you will not hereafter diſapprove, to ſwerve in ſome meaſure from them, and whoſe ſoul, and all the faculties of it, are

Entirely devoted to you.

HORATIO.

Theſe diſpatches being ſent away, he became more compoſed, and ſet his whole mind on his departure, and taking leave of thoſe friends and acquaintance he had contracted at *Leipſic* and *Alranſtadt*; the time of the army marching being fixed in a few days, though what route they were to take none, except count *Piper*, general *Renchild*, count *Hoorn*, and ſome few others of the cabinet council, were made privy to.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

The king of Sweden *leaves* Saxony, *marches into* Lithuania, *meets with an inſtance of* Ruſſian *brutality, drives the* czar *out of* Grodno, *and purſues him to the* Boryſthenes. Horatio, *with others, is taken priſoner by the* Ruſſians, *and carried to* Petersburg, *where they ſuffer the extremeſt miſeries.*

THE word at length being given, the tents were ſtruck, the trumpets ſounded, and the whole army was immediately in motion. Never was a more gay and glorious ſight; the ſplendor of their arms, and the richneſs of their habits blazed againſt the ſun; but what was yet more pleaſing, and ſpread greater terror among their enemies, was the chearfulneſs that ſat on every face, and ſhewed they followed with the utmoſt alacrity their beloved and victorious monarch.

It was in the latter end of *September*, a ſeaſon extremely cold in thoſe parts, that they began their march; but hardſhips were natural to the king of *Sweden*'s troops; and as they perceived they were going into *Lithuania*, a place where their valour had been ſo well proved againſt the invading *Muſcovites*, their cheeks glowed with a freſher red on the remembrance of their former victories. They paſſed near *Dreſden*, the capital of the electorate of *Saxony*, and made *Auguſtus* tremble in his palace, though the word of the king, which ever was inviolable, had been given that he ſhould enjoy thoſe dominions in peace.

During the courſe of this, the czar had fallen upon the frontiers of *Poland* above twenty times, not

not like a general, deſiring to come to a deciſive battle, but like a robber, plundering, ravaging, and deſtroying the defenceleſs country people, and immediately flying on the approach of any troops, either of *Charles* XII. or king *Staniſlaus*. The *Swedes* in their march met ſeveral parties ſent on theſe expeditions, but who retired on ſight of the army into woods, and were moſt of them either killed or taken priſoners, by detachments ſent in purſuit of them by the king of *Sweden*.

In their march towards *Grodno*, they found the remains of an encampment, ſeveral pieces of cannon, and ammunition of all ſorts, but not one creature to guard it, the troops to whom it belonged having all diſperſed and hid themſelves. On examining the tents, they were ſurprized with the ſight of a very beautiful woman, who was lying on the ground in one of them, with three others, who ſeemed endeavouring to comfort her, and, by the reſpect they paid her, that they were her dependants; but had all of them their garments torn and bloody, their hair hanging in ſtrange diſorder about their ears, their fleſh diſcoloured with bruiſes and other marks of violence, and, as well as their diſconſolate ſuperior, were ſpectacles of the utmoſt diſtreſs.

The king of *Sweden* himſelf, followed by general *Hoorn*, *Poniatosky*, *Horatio*, and ſeveral others, who hardly ever loſt ſight of him, came into this tent, and, being touched with ſo moving a ſcene, demanded the occaſion; on which the proſtrate lady being told who it was that ſpoke, ſtarted ſuddenly up, and throwing herſelf at his feet: — Oh king! cried ſhe, in the *German* language, as famous for juſtice, as for being invincible in war, revenge the cauſe of helpleſs innocence and virtue! — Oh let the murderous brutal *Ruſſians* find heaven's vindictive arm in you, its great

great vicegerent.—She was able to utter no more: the inward agonies ſhe ſuſtained, on being about to relate the ſtory of her wrongs, became too violent for ſpeech, and ſhe ſunk motionleſs on the earth. Two of the women, aſſiſted by ſome *Swedes*, carried her out of the tent, as thinking the open air moſt proper to revive her; and ſhe who remained, ſatisfied the king's curioſity in theſe words:

May it pleaſe your majeſty, ſaid ſhe, my miſtreſs, that afflicted lady who juſt now implored your royal pity, is of the noble family of the *Caſſelburgh*, in *Saxony*, only daughter to the preſent count: her perſon, before theſe heavy misfortunes fell upon her, was deſervedly reputed one of the moſt beautiful that graced the court of *Dreſden:* her birth, her youth, her charms, and the great fortune it was expected ſhe would be miſtreſs of, attracted a great number of perſons who addreſſed her for marriage: her own inclinations, as well as the count her father's commands, diſpoſed of her to *Emmermusky*, a poliſh nobleman; and ſhe had been ſcarce one month a bride, before they unhappily took this journey to viſit my lord's mother who lives at *Travenſtadt*. — In our way we met a party of ſtraggling *Muſcovites*, who, notwithſtanding the ſtrict league between our elector and the czar, and the knowledge they had by our paſſports that we were *Saxons*, ſtripped us of every thing, killed all our menſervants, and having given my lord ſeveral wounds, left him for dead upon the place, then dragged us, miſerable women, to the camp. — My lady, in the midſt of faintings, and when ſhe was incapable even of flying to death for refuge, was brutally raviſhed, and we, her wretched attendants, ſuffered the ſame abuſe. — Shame will not let me, continued ſhe, bluſhing and weeping, acquaint your

your majeſty with the ſhocking and repeated violations we were compelled to bear!—the wretches caſting lots who firſt ſhould gratify his monſtrous deſires! — We were all bound to trees, and without any means of oppoſition, but our ſhrieks and cries to unrelenting heaven! — My lord having a little recovered himſelf, had crawled, as well as his wounds would give him leave, after us, and arrived even while the horrid ſcene was acting: rage giving him new ſtrength and ſpirits, he ſnatched a ſword that lay upon the earth, and ſent to perdition the villain who was about to add to the diſhonour which had been, alas! but too much completed by others. The death of their companion, incenſing the accurſed *Muſcovites*, they turned upon him, and in a moment laid him dead, juſt at the feet of his ruined and almoſt expiring wife! After having ſatiated their wicked will, they left us, bound as we were, where we continued the remainder of the day and whole night, and had doubtleſs periſhed through hunger and extreme cold, if a ſecond party had not paſſed that way, who having been out on a maroding, were then returning to the camp. — Being actuated by ſomewhat more compaſſion than the former, one of the officers made us be untied, and having heard our ſtory, blamed the cruelty with which we had been treated, and brought us to his tent, the ſame we now are in, and ordered ſomething ſhould be given for our refreſhment; but my lady has continued obſtinate to die, and to that end has refuſed all ſubſiſtence. This, oh invincible monarch! is the ſad hiſtory of our misfortunes: — misfortunes, which, alas! can never be retrieved, nor admit any conſolation, but in the hope of vengeance!

Here a torrent of tears cloſed the ſad narration; and the king cried out, turning as he ſpoke to us

that followed him, — It is the cauſe of heaven and earth, my friends, ſaid he, to puniſh theſe barbarians, and ſhew them that there is a God; for ſure at preſent they are ignorant of it!

The generous monarch after this gave orders that theſe afflicted and abuſed women ſhould be eſcorted to a place of ſafety, and for that purpoſe halted for the ſpace of two days, then proceeded towards *Grodno* with ſuch expedition, that after-ages will look upon it as incredible, that ſo large an army, and alſo encumbered with a great quantity of baggage, could have marched in the time they did.

But the king of *Sweden* was on fire to encounter in perſon the czar of *Muſcovy*, who, with about two thouſand men, was then in that city: ſo great was his impatience, that he galloped before his troops, not above ſix hundred of thoſe beſt mounted being able to keep pace with him, till he came in ſight of the ſouth-gate, which gave him entrance without any oppoſition, while the czar and his forces made their eſcape out at the north-gate, not doubting but the king of *Sweden*'s whole army were come up with him.

He was afterward ſo much vexed and aſhamed to think he had quitted the town to no more than ſix hundred of the enemy, that, to retrieve a miſtake, which he feared might be looked on as cowardice, being informed the body of the army was near five leagues off, he ſent a party of fifteen hundred horſe in order to ſurprize the king and his few guards. The *Muſcovites* entered by night; but the alarm being given, the fortune which ſtill had waited on the *Swediſh* armies, immediately put them all to the rout; and the army ſoon after arriving, the conqueror loſt no time, but purſued thoſe that remained alive into the foreſt of *Menſky*, on the other ſide of which the czar had then entrenched

entrenched himſelf, and had made the general rendezvous of the *Ruſſian* army, which was continually divided into parties; and ſometimes falling on the *Swedes* in the rear, and ſometimes in the flank, very much annoyed them in their march. Theſe brave men had alſo other difficulties to encounter with; the foreſt was ſo extremely thick, that the infantry were obliged to fell down trees every moment, during the whole time of their paſſage, to make way for the baggage and troops.

Their induſtry and vigour ſurmounting all theſe obſtacles, they once more found themſelves in an open country, but on the banks of a river, on the oppoſite ſide of which were twenty thouſand *Muſcovites* placed to oppoſe their croſſing. The king made no delay, but quitting his horſe, threw himſelf into the river, and was inſtantly followed by all the foot, while the troops under the command of general *Renchild* and *Hoorn*, galloped round thro' the moraſs in which that river ended, and both together charged the enemy, who, after ſome faint ſhew of reſiſtance, fled with the utmoſt precipitation. The whole army being now joined, marched on toward the *Boriſthenes*, but with fatigues which are impoſſible to be deſcribed: *Horatio* kept ſtill cloſe to the king, and whether he fought or marched, was on foot or on horſeback, was always in his ſight, ready to bear his commands to the generals, or aſſiſt him in the time of danger. More than once had the conqueror been indebted to this young warrior, for turning the point of the deſtructive ſword from giving him the ſame death he was dealing about to others; yet in all the dangers he had been in, never had he received one wound: and this often made the king ſay, who was a firm believer in predeſtination, that heaven deſigned him for a ſoldier. His fortune, his valour, his activity, add-

ed to his obliging and modeſt behaviour, indeed rendered him ſo dear to his royal maſter, that there were very few, if any, to whom he gave greater marks of his favour. And had *Doriſlaus*, or even *Charlotta* herſelf, all tender as ſhe was, and trembling for the hazards ſhe knew he had been expoſed to, ſeen him thus careſſed and honoured by the moſt glorious prince and greateſt hero in the world, they could ſcarce have wiſhed him to quit the poſt he was in, much leſs perſwaded him to do it.

He hitherto indeed had experienced only the happineſs of a martial life; for the fatigues, hardſhips, and dangers of it, he as little regarded as the intrepid and indefatigable prince he ſerved; but now arrived the time, which was to inflict on him the worſt miſeries of it, and make him almoſt curſe a vocation he had been in his ſoul ſo much attached to.

The king of *Sweden*, with his uſual ſucceſs having paſſed the *Boriſthenes*, encountered a party of ten thouſand *Muſcovites* and ſix thouſand *Calmuck Tartars*; but they gave way on the firſt onſet, and fled into a wood, where the king, following the dictates of his great courage, more than prudence, purſuing them, fell into an ambuſcade, which, throwing themſelves between him and three regiments of horſe that were with him, hem'd him in, and now began a very unequal fight. — Many of the gallant *Swedes* were cut to pieces, and the *Muſcovites* made quite up to his majeſty: — two aid-du-camps were killed within his preſence, his own horſe was ſhot under him, and as an equerry was preſenting him with another, both horſe and man were ſtruck dead in the ſame moment. — *Horatio* immediately alighted in order to mount the king, who now on foot, behaved with incredible valour, in that

that action was ſurrounded and taken priſoner, as were ſeveral others that had fought near his perſon. He had the ſatisfaction, however, while they were diſarming and tying his hands, to ſee colonel *Dardoff*, with his regiment, force thro' the *Calmucks*, and arrive timely enough to diſengage the king; after which, the army recovering its rank, and pouring in upon the enemy, he was not without hopes of regaining his liberty; but he was ſat upon a horſe, and bound faſt to the ſaddle, and compelled, with the others that were taken with him, to accompany the *Muſcovites*, in their flight, ſo was ignorant in what manner this re-encounter ended. Soon after repairing to the czar's quarters, theſe unfortunate officers of the king of *Sweden* were, with ſome others, who had before become their prize, ſent under a ſtrong guard to *Petersburg*, and thrown altogether into a miſerable dungeon.

It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the horrors of this place: — light there was, but it was only ſo much, as juſt ſerved to ſhew to each of theſe unhappy ſufferers the common calamity of them all. — The roof was arched indeed, but ſo low, that the ſhorteſt among them could ſcarce ſtand upright: — no kind of furniture, not even ſtraw to cover the damp earthen floor, which ſerved them for a ſeat by day and bed at night. Inured as they had been to hardſhips, the noiſomeneſs of this dreadful vault, killed many of them, and among the reſt a young *Swediſh* officer, named *Gullinſtern*, one with whom *Horatio* had contracted a very intimate friendſhip, and who, for his many excellent qualities, had been ſo dear to the king, that ſeeing him one day greatly wounded, and in danger of being taken priſoner, that generous prince obliged him to mount on his own

horſe, and fought on foot himſelf, till another could be brought.

The ſight of this gentleman expiring in his arms, filled *Horatio* with ſo poignant an anguiſh, that he wanted but little of following him; and, indeed, had it not been for the ſanguine hopes that the king would in a ſhort time complete the ruin of the czar, and not only reſtore them liberty, but alſo add vengeance to it, for the ill treatment they had found in his dominions, few, if any of them, had been able to ſupport the miſeries inflicted on them by theſe inhuman wretches, who, not content with burying them, in a manner alive, for the dungeon they were in was deep underground, and allowing them no other food than bread and water, once in twenty four hours, made ſavage ſport at their condition, ridiculed the conqueſts of their king, and ſpoke in the moſt opprobrious terms of his royal perſon, which, when ſome of them were unable to reſtrain themſelves from anſwering in a manner befitting their duty and love of juſtice, they were ſilenced by the moſt cruel ſtripes.

Thus were the officers of the king of *Sweden*, the meaneſt of whom were fit to be generals in any other army, ſubjected to the ſervile taunts, and inſolent behaviour of wretches undeſerving to be ranked among the human ſpecies.

A very little time had doubtleſs made them all find graves among theſe barbarians; ſcarce a day paſſed over without their company decreaſing by two or three, who were no ſooner dead, than dragged out by the heels, and thrown like dogs into a pit, without the leaſt funeral rites. But Providence at length thought fit to ſend them a relief by means they leaſt expected.

In one of the incurſions made by the *Muſcovites* into *Poland*, a very beautiful lady, whoſe father

ther had been killed in aſſerting the cauſe of *Staniſlaus*, was made priſoner: prince *Menzikoff*, who commanded theſe batallions, ſaw her, and became enamoured of her charms: ſhe was deſtitute of all friends, and in the conqueror's power, ſo thought it beſt to yield, what otherwiſe ſhe found him determined to ſeize: in fine, ſhe was his miſtreſs; and her ready compliance with his deſires, together with the love ſhe either had, or feigned to have for him, afterward gained her an abſolute aſcendant over him. Every one knows the intereſt he had with the czar; and he ſo far exerted it, as to get this fair favourite lodged in the palace, where ſhe was ſerved with the ſame ſtate and reſpect as if ſhe had been his wife.

This lady, whoſe name was *Edella*, happened to be walking with ſome of her attendants near where theſe unfortunate gentlemen were buried, at a time when three of them were dragged to their wretched ſepulchre, was touched with compaſſion, to ſee any thing that had a human ſhape, thus coarſely treated, though after death, and had the curioſity to order one of her people to enquire who thoſe perſons were, and what they had done, which hindered them from being allowed a *Chriſtian* burial.

She was no ſooner informed that they were *Swediſh* priſoners, than her ſoul ſhuddered at the thoughts of the *Ruſſian* barbarity; and not doubting but their uſage during life had been of a piece with that after their death, ſhe reſolved, if poſſible, to procure ſome abatement of the miſeries of thoſe who yet ſurvived.

To this end ſhe made it her buſineſs to examine what number of priſoners had been brought, of what condition they were, and where lodged; and being well acquainted with all ſhe wanted to know, went to the governor of *Petersburg*, and

ſo well repreſented how diſhonourable it was to the czar, and how oppoſite to the law of nations, to treat priſoners of war in a worſe manner than they would do condemned felons; that he knowing the power of prince *Menzicoff*, and fearing to diſoblige one ſo dear to him by a refuſal, conſented they ſhould be removed into an upper part of the priſon, where they would have more air, and alſo that they ſhould have an allowance of meat every day.

As the governor was a true *Muſcovite* in his nature, and had an implacable hatred to the king of *Sweden* and all that belonged to him, this was gaining a great deal; but it was not enough to ſatisfy the charitable diſpoſition of *Edella*; after their removal, ſhe went in perſon to viſit thoſe of them whom ſhe heard were gentlemen, and finding them only covered with rags, which ſome of the ſoldiers had put on them, after having ſtripped them of their own rich habits, ſhe ordered others, lined with furs, to be made for them, to defend them from the coldneſs of the ſeaſon; and not content to retrench a great part of her own table, ſold ſeveral fine jewels, and other trinkets the prince had beſtowed on her, to ſupply them with wine, and whatever neceſſaries ſhe ſuppoſed them to be accuſtomed to. That ſhe might be certain thoſe entruſted by her did not abuſe her good intentions, ſhe went often to the priſon herſelf to ſee how they were ſerved, and would ſometimes enter into diſcourſe with them concerning the battles they had been in, the ſettlement of *Staniſlaus*, and many other things relating to the *Poliſh* affairs. The gallant and courtly manner in which *Horatio* expreſſed himſelf on every occaſion, made her take a particular pleaſure in hearing him ſpeak: that rough, blunt behaviour, to which ſhe had been accuſtomed

ſince

ſince her being brought a captive into *Muſcovy*, gave double charms to the politeneſs with which ſhe found herſelf entertained by our young warrior; his blooming years, and the gracefulneſs of his perſon, contributed not a little alſo towards rendering every thing he ſaid more agreeable. Her liking of him grew by degrees into a friendſhip, no leſs tender than what one feels for very near relations, who, having never done any thing to diſoblige us, are more endeared by being under undeſerved calamity: but as the inclination ſhe had for him was perfectly innocent, and no way prejudicial to the prince who was in poſſeſſion of her perſon, ſhe made no ſecret of it, either to himſelf or thoſe ſhe converſed with, and was always talking of the wit, delicacy, and handſomeneſs of one of thoſe priſoners, whom it was well known were penſioners to her bounty. But how dangerous is it to be too open before perſons who, void of all true generoſity, or the leaſt principle of honour themſelves, never fail to put the worſt conſtruction on the actions of others. *Edella* was very near being undone by her ſincerity in acknowledging the diſtinction ſhe paid to merit, or the compaſſion ſhe felt for misfortunes, in a country where humanity to enemies is looked upon as a crime, friendſhip to thoſe of the ſame party altogether unknown, and even common civility never practiſed, but for the gratification of ſelf-intereſt, or ſome favourite paſſion.

This beautiful *Polander*, however, being treated by the *Muſcovites*, on account of the influence ſhe had over the prince *Menzikoff*, with as much complaiſance as it was in their power to ſhew, imagined their diſpoſition leſs ſavage than it was in reality; and when ſhe teſtified the pity ſhe had for thoſe unhappy gentlemen, it was with deſign to excite it in others, and engage them to join

with her in petitioning the czar, at his return, for their enlargement, there being no cartel for exchange of priſoners ſubſiſting between him and the king of *Sweden*.

Among the number ſhe hoped to gain to her party, was *Mattakeſa*, the relick of a general who had been in great favour with his prince. This lady, who could ſpeak *French*, having learned it of a recuſant that took ſhelter in *Ruſſia*, conſented to go with her one day to the priſon, and no ſooner ſaw *Horatio* than, unfortunately for him, *Edella*, and herſelf, ſhe became charmed with him: as ſhe was of the number of thoſe, who think nothing a crime that ſuits their own inclination, ſhe took not the leaſt pains to ſubdue the growing paſſion, but rather indulged it, in order to receive the higheſt degree of pleaſure in the gratification. She doubted not but *Edella* was her rival, and that it was for his ſake alone ſhe had been ſo beneficent to his fellow-ſufferers: to ſupplant her, therefore, was the firſt ſtep ſhe had to take, and ſhe reſolved to omit nothing for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XX.

The treachery of a Ruſſian *lady to her friend: her paſſion for* Horatio: *the method he took to avoid making any return; and ſome other entertaining occurrences.*

IT is eaſy to believe that *Horatio*, tho' relieved from that extremity of miſery he ſuffered while in the dungeon, was far from being able to content himſelf with his preſent condition: — a thouſand times he reproached himſelf for purſuing the dictates

dictates of a glory, which now ſeemed ſo tyrannic: — Have I, cried he, hazarded the eternal diſpleaſure of the beſt of men, — refuſed the invitation of the adorable *Charlotta*, — ſlighted the condeſcentions of her father, — been deaf both to intereſt and love, to become a priſoner to the worſt of barbarians! — Who now will pity me! — Or if they yet would be ſo good, how ſhall I acquaint them with my wretched fate! — Nay, were there even a poſſibility of that, what would the compaſſion of the whole world avail, ſince a ſlave to thoſe who, contrary to the law of nations, and even common humanity, refuſe, on any terms, to releaſe the wretches fallen into their ſavage power!

In this manner did he bewail himſelf night and day, and indeed had but too juſt reaſons for doing ſo: — he had heard, that the laſt time the czar had been at *Peterburg*, he had ſent all the priſoners he had then taken to *Siberia*, and other provinces of the greater *Tartary*, where they were compelled, without any diſtinction, to do the work of horſes rather than men, and doubted not but at his next return, all thoſe now in his power would meet the ſame fate, though the generous king of *Sweden* had ſent back the *Muſcovites* he had taken, by fifteen hundred and two thouſand at a time. — This, however, may be ſaid in favour of the czar, that by the many attempts he made to civilize his barbarous ſubjects, it muſt be ſuppoſed he would have been glad to have imitated this generoſity, had it been conſiſtent with his ſafety; but the caſe had this difference, *Charles* XII. feared not the number of the *Muſcovites*, but the czar feared the courage of the *Swedes*.

What alſo increaſed the affliction of theſe gentlemen was, that being debarred from all intelli-

gence, they could hear nothing of their king, whom each of them loved with a kind of filial affection and duty. — *Horatio* and two others had been witneſſes of the extreme danger in which they left him; and though at the time they were ſeized he had killed thirteen or fourteen *Muſcovites* with his own hand, and they perceived general *Dardoff* had come up to his relief, yet they could not be certain of his ſafety; till at length the ſweet-conditioned *Edella*, perceiving the deſpair they were in on this account, informed them that his majeſty was not only well, but as ſucceſsful as ever; that he had paſſed far into *Ukrania*, had defeated the *Muſcovites* in five battles, and ſo far reduced the czar, that he had condeſcended to make ſome overtures of peace; which having been rejected, it was the common opinion, that in a very ſhort time the *Swedes* would enter *Moſcow*, and become arbiters of *Ruſſia*, as they had been of *Poland*.

Adequate to their late grief, was their ſatisfaction at this joyful news: — *Horatio* was tranſported above his companions, and threw himſelf at the feet of the fair intelligencer; but ſhe deſired they would all of them moderate their contentment ſo far as to hinder the guards, who had the care of them, from perceiving it; becauſe, ſaid ſhe, it might not only draw on yourſelves worſe treatment, but alſo render me ſuſpected of being againſt the intereſt of a court, on which my fate has reduced me to become a dependant.

Horatio, as well as the others, aſſured her he would take care to manage the felicity ſhe had beſtowed upon them, ſo as not to be any way prejudicial to her; and ſhe took her leave, promiſing to be with them again in a few days, and bring them farther information, a courier from the camp, ſhe ſaid, being expected every hour.

But

But while this compaſſionate lady was pleaſing herſelf, by giving all the eaſe in her power to the diſtreſſed, the cruel *Mattakeſa* was plotting her deſtruction. — She had ſeveral of her kindred, and a great many acquaintance in the army, who were in conſiderable poſts, to all of whom ſhe exclaimed againſt the looſe behaviour, as ſhe termed it, of *Edella*, and repreſented her charities to the priſoners as the effects of a wanton inclination: this ſhe doubted not but would come to prince *Menzikoff*'s ears, and perhaps incenſe him enough to cauſe her to be privately made away with; for as ſhe imagined nothing leſs than the moſt amorous intercourſe between her and *Horatio*, ſhe thought it unadviſable to declare the paſſion ſhe had for him, till a rival ſo formidable, by the advantages ſhe had over her in youth and beauty, ſhould be removed.

This baſe woman therefore impatiently waited the arrival of the next courier, to find how far her ſtratagem had ſucceeded; and the moment ſhe heard he had delivered his diſpatches, flew to the apartment of *Edella*, in hopes of being informed of what ſhe ſo much deſired to know.

She was not altogether deceived in her expectations: ſhe found that lady drowned in tears, with a letter lying open before her; and on her enquiring, with a ſhew of the utmoſt concern, the motives of her grief, the other, who looked on her as her real friend, replied, Alas! *Mattakeſa*, I have cruel enemies; I cannot gueſs for what cauſe, for willingly I never gave offence to any one; — but ſee, continued ſhe, how barbarouſly they have abuſed my innocence, and repreſented actions which, heaven knows, were influenced only by charity and compaſſion, as the worſt of crimes! — with theſe words ſhe gave her the letter ſhe had juſt received from the prince.

Mat-

Mattakeſa took it with a greedy pleaſure, and found it contained theſe lines:

To EDELLA.

MADAM,

I Left you in a place, furniſhed, as I thought, with every thing neceſſary for your ſatisfaction; but I find I was miſtaken in your conſtitution, and that there was ſomething wanting, which, rather than not poſſeſs, you muſt have recourſe to a priſon to procure. — Ungrateful as you are to the affection I have treated you with, I am ſorry for your ill conduct, and could wiſh you had been, at leaſt, more private in your amours. Few men but would have ſent an order for removing you, and the perſons for whoſe ſake you have made theſe falſe ſteps, into a place where you would have cauſe to curſe the fatal inclination that ſeduced you. Think therefore how much you owe a prince, who, inſtead of puniſhing your faults, contents himſelf with letting you know he is not ignorant of them. — If you make a right uſe of the lenity I ſhew on this occaſion, you may perhaps retrieve ſome part of the influence you once had over me; but ſee the Swediſh *priſoners no more, if you hope, or ever more deſire to ſee*

MENZIKOFF.

Mattakeſa affected the greateſt aſtoniſhment on having read this letter; and after having curſed the perſons that put ſuch vile ſuſpicions into the prince's head, asked her, what ſhe intended to do?

What can I do! anſwered the ſorrowful *Edella*, but write to my lord all the aſſurances that words can give him, which heaven knows I can truly do, that I never wronged him, even in wiſh

or

or thought; and that ſince there are people ſo cruel to miſinterpret to my diſhonour, what was nothing but meer charity, to obey his commands with the utmoſt punctuality, and never ſet my foot into that priſon more.

Edella's friend could not but applaud her reſolution, and told her it was pity that ill tongues ſhould deprive thoſe unfortunate gentlemen of the relief ſhe had hitherto afforded them, or herſelf of the pleaſure ſhe took in their converſation.

As for the firſt, ſaid *Edella*, heaven may perhaps raiſe them other friends, more capable of aſſiſting them; and as to the other, were it infinitely greater, it would be my inclination, as it is my duty, to ſacrifice every thing to the will of a prince whom I love, and to whom I am ſo much obliged.

Mattakeſa having thus compaſſed her deſign, ſo far as to be under no apprehenſions of being interrupted by her imagined rival, though ſhe had rather ſhe had been poiſoned or ſtrangled, went directly to the priſon, and told the gentlemen, it was with the utmoſt concern ſhe muſt acquaint them, that *Edella* would never viſit them more, nor continue the weekly penſion ſhe had hitherto allowed them.

Thoſe among them who underſtood her, and the others to whom *Horatio* interpreted what ſhe ſaid, looked one upon another with a great deal of conſternation, as imagining one of them had done ſomething to offend her, and thereby the reſt were thought unworthy of her favours. — Every one endeavoured to clear himſelf of what he eaſily ſaw his companions ſuſpected him guilty of; till *Mattakeſa*, with a ſcornful ſmile, told them, that it was not owing to the behaviour of any of them, but to *Edella*'s own inconſtant diſpoſition, that they owed the withdrawing of her

her bounty; but to conſole them for the loſs of it, ſhe promiſed to ſpeak to ſome of her friends in their behalf, and alſo to contribute ſomething herſelf towards alleviating their misfortunes; but, added ſhe, I am not the miſtreſs of a prince and firſt favourite, ſo have it not in my power to act as the generoſity of my nature inclines mē to do.

She ſtayed with them a conſiderable time, and entertained them with little elſe than railing on *Edella*; and to make her appear as odious and contemptible as ſhe could to *Horatio*, inſinuated that it was for the ſake of a young needy favourite, ſhe had been obliged to withdraw the allowance they had from her.

On taking leave ſhe found means to ſlip a little billet into *Horatio*'s hands, unperceived by any of the company, which, as ſoon as he had a convenient opportunity, he opened, and found theſe words in *French:*

To the agreeable HORATIO.

SIR,

THO' I have not perhaps ſo much beauty as Edella, *I have twice her ſincerity, and not many years older: ſuch as I am, however, I fancy you will think a correſpondence with me of too much advantage to be refuſed:— if you will counterfeit an indiſpoſition, to morrow I will, out of exceſſive charity, viſit you, and bring you a refreſhment, I flatter myſelf, will not be diſagreeable to a man in your circumſtances: — farewell; — be ſecret, — and love as well as you can*

Yours,

MATTAKESA.

Of all the accidents that had befallen *Horatio* ſince

ſince his leaving *England*, none ever ſo much ſurprized him as the prodigious impudence of this lady: he had heard talk of ſuch adventures, but never till now believed there could be any ſuch thing in nature, as a woman that offered herſelf in this manner, without the leaſt ſollicitation from the perſon on whom ſhe wiſhed to laviſh what ought only to be the reward of an approved, or at leaſt a ſhew of the moſt violent paſſion.

The dilemma he was in how to behave, was alſo equal to his aſtoniſhment: — had ſhe been the moſt lovely of her ſex, as ſhe was very much the reverſe, the ever-preſent idea of his dear *Charlotta* would have defended his heart from the invaſions of any other charms; but he needed not that pre-engagement, to make him look with deteſtation on a woman of *Mattakeſa*'s principles: — when he reflected on what ſhe ſaid concerning *Edella*, he found her baſe, cenſorious and unjuſt: — and when he conſidered the manner in which ſhe proceeded, in regard to himſelf, he ſaw a lewdneſs and audacity, which rendered her doubly odious to him: — he doubted not but ſhe was wicked and ſubtle enough, to contrive ſome means of revenging herſelf, in caſe ſhe met with a diſappointment in her wiſhes, yet had too great an abhorrence to be able to entertain one thought of gratifying them.

As he was young and unexperienced in the world, he would have been glad of ſome advice how to act ſo as not to incur her reſentment, yet avoid her love; but the ſtrict notions he had of honour, remonſtrated to him, that he ought not to betray a ſecret of that nature, though confided in him by an ill woman.—Her baſeneſs, cried he, to himſelf, would be no excuſe for mine; and it is better for me to riſque whatever her malice

may

may inflict, than forfeit my character, by expoſing a woman who pretends to love me.

Theſe thoughts kept him waking the whole night; and his reſtleſsneſs being obſerved by an old *Swediſh* officer who lay with him, he was very much importuned by him diſcover to him the occaſion. — *Horatio* defended himſelf for a good while by the conſiderations before recited; but at length reflecting, that the perſon who was ſo deſirous of being let into the ſecret, had a great deal of diſcretion, he at length ſuffered himſelf to be prevailed upon, and told him what *Mattakeſa* had wrote to him, for he did not underſtand a word of *French*, ſo could not read the letter.

This officer no ſooner heard the ſtory, than he laughed heartily at the ſcruples of *Horatio*, in thinking himſelf bound to conceal an affair of this nature, with a woman of the character *Mattakeſa* muſt needs be: — he alſo rallied his delicacy, as he termed it, in heſitating one moment whether he ſhould gratify the lady's inclinations. — One would imagine, ſaid he, that ſo long a faſt from love as we have had, ſhould render our appetites more keen: — what, though *Mattakeſa* be neither handſome, nor very young, ſhe is a woman, and amorous, and methinks there ſhould need no other excitements to a young man like you.

Horatio, though naturally gay, was not at preſent in a diſpoſition to continue this raillery, and told his friend, he looked on this inclination of *Mattakeſa* to be as great a misfortune as could happen to them; for, ſaid he, as it is wholly out of my power to make her any returns, that violence of temper which has tranſported her to forget the modeſty of her ſex, will probably, when ſhe finds herſelf rejected, make her as eaſily throw off all the ſoftneſs of it; and you may all feel the

the effects of that revenge ſhe will endeavour to take on me.

The other was entirely of his opinion; and they both agreed, that ſome way ought to be thought on, to avert the ſtorm her reſentment might in all probability occaſion.

After many fruitleſs inventions, they at laſt hit upon one which had a proſpect of ſucceſs: they had in their company a gentleman called *Mullern*, nephew to chancellor *Mullern*, who had attended the king in all his wars: he was handſome, well made, and his age, though much ſuperior to that of *Horatio*, yet was not ſo far advanced as to render him diſagreeable to the fair ſex: he was of a more than ordinary ſanguine diſpoſition, and had often ſaid, of all the hardſhips their captivity had inflicted on them, he felt none ſo ſeverely as being deprived of a free converſation with women. — In the ravages the king of *Sweden*'s arms had made in *Lithuania*, *Saxony*, and *Poland*, he was ſure to ſecure to himſelf three or four of the fineſt women; and though he had been often checked by his uncle, and even by the king himſelf, for giving too great a looſe to his amorous inclination, yet all their admonitions were too weak to reſtrain the impetuoſity of his deſires this way. To him, therefore, they reſolved to communicate the affair; and as he was in other reſpects the moſt proper object among them to ſucceed in ſupplanting *Horatio*, ſo he was alſo by being perfectly well verſed in the *French* language, which the reſt were ignorant of.

Accordingly they told him what had happened, ſhewed him the letter, and how willing *Horatio* would be to transfer all the intereſt he had in this lady to him, if he could by any means ingratiate himſelf into her favour. *Mullern* was tranſported at the idea; and the ſtratagem contrived among them

them for this purpoſe was executed in the following manner:

Mattakeſa was punctual to the promiſe ſhe had made in her letter; and when ſhe came into the room, where ſhe uſually found the gentlemen all together, it being that were they dined, and ſaw not *Horatio*, ſhe doubted not but he had obſerved her directions, and pretended himſelf indiſpoſed, ſo asked for him, expecting to be told that he was ill; but when they anſwered that he was gone with one of the keepers to the top of the round tower, in order to ſatisfy his curioſity in taking a view of the town, ſhe was confounded beyond expreſſion, and could not imagine what had occaſioned him to ſlight an aſſignation, ſhe had flattered herſelf he would receive with extaſy.

As ſhe was in a little reſvery, endeavouring to comprehend, if poſſible, the motive of ſo manifeſt a neglect, *Mullern* drew near to her, and beginning to ſpeak of the beauties of that fine city, which the czar had erected in the midſt of war, he told her, that having a little skill in drawing, he had ventured to make a little sketch of it in chalk, on the walls of the room where he lay, and entreated her, in the moſt gallant manner, to look upon it, and give him her opinion, how far he had done juſtice, to an edifice he ſo much admired.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that *Mattakeſa* had in her ſoul any curioſity to ſee a work of this nature, yet, to hide as much as ſhe could the diſorder ſhe was in at her diſappointment, gave him her hand, in order to be conducted to the place where he pretended to have been exerciſing his genius.

As ſoon as they were entered he threw the door, as if by accident, which having a ſpring lock, immediately was made faſt.—She either did not, or ſeemed not to regard what he had done; but

but caſting her eyes round the room, and ſeeing nothing of what he had mentioned, — Where is this drawing? cried ſhe. In my heart, adorable *Mattakeſa*, anſwered he, falling at her feet at the ſame time: — it is not the city of *Peterſburg*, but the charming image of its brighteſt ornament, that the god of love has engraven on my heart in characters too indelible ever to be eraſed:—from the firſt moment I beheld thoſe eyes my ſoul has been on fire, and I muſt have conſumed with inward burnings had I not revealed my flame:—pardon, continued he, the boldneſs of a paſſion which knows no bounds; and tho' I may not be ſo worthy of your love as the too happy *Horatio*, I am certainly not leſs deſerving of your pity.

Surprize, and perhaps a mixture of ſecret ſatisfaction, prevented her from interrupting him during the firſt part of his diſcourſe; but rage, at the mention of *Horatio*, forced from her this exclamation: — Has the villain then betrayed me! cried ſhe. — No, madam, replied he, juſtice obliges me to acquit him, tho' my rival. — He had the misfortune, in putting your billet into his pocket, to let it fall: — I took it up unſeen by him,—opened it, read it, and muſt confeſs, that all my generoſity to my friend was wholly ſwallowed up in my paſſion for you.— I returned not to him that kind declaration you were pleaſed to make him, and he is ignorant of the bleſſing you intended for him:—if the crime I have been guilty of ſeems unpardonable in your eyes, command my death, I will inſtantly obey you, for life would be a torment under your diſpleaſure; and if, in my laſt moments, you vouchſafe ſome part of that ſoftneſs to the occaſion of my fate, that you ſo laviſhly beſtowed on the fortunate *Horatio*, I will bleſs the lovely mouth that dooms me to deſtruction!

He

He pronounced all this with an emphaſis, which made her not doubt the power of her charms; and ſurveying him while he was ſpeaking, found enough in his perſon to compenſate for the diſappointment ſhe had met with from *Horatio:* beſides, ſhe reflected, that if what he had told her concerning the dropping her letter, was a fiction, it was however an ingenious one, and ſhewed his wit, as well as love, in bringing both himſelf and friend off in ſo handſome a manner. She was infatuated with the praiſes he gave her; — the pathetic expreſſions he made uſe of, aſſured her of the ardency of his deſires, and as ſhe could not be certain of being able to inſpire *Horatio* with the ſame, ſhe wiſely choſe to accept the preſent offer, rather than wait for what might perhaps at laſt deceive her expectations. She made, however, no immediate anſwer; but her eyes told him ſhe was far from being diſpleaſed with what he had ſaid, and gave him courage to take up one of her hands and kiſs it, with an eagerneſs which confirmed his proteſtations.

At laſt, — Well, *Mullern*, ſaid ſhe, looking languiſhingly on him, ſince chance has made you acquainted with my foible, I think I muſt bribe you to ſecrecy, by forgiving the liberties you take with me: — and if I were convinced you really love me as well as you pretend, might indulge you yet farther.——An unaccountable caprice indeed ſwayed me in favour of *Horatio*, but I am now half inclinable to believe you are more deſerving my regard;—but riſe, continued ſhe, I will hear nothing from you while in that poſture.

Mullern, who was no leſs bold in love than war, immediately obeyed her, and teſtified his gratitude for her condeſcention, by giving a ſudden ſpring and ſnatching her to his breaſt, preſſed her in ſo arduous a manner, that ſhe would have been

been incapable of reſiſting, even tho' ſhe had an inclination to do ſo: but ſhe, no leſs tranſported than himſelf, returned endearment for endearment, and not only permitted, but aſſiſted all his raptures, — abſolutely forgot *Horatio*, as well as all ſenſe of her own ſhame, and yielded him a full enjoyment without even an affectation of repugnance.

Both parties, in fine, were perfectly ſatisfied with each other, and having mutually ſworn a thouſand oaths of fidelity which neither of them, it is probable, had any intention to keep, *Mullern* took upon himſelf the care of continuing to entertain her in private as often as ſhe came to the priſon, and in return ſhe made him a preſent of a purſe of gold, after which they paſſed into the outer room to prevent cenſures on their ſtaying too long together.

On their return they found *Horatio* with the other gentlemen. Abandoned as *Mattakeſa* was, ſhe could not keep herſelf from bluſhing a little at ſight of him; but ſoon recovering herſelf by the help of her natural audacity, — Well, *Horatio*, ſaid ſhe, what do you think of the little *French* epigram I put into your hands yeſterday;—has it not a very agreeable point?

Horatio had ſuch an averſion to all kind of deceit, that even here, where it was ſo neceſſary, he could not, without ſome heſitation, anſwer to what ſhe ſaid in theſe words. — Some accident or other, cried he, deprived me of the pleaſure you were ſo good to intend me; for when I put my hand in my pocket thinking to read it, I perceived I was ſo unhappy as to have loſt it: I looked for it in vain;—it was irrecoverably gone, and I am an utter ſtranger to the contents.

And ever ſhall be ſo, replied ſhe tartly, only to puniſh your careleſsneſs of a lady's favour; know, that

that it was a piece of wit which would have been highly agreeable to you: but don't expect I ſhall take the pains to write it over again, or even tell you the ſubject on which it turned.

Horatio cooly ſaid, he could not but confeſs he had been to blame, and muſt therefore allow the juſtice of her proceeding. As none preſent beſides himſelf, his bedfellow, and *Mullern*, knew the truth of this affair, what paſſed between them was taken by the others as literally ſpoken, and little ſuſpected to couch the myſtery it really did.

Mullern, after this, by the aſſiſtance of *Horatio* and the old officer, had frequent opportunities of gratifying his own and the amorous *Mattakeſa*'s deſires.—The teſtimonies ſhe gave him how well ſhe was pleaſed with his converſation, were for the common good of his companions. — *Horatio* was eaſy in finding himſelf out of all danger of any ſolicitations he was determined never to acquieſce in; and thoſe three who were in the ſecret paſſed their time pleaſantly enough, whenever they had an opportunity of talking on this adventure, without any of the others being witneſſes of what they ſaid.

CHAP. XXI.

The priſoners expectations raiſed: a terrible diſappointment: ſome of the chief carried to prince Menzikoff's *palace: their uſage there.* Horatio *ſet at liberty, and the occaſion.*

OUR captives had ſoon after a new matter of rejoicing: a *Polander* in the ſervice of *Muſcovy*, who had been taken priſoner by the *Swedes*, and was diſcharged and ſent home, with a great number

number of others, by the unparallell'd generoſity of *Charles* XII. was one of the guards who now did duty in the priſon. It was often his turn to bring them their poor allowance of proviſion; and having ſome pity for their condition, as well as gratitude for a people who had uſed him and his companions in a different manner, told them, that they might be of good heart, for, ſaid he, you will ſoon be ſet at liberty: — our emperor has enough to do to keep his ground in *Ukrania*: *Charles* is as victorious as ever: — the prince of the *Coſaques*, one of the braveſt men on earth, next to himſelf, has entered into an alliance with him: — king *Staniſlaus* is ſending him ſuccours from *Poland*: —— a powerful reinforcement is coming to him from *Lithuania*; and when theſe armies are joined, as I believe they already are, nothing can withſtand them: — you will hear the *Swediſh* march beat from this priſon walls, — and perhaps ſee your preſent conquerors change places with you; and, to confirm the truth of what I ſay, continued he, I can further aſſure you that the czar, before I left the camp, was in the utmoſt confuſion: — his council, as well as army, were at a ſtand, and he had twice made overtures of peace, and been refuſed.

This was an intelligence which might well be tranſporting to the king of *Sweden*'s officers: — the thoughts of ſeeing him enter *Petersburgh* a conqueror, — of once more embracing their old friends and companions, and of triumphing over thoſe who had ſo cruelly abuſed the power the chance of war had put into their hands, made them all, in their turns, hug and bleſs the kind informer: — they alſo aſked him ſeveral queſtions concerning the generals; and each being more particular concerning thoſe they had the greateſt In-

tereſt in, received from this ſoldier all the ſatisfaction they could deſire.

As couriers were continually arriving from the army, there paſſed few days without hearing ſome farther confirmation of their moſt ſanguine expectations; but at length the guard being again changed, they loſt all further intelligence, and were for ſeveral months without being able to hear any thing of what paſſed. They doubted not, however, but as things were in ſo good a diſpoſition, every day brought them nearer to the completion of their wiſhes; and it was this pleaſing proſpect which alleviated their misfortunes, and enabled them to ſuſtain chearfully thoſe hardſhips which, almoſt ever ſince the withdrawing of *Edella*'s bounty, they had laboured under. — *Mattakeſa*, in the beginning of her amours with *Mullern*, had indeed made him ſome preſents, which he ſhared with his companions; but either the natural inconſtancy of her temper making her grow weary of this intrigue for the ſake of another, or her circumſtances not allowing her to continue ſuch donations, ſhe ſoon grew ſparing of them, and at length totally deſiſted her viſits at the priſon.

As, ever ſince the compaſſionate *Edella* had procured them to be removed from the dungeon, they had enjoyed the privilege of walking on the leads, and going up to the round tower, which being of a very great height, not only overlooked the town, but the country round for a conſiderable diſtance, they frequently made uſe of this indulgence, at firſt for no other purpoſe than to have the benefit of the open air, but now in hope of ſeeing their beloved prince at the head of a victorious army approaching to give them liberty and relief.—But, alaſs! how terrible a reverſe of their high-raiſed expectations had inconſtant fortune in ſtore for them. — One day as they were ſitting together,

together, diſcourſing on the uſual topics with which they entertained each other, and endeavoured to beguile the tedious time, they heard a confuſed noiſe as of ſome ſudden tumult. — Tho' they had now been above a year in *Ruſſia*, none of them could ſpeak the language well enough to be underſtood, ſo could receive no information from the guard, even ſhould they have proved good-natured enough to be willing to ſatisfy their curioſity, ſo they all run haſtily up to the round tower, whence they eaſily perceived the town in great confuſion, and the people running in ſuch crowds, that in the hurry many were trampled to death in endeavouring to paſs the gates:—at a diſtance they perceived ſtandards waving in the air, but could not yet diſtinguiſh what arms they bore. — A certain ſhivering and palpitation, the natural conſequence of ſuſpence, ran thro' all their nerves, divided as they were at this ſight, between hope and fear; but when it drew more near, — when, inſtead of *Swediſh* colours they beheld thoſe of *Ruſſia*; — when, in the place where they expected to ſee their gallant king coming to reſtore them once more to freedom, they ſaw the implacable czar enter in triumph, followed by thoſe heroes, the leaſt of whom had lately made him tremble, now in chains, and expoſed to the ribald mirth and deriſion of the gaping crowd, they loſt at once their fortitude, and even all ſenſe of expreſſing their grief at this misfortune: — the ſhock of it was ſo violent, it even took away the power of feeling it, and they remained for ſome moments rather like ſtatues carved out by mortal art, than real men created by God, and animated with living ſouls. A general groan was the firſt mark they gave of any ſenſibility of this dreadful ſtroke of fate; but when recruited ſpirits once more gave utterance

to words, how terrible were their exclamations! Some of them, in the extravagance of deſpair, ſaid things relating to fate and deſtiny, which, on a leſs occaſion, could have little merited forgiveneſs.

Unable either to remove from the place, or view diſtinctly what their eyes were fixed upon, they ſtayed till the whole cavalcade was paſſed, then went down and threw themſelves upon the floor, where their ears were deafen'd by the noiſe of guns, loud huzza's, and other teſtimonies of popular rejoicings, both within and without the priſon walls. —What have we now to expect? cried one;—endleſs ſlavery, —chains, infamy, laſting as our lives, replied another. Then let us dye, added a third. Right, ſaid his companion fiercely;—the glory of *Sweden* is loſt! —Let us diſappoint theſe barbarians, theſe *Ruſſian* monſters, of the pleaſure of inſulting us on our country's fall.

In this romantic and diſtracted manner did they in vain endeavour to diſcharge their breaſts of the load of anguiſh each ſuſtained. —Their misfortune was not of a nature to be alleviated by words;—it was too mighty for expreſſion; and the more they ſpoke, the more they had yet to ſay. —For three whole days they refuſed the wretched ſuſtenance brought to them; neither did the leaſt ſlumber ever cloſe their eyelids by night: on the fourth the keeper of the priſon came, and told them they muſt depart. —They endeavoured not to inform themſelves how or where they were to be diſpoſed of; in their preſent condition all places were alike to them, ſo followed him, without ſpeaking, down ſtairs, at the bottom of which they found a ſtrong guard of thirty ſoldiers, who having chained them in a link, like ſlaves going to be ſold at the market, conducted them to a very ſtately palace adjoining to that belonging to the czar.

They

They were but eight in number, out of fifty-five who had been taken priſoners at the time *Horatio* was, and were thrown altogether in the dungeon, the others having periſhed thro' cold and the noyſomeneſs of the place, before *Edella* had procured them a more eaſy ſituation; but theſe eight that ſurvived were all officers, and moſt of them men of diſtinguiſhed birth as well as valour, tho' their long impriſonment, ſcanty food, and more than all, the grief they at preſent laboured under, made them look rather like ghoſts, than men choſe out of thouſands to fight always near the king of *Sweden*'s perſon in every hazardous attempt.

They were placed in a ſtately gallery, and there left, while the officer, who commanded the party that came with them, went into an inner room, but ſoon after returned, and another perſon with him; on which, the firſt of this unhappy ſtring was looſed from his companions, and a ſignal made to him to enter a door, which was opened for him, and immediately cloſed again.

For about half an hour there was a profound ſilence: our priſoners kept it thro' aſtoniſhment; and the others, it is to be ſuppoſed, had orders for doing ſo. — At the end of that time the door was again opened, and the chain which faſtened the ſecond *Swede* to the others, was untied, and he, in like manner as the former, bid to go in. — In ſome time after, the ſame ceremony was obſerved to a third; — then to a fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh: — *Horatio* chanced to be the laſt, who, tho' alarmed to a very great degree at the thoughts of what fate might have been inflicted on his companions, went fearleſs in, more curious to know the meaning of this myſterious proceeding, than anxious for what might befall him.

He had no ſooner paſſed the door, than he found himſelf in a ſpacious chamber richly adorned, at

the upper end of which ſat a man, leaning his head upon his arm in a thoughtful poſture.—*Horatio* immediately knew him to be prince *Menzikoff*, whom he had ſeen during a ſhort truce between the czar and king *Charles* of *Sweden*, when both their armies were in *Lithuania*. There were no other perſons preſent than one who had the aſpect of a *Jew*, and as it proved was ſo, that ſtood near the prince's chair, and a ſoldier who kept the door.

Horatio was bid to approach, and when he did ſo, —you are called hither, ſaid the jew in the *Sweediſh* language, to anſwer to ſuch queſtions as ſhall be aſked you, concerning a conſpiracy carried on between you and your fellow-priſoners with the enemies of *Ruſſia*. *Horatio* underſtood the language perfectly well, having converſed ſo long with *Swedes*, but never could attain to a perfect pronunciation of it, ſo replied in *French*, that he knew the prince could ſpeak *French*, and he would therefore anſwer to any interrogatories his highneſs ſhould be pleaſed to make without the help of an interpreter.

Are you not then a *Swede?* ſaid the prince. *Horatio* then told him that he was not, but came from *France* into the ſervice of the king of *Sweden* merely thro' his love of arms.

On theſe words *Menzikoff* diſmiſſed the *Jew*, and looked earneſtly on him; wan and pale as he was grown thro' his long confinement, and the many hardſhips he had ſuſtained, this prince found ſomething in him that attracted his admiration.—Methinks, ſaid he, ſince glory was your aim, you might as well have hoped to acquire it under the banners of our invincible emperor.

Alas! my lord, replied *Horatio* with a ſigh, that title, till very lately, was given to the king of *Sweden*, and, I believe, whatever fate has attended

tended that truly great prince, thoſe who had the honour to be diſtinguiſhed by him, will never be ſuſpected either of cowardice or baſeneſs.—It was by brave and open means our king taught his ſoldiers the way to victory, not by mean ſubterfuges and little plots: — I cannot therefore conceive for what reaſon I am brought hither to be examined on any ſcore that has the appearance of a conſpiracy.

Yes, replied the prince fiercely, you and your fellow-priſoners have endeavoured to inſinuate yourſelves into the favour of perſons whom you imagined entruſted with the ſecrets of the government:—being priſoners of war, you formed contrivances for your eſcape, and attempted to inveigle others to accompany your flight.

That every tittle of this accuſation is falſe, my lord, cried *Horatio*, there needs no more than the improbability of it to prove. — Indeed the cruel uſage we ſuſtained, might have juſtified an attempt to free ourſelves, yet did ſuch a deſign never enter our heads: —we were ſo far from making uſe of any ſtratagems for that purpoſe, that we never made the leaſt overture to any of the guards, who were the only perſons we were allowed to converſe with.

How! ſaid the prince interrupting him, were not your privileges enlarged by the interpoſition of a lady? — Did ſhe not make you conſiderable allowances out of her own purſe, and frequently viſit you to receive your thanks? — And were you not emboldened by theſe favours to urge her to reveal what ſecrets were in her knowledge, and even to aſſiſt you in your eſcape? — You doubtleſs imagined you could prevail on her alſo to go with you: — part of this, continued he, ſhe has herſelf confeſſed: —it will therefore be in vain for you to deny it: — if you ingenuouſly reveal thoſe

particulars ſhe has omitted, you may hope to find favour; but if you obſtinately perſiſt, as your companions have done, in attempting to impoſe upon me, you muſt expect to ſhare the ſame fate immediately.

In ſpeaking theſe words he made a ſign to the ſoldier, who throwing open a large folding door, diſcovered a rack on which one of the *Swediſh* officers was tied, and the others ſtood near bound, and in the hands of the executioner.

This ſight ſo amazed *Horatio*, that he had not the power of ſpeaking one word; — till *Mullern*, who happened to be the perſon that was faſtened on the rack, cried out to him,—Be not loſt in conſternation, *Horatio*, ſaid he; are we not in the hands of *Muſcovites*, from whom nothing that is human can be expected?—rather prepare yourſelf to diſappoint their cruelty, by bravely ſuffering all they dare inflict.

Hold then, ſaid *Horatio*, even *Muſcovites* would chuſe to have ſome pretence for what they do; and ſure the firſt favourite and generaliſſimo of a prince, who boaſts an inclination to civilize his barbarous ſubjects, will not, without any cauſe, torture thoſe whom chance alone has put into his power, and who have never done him any perſonal injury. — By heaven, purſued he, turning to the prince, we all are innocent of any part of thoſe crimes laid to our charge: — time, perhaps, if our declarations are ineffectual, will convince your highneſs we are ſo, and you will then regret the injuſtice you have done us.

You are all in one ſtory, cried the prince, but I am well aſſured of the main point: — the particulars is all I want to be informed of:—but ſince I am compelled to ſpeak more plain, which of you is it for whoſe ſake you all received ſuch inſtances of *Edella*'s bounty? — Whoever tells me that, even

even tho' it be the perſon himſelf, ſhall have both pardon and liberty.

Impoſſible it is to expreſs the aſtoniſhment every one was in at this demand: five of them had not the leaſt notion what it meant; but *Mullern*, *Horatio*, and that friend to whom he had ſhewn the letter of *Mattakeſa*, had ſome conjecture of the truth, and preſently imagined that lady had been the incendiary to kindle the flame of jealouſy in the prince's breaſt. The affair, however, was of ſo nice a nature, that they knew not how to vindicate *Edella* without making her ſeem more guilty, ſo contented themſelves with joining with the others, in proteſting they knew of no one among them who could boaſt of receiving any greater favours from her than his fellows, but that what ſhe did was inſtigated merely by compaſſion, ſince ſhe had never ſeen, or knew who any of them were, till after ſhe had moved the governor in their behalf:—they acknowledged ſhe had been ſo good as to come ſometimes to the priſon, in order to ſee if thoſe ſhe entruſted with her bounty had been faithful in the deliverry of it; but that ſhe never made the leaſt difference between them, and never had converſation with any one of them that was not in the preſence of them all. *Mullern* could not forbear adding to this, that he doubted not but the perſons who had incenſed his highneſs into groundleſs ſurmiſes, were alſo the ſame who had hindered her, by ſome falſe inſinuations or other, from continuing the allowance her charity allowed them, and for the want of which they had ſince been near periſhing.

Prince *Menzikoff* liſtened attentively to what each ſaid, and with no leſs earneſtneſs fixed his eyes on the face of every one as they ſpoke.—Finding they had done, he was about giving ſome

orders on their account, when the keeper of the priſon came haſtily into the room, and having entreated pardon for the interruption, preſented a letter to the prince, directed for brigadier *Mullern*, and brought, he ſaid, juſt after the priſoners were carried out.

Menzikoff commended his zeal in receiving and bringing it to him, as it might poſſibly ſerve to give ſome light into the affair he was examining.

Having peruſed it, he demanded which of them was named *Mullern?* I am, replied the brave *Swede*; and neither fear, nor am aſhamed of any thing under that name.

Hear then what is wrote to you by a lady, reſumed the prince, with a countenance more ſerene than he had worn ſince their being brought before him, and preſently read with a very audible voice theſe words:

THAT you have been ſo long without ſeeing me, my dear Mullern, *or hearing from me, is not owing to any decreaſe in my affection, but to the neceſſity of my affairs:—if you have any regard for me remaining, I conjure you, if ever you are aſked any queſtions concerning the frequent viſits I have made you, to ſay I was ſent by* Edella, *and that I was no more than her emiſſary in the aſſiſtance you received from me:—add alſo that you have reaſon to believe her charity was excited by her liking one of your company:—mention who you think fit; but I believe* Horatio, *as the youngeſt and moſt handſome, will be the moſt likely to gain credit to what you ſay.—Depend upon it, that if you execute this commiſſion artfully, I will recompence it by procuring your liberty:—nor need you have any ſcruples concerning it, for no perſon will be*

be prejudiced by it, and the reputation preſerved of

Yours,

MATTAKESA.

I ſuppoſe, ſaid the prince, as ſoon as he had done reading, turning to *Horatio*, you are the perſon mentioned in the letter? Tho' I neither deſire nor deſerve the epithets given me there, my lord, replied he, yet I will not deny but I am called *Horatio*.

Well, reſumed the prince with a half ſmile, I am ſo well pleaſed with the conviction this letter has given me, that I ſhall retain no reſentment againſt the malicious author of it.

He then ordered *Mullern* to be taken from the rack, which had never been ſtrained; nor had he any intention, as he now aſſured him, to put him to the torture, but only to intimidate him, being reſolved to make uſe of every method he could think of for the full diſcovery of every thing relating to the behaviour of his beloved *Edella*.—The other gentlemen had alſo their fetters taken off, and the prince aſked pardon of them ſeverally for the injury he had done them; then made them ſit down and partake of a handſome collation at that table, before which they had ſo lately ſtood as delinquents at a bar.

The *Ruſſians* are exceſſive in their carouſes, and prince *Menzicoff* being now in an admirable good humour, made them drink very freely: — to be the more obliging to his gueſts, he began the king of *Sweden*'s health in a bumper of brandy, proteſting at the ſame time, that though an enemy to his maſter, he loved and venerated the hero: *Horatio* on this ventured to enquire in what condition his majeſty was; to which the prince re-

plied, that being greatly wounded, he was obliged to leave the field, and, it was believed, had took the road toward the dominions of the grand ſignior, ſome of the *Ruſſian* troops having purſued him as far as the *Boryſthenes*, where, by the incredible valour of a few that attended him, they had been beat back.

The *Swediſh* officers knew it muſt be bad indeed when their king was compelled to fly; and this renewed in them a melancholy, which it was not in the power of liquor, or the preſent civilities of the prince to diſſipate: they alſo learned that the generals *Renchild*, *Slipenbock*, *Hamilton*, *Hoorn*, *Leuenhaup*, and *Stackelburg*, with the prince of *Wirtemburg*, count *Piper*, and the flower of the whole army, were priſoners at *Moſcow*.

The misfortune of theſe great men would have been very afflicting to thoſe who heard it, could any thing have given addition to what they knew before. — Prince *Menzikoff* was ſenſible of what they felt, and to alleviate their grief, aſſured them, that he would take upon him to give them all their liberty, without even exacting a promiſe from them never more to draw their ſwords againſt the czar, in caſe the king of *Sweden* ſhould ever be able to take the field again.

So generous a proceeding both merited and received their utmoſt acknowledgments: but he put an end to the ſerious demonſtrations they were about to make him of their gratitude, by ſaying, — I pay you no more than I owe you: — I have wronged you: — this is but part of the retaliation I ought to make: — beſides, added he laughing, *Mattakeſa* promiſed *Mullern* his freedom; and as ſhe has done me the good office, though undeſignedly, of revealing to me her own treachery,

I can do no leſs than aſſiſt her in fulfilling her covenant.

To prove how much he was in earneſt, he called his ſecretary, and ordered him to make out their paſſports with all expedition, that they might be ready to depart next morning; after which, he made them repoſe themſelves in his palace the remainder of the night; which being in a manner vaſtly different from what they had been accuſtomed to of a long time, indeed ever ſince their quitting *Alranſtadt*, they did not fail to do, notwithſtanding the diſcontent of their minds.

Prince *Menzikoff*, being now convinced of the fidelity of *Edella*, paſſed into her apartment, where the reconciliation between them took up ſo much time, that it was near noon next day before he appeared: his new gueſts had not quitted their chambers much ſooner; but after reproaching themſelves for having been ſo tardy, went altogether to take leave of the prince, and accept the paſſports he had been ſo good to order. As they were got ready, he gave them immediately into their hands, and told them, they were at liberty to quit *Petersburgh* that moment, if they pleaſed; or if they had any curioſity to take a view of that city, they might gratify it, and begin their journey next morning. As it was now ſo late in the day, they accepted his highneſs's offer, and walked out to ſee a place which had excited ſo much admiration in the world, ſince from a wild waſte in ten years time, a ſpacious and moſt beautiful city had aroſe in the midſt of war, and proved the genius of the founder greater in civil, than in military arts, though it muſt be owned he was indefatigable in the ſtudy of both.

The officers of the king of *Sweden* were entertained with the ſame elegance and good humour they had been in the night before; and as they were

were now reſolved to quit the city extremely early, the prince took leave of them that night, and in doing ſo put a purſe of gold into the hands of every one to defray the expences of their travelling. This behaviour obliged them to own there was a poſſibility of ſowing the ſeeds of humanity in *Muſcovy*, and that the czar had made ſome progreſs in influencing thoſe about him with the manners he had himſelf learned in the politer courts.

CHAP. XXII.

What befel Louiſa *in the monaſtery: the ſtratagem ſhe put in practice to get out of it: her travels thro'* Italy, *and arrival in* Paris.

BUT while *Horatio* was thus experiencing the viciſſitudes of fortune, his beautiful ſiſter ſuffered little leſs from the caprice of that fickle goddeſs. Placed as ſhe was, one would have thought ſhe had been ſecure from all the temptations, hurries, and dangers of the world, and that nothing but the death or inconſtancy of monſieur *du Pleſſis* could have again involved her in them. Theſe, indeed, were the ſole evils ſhe trembled at, and which ſhe chiefly prayed might not befal her. Yet as it often happens that thoſe diſaſters which ſeem moſt remote are neareſt to us, ſo did the diſappointments ſhe was ordained to ſuffer, riſe from a quarter ſhe had the leaſt reaſon to apprehend.

The abbeſs and nuns, with whom ſhe was, being all *Italians*, ſhe ſet herſelf to attain to the knowledge of their language, in which ſhe ſoon became

became a very great proficient, and capable of entertaining them, and being entertained by them, in the moſt agreeable manner. — The ſweetneſs of her temper, as well as her good ſenſe, rendering her always ambitious of acquiring the affection of thoſe ſhe converſed with, ſhe had the ſecret to ingratiate herſelf not only to the youngeſt nuns, but alſo to the elder and moſt auſtere, that the one were never pleaſed but when in her company, and the others propoſed her as an example of piety and ſweetneſs to the reſt.

She had a very pretty genius to poetry, and great skill in muſic, both which talents ſhe now exerciſed in ſuch works as ſuited the place and company ſhe was in. — The hymns and anthems ſhe compoſed were not only the admiration of that convent, but alſo of ſeveral others to whom they were ſhewn, and ſhe was ſpoke of as a prodigy of wit and devotion.

In fine, her behaviour rendered her extremely dear to the ſuperior; and that affection, joined to a ſpiritual pride, which thoſe ſanctified devotees are ſeldom wholly free from, made her very deſirous of retaining her always in the convent: — ſhe was therefore continually preaching up to her the uncertainty of thoſe felicities which are to be found in the world, and magnifying that happy ſerenity, which a total renunciation from it afforded; — nay, ſometimes went ſo far, as to inſinuate, there was ſcarce a poſſibility for any one encumbered with the cares, and ſurrounded with the temptations of a public life, to have thoſe diſpoſitions which are requiſite to enjoy the bleſſings of futurity. — Ah, my dear daughter, would ſhe ſay frequently to her, how much ſhould I rejoice, to find in you a deſire to forego all the tranſitory fleeting pleaſures of the world, and devote yourſelf entirely to heaven! — what raptures

tures would not your innocent ſoul partake, when, wholly devoid of all thought of ſenſual objects, you would be, even while on earth, a companion for angels and bleſſed ſpirits, and borne on the wings of heavenly contemplation, have your dwelling above, and be worſhipped as a ſaint below.

All the old nuns, and ſome of the young ones, aſſiſted their abbeſs in endeavouring to prevail on *Louiſa* to take the veil; but all that they ſaid made no impreſſion on her mind, not but ſhe had more real piety than perhaps ſome of thoſe who made ſo great a ſhew of it, but ſhe was of a different way of thinking; and though ſhe knew the world had its temptations, having experienced them in a very great degree, yet ſhe was convinced within herſelf, that a perſon of virtuous principles might be no leſs innocent out of a cloiſter than in one. — She ſaw alſo among this ſiſterhood a great deal of envy to each other, and perceived eaſily that the flaming zeal profeſſed among them, was, in ſome, hypocriſy, and enthuſiaſm in others; ſo that had ſhe had no prepoſſeſſion in favour of *du Pleſſis*, or any engagement with him, the life of a nun was what ſhe never ſhould have made choice of.

She kept her ſentiments on this occaſion entirely to herſelf however, and made no ſhew of any repugnance to do as they would have her: but whenever they became ſtrenuous in their preſſures, told them, ſhe doubted not but ſuch a life as they deſcribed, muſt be very angelic; but having already diſpoſed of her vows, it was not in her power to withdraw them, nor would heaven accept ſo violated an offering. This, they told her, was only a ſuggeſtion of ſome evil ſpirit, and that all engagements to an earthly object, both might and ought to be diſpenſed with for a divine vocation. The arguments they made uſe of for this

this purpoſe, were artful enough to have impoſed on ſome minds, but *Louiſa* had two much penetration not to ſee through them; and being unwilling to diſoblige them by ſhewing that ſhe did ſo, made uſe, in her turn, of evaſions which the circumſtances of the caſe rendered very excuſable. But fully perſwaded in their minds that it was ſolely her engagements with *du Pleſſis*, that rendered her ſo refractory to their deſires, they reſolved to break it off, if poſſible, and to that end now intercepted his letters; two of which giving an account that he was very much wounded and unable to travel, they renewed their preſſures, in order to prevail on her to take the habit, before he ſhould be in a condition to come to *Bologna*.

Theſe ſollicitations, however, had no other effect than to embitter the ſatisfaction ſhe would otherwiſe have enjoyed during her ſtay among them; — the time of which began now to ſeem tedious, and ſhe impatiently longed for the end of the campaign, which ſhe expected would return her dear *du Pleſſis* to her, and ſhe ſhould be removed from a place where diſſimulation, a vice ſhe deteſted, was in a manner neceſſary. She had received ſeveral letters from him before the abbeſs took it in her head to ſtop them, each more endearing than the former; and the laſt had flattered her with the hope of ſeeing him in a very ſhort time.

Days, weeks, and months paſſed over, after an aſſurance ſo pleaſing to her wiſhes, without any confirmation of the repeated vows he had made; and receiving from him no account of the reaſons that delayed him, ſhe began to reproach herſelf for having placed too much confidence in him: — the more time elapſed, the more cauſe ſhe had to doubt his ſincerity, and believe her misfortune

real:

real: — in fine, it was near half a year that ſhe languiſhed under a vain expectation of ſeeing, or at leaſt hearing from him. — Sometimes ſhe imagined a new object had deprived her of his heart; but when ſhe called to mind the many proofs he had given her of the moſt unparallelled generoſity that ever was, ſhe could not think that if he even ceaſed to love her, he could be capable of leaving her in ſo cruel a ſuſpence: — no, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, he would have let me know I had no more to depend on from him: — paper cannot bluſh, and as he is out of the reach of my upbraidings, he would certainly have acquainted me with my fate, confeſſed the inconſtancy of his ſex, and exerted that wit, of which he has ſufficient, to have excuſed his change: — I will not, therefore, injure a man whom I have found ſo truly noble: — death, perhaps, has deprived me of him; the unrelenting ſword makes no diſtinction between the worthy and unworthy; — and the brave, the virtuous *du Pleſſis*, may have fallen a victim in common with the moſt vulgar.

Theſe apprehenſions had no ſooner gained ground in her imagination, than ſhe became the moſt diſconſolate creature in the world. The abbeſs took advantage of her melancholy, as knowing the occaſion of it, and began to repreſent, in the ſtrongeſt terms, the inſtability of all human expectations. — You may eaſily ſee, my dear child, ſaid ſhe, that monſieur either no longer lives, or ceaſes to live for you; — young men are wavering, every new object attracts their wiſhes; — they are impatient for a time, but ſoon grow cool; — abſence renders them forgetful of their vows and promiſes; — there is no real dependance on them; — fly therefore to that divine love which never can deceive you; — give yourſelf up to heaven,

heaven, and you will ſoon be enabled to deſpiſe the fickle hopes of earth.

Inſtead of ſaying any thing to comfort her, in this manner was ſhe continually perſecuted; and though it is impoſſible for ony one to have leſs inclination to a monaſtic life than ſhe had, yet the depreſſion of her ſpirits, the firm belief ſhe now ſhould never ſee *du Pleſſis* more, the misfortune of her circumſtances, joined to the artifices they made uſe of, and the repeated offers of accepting her without the uſual ſum paid on ſuch occaſions, might poſſibly at laſt have prevailed on her. — She was half convinced in her mind that it was the only aſylum left to ſhield her from the wants and inſults of the world; and the more ſhe reflected on the changes, the perplexities, and vexations of different kinds, the few years ſhe yet had lived had preſented her with, the more reaſon ſhe found to acquieſce with the perſwaſions of the abbeſs. But heaven would not ſuffer the deceit practiſed on her to be crowned with ſucceſs, and diſcovered it timely enough to prevent her from giving way to that deſpair, which alone could have prevailed with her to yield to their importunities.

There was among the ſiſterhood a young lady called *donna Leonora*, who being one of many daughters of a family, more eminent for birth than riches, was compelled, as too many are, to become a nun, in order to prevent her marrying beneath her father's dignity. She had taken a great liking to *Louiſa* from the moment ſhe came into the convent, and a farther acquaintance ripened it into a ſincere friendſhip. Though ſecluded from the world, the auſtere air of a monaſtery had no effect upon her, ſhe ſtill retained her former vivacity; and it was only in the converſation theſe two had together, whenever they could

ſeparate

ſeparate from the others, that *Louiſa* found any cordial to revive her now almoſt ſinking ſpirits.

One day as ſhe was ruminating on her melancholy affairs, this young nun came haſtily into her chamber, and with a countenance that, before ſhe ſpoke, denoted ſhe had ſomething very extraordinary to acquaint her with, — Dear ſiſter, cried ſhe, I bring you the moſt ſurprizing news, but ſuch as will be my ruin if you take the leaſt notice of receiving it from me; and perhaps your own, if you ſeem to be acquainted with it at all.

It is not to be doubted but *Louiſa* gave her all the aſſurances ſhe could deſire of an inviolable ſecrecy; after which, know then, reſumed this ſweet-conditioned lady, that your lover, monſieur *du Pleſſis*, is not only living, but as faithful as your ſoul can wiſh, or as you once believed: — the cruelty of the abbeſs, and ſome of the ſiſterhood in the plot with her, have concealed the letters he has ſent to you, in order to perſwade you to become a nun: — I tremble to think of their hypocriſy and deceit: — but what, continued ſhe, is not to be expected from bigotry and enthuſiaſm! — To increaſe the number of devotees they ſcruple nothing, and vainly imagine the means is ſanctified by the end.

Little is it in the power of words to expreſs the aſtoniſhment *Louiſa* was in to hear her ſpeak in this manner; but as ſhe had no room to doubt her ſincerity, only asked by what means ſhe had attained the knowledge of what the perſons concerned, no doubt, intended to keep as much a ſecret as poſſible; on which the other ſatisfied her curioſity in theſe terms:

To confeſs the truth to you, ſaid ſhe, I ſtole this afternoon into the chapel, in order to read a little book brought me the other day by one of my friends; as it treated on a ſubject not allowable

able in a convent, I thought that the moſt proper place to entertain myſelf with it; and was ſitting down in one of the confeſſionals, when hearing the little door open from the gallery, I ſaw the abbeſs and ſiſter *Clara*, who, you know, is her favourite and confidante, come in together, and as ſoon as they were entered, ſhut the door after them. I cannot ſay I had any curioſity to hear their diſcourſe; but fearing to be ſuſpected by them in my amuſement, and not knowing what excuſe to make for being there, if I were ſeen, I ſlid down, and lay cloſe at the bottom of the confeſſional. They happened to place themſelves very near me; and the abbeſs taking a letter out of her pocket, bad *Clara* read it, and tell her the ſubſtance of it as well as ſhe could. I found it was in *French*, by ſome words which ſhe was obliged to repeat over and over, before, not perfectly underſtanding the language, ſhe could be able to find a proper interpretation of. The abbeſs, who has a little ſmattering of it herſelf, ſometimes helped her out, and between them both I ſoon found it came from monſieur *du Pleſſis*, and contained the moſt tender and compaſſionate complaint of your unkindneſs in not anſwering his letter; — that the ſymptoms he had of approaching death, were not half ſo ſevere to him as your refuſing him a conſolation he ſtood ſo much in need of; that if you found him unworthy of your love, he was certainly ſo of your compaſſion; and concluded with the moſt earneſt intreaty, you would ſuffer him to continue no longer in a ſuſpence more cruel than a thouſand deaths could be.

Oh heaven! cried *Louiſa*, burſting into tears, how ungrateful muſt he think me, and how can I return, as it deſerves, ſo unexampled a conſtancy, after ſuch ſeeming proofs of my infidelity! — Cruel, cruel, treacherous abbeſs! purſued ſhe; is this

this the fruits of all your boaſted ſanctity!—This the return to the confidence the generous *du Pleſſis* repoſed in you!—This your love and friendſhip to me!—Does heaven, to increaſe the number of its votaries, require you to be falſe, perfidious, and injurious to the world!

She was proceeding in giving vent to the anguiſh of her ſoul in exclamations ſuch as theſe, but *Leonora* begged ſhe would moderate her grief, and for her ſake, as much as poſſible, conceal the reaſons ſhe had for reſentment. *Louiſa* again promiſed ſhe would do her utmoſt to keep them from thinking ſhe even ſuſpected they had played her falſe;—then cried, but tell me, my dear *Leonora*, were they not a little moved at the tender melancholy which, I perceive, ran thro' this epiſtle? Alas! my dear, replied the other, they have long ſince forgot thoſe ſoft emotions which make us ſimpathize in the woes of love:—inflexible by the rigid rules of this place, and more by their own age, they rather looked with horror than pity on a tender inclination:—they had a long converſation together, the reſult of which was to ſpare nothing that might either perſuade, or, if that failed, compel you to take the order.

It is not in their power to do the latter, interrupted *Louiſa*; and this diſcovery of their baſeneſs, more than ever, confirms me in the reſolution never to conſent.

You know not what is in their power, ſaid *Leonora*; they may make pretences for confining you here, which, as they are under no juriſdiction but the church, the church will allow juſtifiable:—indeed, *Louiſa*, continued ſhe, I ſhould be loth to ſee you have recourſe to force to get out of their hands, which would only occaſion you ill treatment:—to whom, alas, can you complain!—you are a ſtranger in this country, without any

one

one friend to eſpouſe your cauſe. — Were even *du Pleſſis* here in perſon, I know not, as they have taken it into their heads to keep you here, if all he could urge, either to the pope or conſiſtory, would have any weight to oblige them to relinquiſh you. A convent is the ſecureſt priſon in the world; and whenever any one comes into it, who by any particular endowment promiſes to be an ornament to the order, cannot, without great difficulty, diſentagle themſelves from the ſnares laid for them. — It is for this reaſon I have feared for you ever ſince your entrance; for though I ſhould rejoice in ſo agreeable a companion, I know too well the miſeries of an enforced attachment to wiſh you to be partaker of it.

Louiſa found too much reaſon in what ſhe ſaid, to doubt the miſery of her condition; —ſhe knew the great power of the church in all theſe countries where the roman-catholic religion is eſtabliſhed, more eſpecially in thoſe places under the papal juriſdiction, and ſaw no way to avoid what was now more terrible to her than ever. Theſe reflections threw her into ſuch agonies, that *Leonora* had much ado to keep from falling into fits: — ſhe conjured her again and again, never to betray what ſhe had entruſted her with; aſſuring her, that if it were ſo much as gueſſed at, ſhe ſhould be expoſed to the worſt treatment, and puniſhed as an enemy to the order of which ſhe was a member. *Louiſa* as often aſſured her that nothing ſhould either tempt or provoke her to abuſe that generous friendſhip ſhe had teſtified for her; but as ſhe was not able to command her countenance, though ſhe could her words, ſhe reſolved to pretend herſelf indiſpoſed and keep her bed, that ſhe might be the leſs obſerved, or the change in her ſhould ſeem rather the effects of ill health than any ſecret diſcontent.

It

It was no ſooner mentioned in the convent that ſhe was out of order, than the abbeſs herſelf, as well as the whole ſiſterhood, came to her chamber, and ſhewed the greateſt concern: the tender care they took of her would have made her think herſelf infinitely obliged to them, and perhaps gone a great way in engaging her continuance among them, had ſhe not been apprized of their falſhood in a point ſo little to be forgiven.

So great an enemy was ſhe to all deceit herſelf, that it was difficult for her to return the civilities they treated her with, as they might ſeem to deſerve; but whatever omiſſions ſhe was guilty of in this particular, were imputed to her diſpoſition; and the whole convent continued to be extremely aſſiduous to recover her.

During the time of her feigned illneſs, her thoughts were always employed on the means of getting away. Whenever *Leonora* and ſhe were together, a hundred contrivances were formed, which ſeemed equally alike impracticable; but at length they hit upon one which had a promiſing aſpect, and *Louiſa*, after ſome ſcruples, reſolved to make trial of. It was this:

As hypocriſy was made uſe of to detain her, hypocriſy was the only method by which ſhe could hope to get her liberty: — pretending, therefore, to be all at once reſtored to her former health, ſhe ſent to entreat the abbeſs, and ſome other of the moſt zealons of the ſiſterhood to come into her chamber, where, as ſoon as they entered, they found her on her knees before the picture of the virgin, and ſeeming in an extacy of devotion: Yes, holy virgin, cried ſhe, as if too much taken up to ſee who entered, I will obey your commands; — I will devote myſelf entirely to thee: — I will follow where thou calleſt me: thou, who haſt reſtored me, ſhalt have the firſt fruits

fruits of my ſtrength: — and oh, that *Loretto* were at a greater diſtance, — to the utmoſt extend of land and ſea would I go to ſeek thee! — In uttering theſe ejaculations ſhe proſtrated herſelf on the floor; — then riſing again, as tranſported in a manner out of herſelf, — I come, —I come, cried ſhe; — ſtill do I hear thy heavenly voice!

In this fit of enthuſiaſm did ſhe remain for above half an hour, and ſo well acted her part, that the abbeſs, who would not offer to interrupt her, believed it real, and was in little leſs agitation of ſpirit than *Louiſa* pretended to be.

At length ſeeming to come to herſelf, ſhe turned towards the company, as tho' ſhe but juſt then diſcovered they were in the room; Oh, madam, ſaid ſhe to the abbeſs, how highly favoured have I been this bleſſed night! — The virgin has herſelf appeared to me, whether in a viſion, or to my waking eyes, I cannot well determine; but ſure I have been in ſuch extacies, have felt ſuch divine raptures, as no words can expreſs!

Oh my dear daughter! cried the abbeſs, how my ſoul kindles to behold this change in thee! — but tell me what ſaid the holy virgin?

She bad me wait on her at *Loretto*, anſwered ſhe, and gave me hopes of doing ſomething wonderful in my favour: — I will therefore, with your permiſſion, undertake a pilgrimage, and at her ſhrine expiate the offences of my paſt life in tears of true contrition, and then return a pure and ſpotleſs partaker of the happineſs you enjoy in an uninterrupted courſe of devotion: —Oh! continued ſhe, exalting her voice, how do I deteſt and deſpiſe the vanities and follies of the world! how hate myſelf for having been too much attached to them, and ſo long been cold and negligent of my only happineſs!

The abbeſs, and after her, all the nuns that were preſent, embraced *Louiſa*, — praiſed to the ſkies this miraculous converſion, as they termed it, and ſpared nothing to confirm the pious reſolution ſhe had taken.

In fine, they conſented to her pilgrimage with a ſatisfaction equal to what ſhe felt in undertaking it, — they not in the leaſt doubting but ſhe would return to them as ſoon as ſhe had fulfilled her devotions, and flattering themſelves that the report of this miracle would do the greateſt honour to the convent that it could poſſibly receive; and ſhe, delighted with the thoughts of being at liberty to enquire after her dear *du Pleſſis*, and being freed from a diſſimulation ſo irkſome to her nature.

Her pilgrim's habit, and a great crucifix to carry between her hands, with another at her girdle, and all the formalities of that garb being prepared, ſhe ſet forward with the prayers and benedictions of the whole ſiſterhood, who told her, that they ſhould be impatient till they ſaw her again, and expected great things from her at her return, which, in reality, they all did, except *Leonora*, who laughed heartily at the deception ſhe had put upon them, and whiſpered in her ear as ſhe gave her the laſt embrace, that ſhe wiſhed her a happy meeting with that ſaint ſhe went in ſearch of.

To prevent all ſuſpicion of her intention, ſhe left her cloaths, and every thing ſhe had brought into the convent, under the care of the abbeſs, ſaying, that at her return, ſhe would have them diſpoſed of, and the money given to the poor: but, unknown to any one except *Leonora*, ſhe quilted ſome pieces of gold and valuable trinkets into her under garment, as not doubting but ſhe ſhould have occaſion for much more than, in effect, ſhe was miſtreſs of.

When

When on her journey, the pleaſure ſhe felt at ſeeing herſelf out of the walls of the monaſtery, was very much abated by the uncertainty how ſhe ſhould proceed, or where direct her way: and indeed, let any one figure to themſelves the condition ſhe was in, and they will rather wonder ſhe had courage to go on, than that ſhe was ſometimes daunted even to deſpair.— A young creature of little more than eighteen years old,— wholly unacquainted with fatigue,—delicate in her frame, — wandering alone on foot in the midſt of a ſtrange country, — ignorant of the road, or had ſhe been acquainted with it, at a loſs where to go to get any intelligence of what ſhe ſought, and even doubtful if the perſon ſhe ran ſuch riſques to hear of, were yet in the world or not. The letter *Leonora* had informed her of, gave no account, at leaſt that ſhe could learn, either where he was, or whether there were any hopes of his recovery from that illneſs it mentioned; ſhe had therefore every thing to dread, and little, very little, to hope: yet did ſhe not repent her having quitted the convent; and the deſire of getting ſtill farther from it, made her proſecute her journey with greater ſtrength and vigour than could have been expected: her pilgrim's habit was not only a defence againſt any inſults from perſons ſhe met on the road, but alſo attracted the reſpect, and engaged the civilities of every one.—As that country abounds with religious houſes, ſhe was not only lodged and fed without any expence, but received a piece of money at each of them ſhe went to, ſo that her little ſtock, inſtead of being diminiſhed, was conſiderably increaſed when ſhe came to *Loretto*, for thither, not to be falſe in every thing, ſhe went; and being truly ſorry for the hypocriſy which a ſad neceſſity alone could have made her guilty of, paid her devotion with

a ſincere heart, though free from that enthuſiaſm and bigotry which is too much practiſed in convents.

From *Loretto* ſhe croſſed the country to *Florence*, every one being ready to direct a holy pilgrim on her way, and aſſiſt her with all things neceſſary. As ſhe went very eaſy journeys, never exceeding four or five miles a day, ſhe eaſily ſupported the fatigue; and had ſhe been certain at laſt of ſeeing *du Pleſſis*, it would have been rather a pleaſure to her; but her mind ſuffered much more than her body during this pilgrimage, which ſhe continued in the ſame manner ſhe had begun till ſhe reached *Leghorn*, where a ſhip lying at anchor, and expecting to ſail in a few days for *Marſeilles*, ſhe agreed to give a ſmall matter for her paſſage, the ſea-faring men not paying altogether ſo much regard to her habit, as the land ones had done.

No ill accident intervening, the veſſel came ſafely into her deſired port, and *Louiſa* now found herſelf in the native country of the only perſon who engroſſed her thoughts. As ſhe had heard him ſay he was at *Paris*, ſhe ſuppoſed that the moſt likely place to hear news of him, but was in ſome debate within herſelf whether ſhe ſhould continue to wear her pilgrim's habit, or provide herſelf with other cloaths at *Marſeilles*. She was weary of this mendicant way of travelling, and could have been glad to have exchanged it for one more agreeable to the manner in which ſhe had been accuſtomed; but then, when ſhe conſidered how great a protection the appearance ſhe made, had been from all thoſe inſults, to which a perſon of her ſex and age muſt otherwiſe infallibly have been expoſed in travelling alone, ſhe reſolved not to throw it off till ſhe came to the place where ſhe intended to take up her abode, at leaſt

for

for ſome time. Young as ſhe was, ſhe had well weighed what courſe to take in caſe *du Pleſſis* ſhould either be dead, or, by ſome accident, removed where ſhe could hear nothing more of him; and all countries and parts being now equal to her, as ſhe muſt then be reduced once more to get her bread by her labour, ſhe doubted not but to find encouragement for her induſtry as well in *Paris* as elſewhere.

With this reſolution, therefore, after lying one night at *Marſeilles*, ſhe proceeded on her way in the ſame faſhion as ſhe had done ever ſince ſhe left *Bolognia*, and in about ſix weeks got ſafely to that great and opulent city, where ſhe took up her lodging at a hotel, extremely fatigued, as it is eaſy to believe, having never even for one day ceaſed walking, but while ſhe was on board the ſhip which brought her to *Marſeilles*, for the ſpace of eight months; a thing almoſt incredible, and what perhaps no woman, but herſelf, would have had courage to undertake, or reſolution to perform, but was, in her circumſtances, infinitely the moſt ſafe and expedient that prudence could ſuggeſt.

CHAP. XXIII.

Shews by what means Louiſa *came to the knowledge of her parents, with other occurrences.*

THE firſt thing ſhe did on her arrival, was to ſend for proper perſons to equip her in a manner that ſhe might once more appear herſelf, reſolving that till ſhe could do ſo, not to be ſeen in the ſtreets.

While theſe things were preparing, ſhe ſent a perſon, whom the people of the houſe recommended to her, to the palace of the prince of *Conti*, not doubting, but that ſome of the gentlemen belonging to his highneſs might give ſome intelligence where monſieur *du Pleſſis* was to be found; but the meſſenger returned without any other information, than that they knew him very well, but could give no directions in what part he was at preſent, he not having been ſeen in *Paris* for a long time.

It is hard to ſay whether ſhe moſt rejoiced or grieved at this account: ſhe imagined that had he been dead they would not have been ignorant of it, therefore concluded him living, to her infinite ſatisfaction; but then his abſenting himſelf from the capital of the kingdom, and from the preſence of a prince who had ſo much loved him, filled her with an adequate diſquiet, as believing ſome very ill accident muſt have been the occaſion: — ſhe diſpatched the ſame perſon afterwards to all the public places that ſhe heard gentlemen frequented, but met not with the leaſt ſucceſs in her enquiries. It would prolong this narrative to a tedious length, ſhould I attempt any deſcription of what ſhe felt in this ſituation, or the reflections ſhe made on the odd circumſtances of her life: — the greatneſs of her ſpirit, and the moſt perfect reſignation to the divine will, however, made her ſupport even this laſt and ſevereſt trial with fortitude and patience; and as ſoon as ſhe had put herſelf into a convenient neat garb, but plain, befitting her condition, ſhe went out with a deſign to take a private lodging, where ſhe might live more cheaply than ſhe could at the hotel, till Providence ſhould throw ſome perſon in the way that might recommend her either to work, or to teach young ladies muſic.

She

She was wandering thro' ſeveral of the ſtreets of *Paris*, without being able, as yet, to find ſuch a chamber as ſhe wanted, when a great ſhower of rain happening to fall, ſhe ſtood up under the porch of a large houſe for ſhelter till it ſhould be over, which it was not for a conſiderable time; and the ſtreet being very dirty, ſhe returned to the hotel, intending to renew her ſearch the next day: ſhe had not been come in above half an hour, before the man of the houſe told her, that a ſervant, in a very rich livery, who, he perceived, had followed her, and had aſked many queſtions concerning her, was now returned, and deſired to ſpeak with her.

As *du Pleſſis* was ever in her thoughts, a ſudden ruſh of joy overflowed her heart, which ſeemed to her the preſage of ſeeing him, tho' how he ſhould imagine ſhe was in *Paris* was a myſtery:—but ſhe gave herſelf not much time for reflection, before ſhe ordered the man to be admitted.

The manner of his approaching her was very reſpectful; but the meſſage he had to deliver ſeemed of a contrary nature.—After having aſked if her name was *Louiſa*, and ſhe anſwering that it was, I come, madam, ſaid he, from a gentleman who ſaw you ſtand juſt now at the gate of a houſe in the *Fauxbourg* St. *Germains*, he commands me to tell you, that he has ſomething of moment to acquaint you with, and deſires you will permit me to call a chair, and attend you to his houſe, where he is impatient to receive you.

What, indeed, could *Louiſa* think of a perſon who ſhould ſend for her in this manner?—all the late tranſport ſhe was in, was immediately converted into diſdain and vexation, at being taken, as ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to ſuppoſe, for one of thoſe common creatures who proſtitute their charms for bread.—

Tell your maſter, ſaid ſhe, that by whatever accident he has learned my name, he is wholly ignorant of the character of the perſon he has ſent you to: — that I am an entire ſtranger at *Paris*, and he muſt have miſtaken me for ſome other, who, perhaps, I may have the misfortune to reſemble, and may be alſo called as I am; —at leaſt I am willing to think ſo, as the only excuſe can be made for his offering this inſult! — but go, continued ſhe, with that pride which is natural to affronted virtue; — go, and convince him of his error, — and let me hear no more of it.

It was in vain he aſſured her that his maſter was a perſon of the ſtricteſt honour, and that he was not unknown to her. All he could ſay had not the leaſt effect, unleſs to enflame her more; when, after aſking his name, the fellow told her he was forbid to reveal it, but that he was confident ſhe would not deny having being acquainted with him when once ſhe ſaw him.

I ſhall neither own the one, cried ſhe, nor conſent to the other; then bid him a ſecond time be gone, with an air which ſhewed ſhe was not to be prevailed upon to liſten to his arguments.

This man had no ſooner left her than ſhe fell into a deep ſtudy, from which a ſudden thought made her immediately ſtart: — the count *de Bellfleur* came into her head; and ſhe was certain it could be no other than that cruel perſecutor of her virtue, that her ill fate had once more thrown in her way. — As ſhe knew very well, by what he had done, that he was of a diſpoſition to ſcruple nothing for the attainment of his wiſhes, ſhe trembled for the conſequences of his diſcovering where ſhe was. — The only way ſhe could think on to avoid the dangers ſhe might be expoſed to on his account, was to draw up a petition to the prince of *Conti*, acquainting him that ſhe was the perſon

ſon who was near ſuffering ſo much from the ill deſigns he had on her at *Padua*, when ſo generouſly reſcued by monſieur *du Pleſſis*, and to entreat his highneſs's protection againſt any attempts he might be baſe enough to make.

She was juſt ſitting down, in order to form a remonſtrance of this kind, when a chariot and ſix ſtopping at the door, ſhe was informed the gentleman who had ſent to her was come in perſon, and that they knew it was the ſame by the livery.—*Louiſa* run haſtily to the window and ſaw a perſon alight, whom, by the bulk and ſtature, ſhe knew could not be the count ſhe ſo much dreaded, this having much the advantage of the other in both. Somewhat re-aſſured by this ſight, ſhe ordered the maſter of the hotel to deſire him to walk into a parlour, and let him know ſhe would attend him there.

As ſhe ſaw not the face of this viſitor, ſhe could not be certain whether it were not ſome of thoſe ſhe had been acquainted with at *Venice*, who having, by accident, ſeen her at *Paris*, might, according to the freedom of the *French* nation, take the liberty of viſiting her; — but whoever it were, or on what ſcore ſoever brought, ſhe thought it beſt to receive him in a place, where, in caſe of any ill uſage, ſhe might readily have aſſiſtance.

The maſter of the hotel perceiving her ſcruples readily did as he was ordered, and *Louiſa* having deſired that he, or ſome of his people, would be within call, went down to receive this unknown gueſt, tho' not without emotions, which at that moment ſhe knew not how to account for.

But ſoon after ſhe was ſeized with infinitely greater, when entering the parlour, ſhe found it was no other than *Dorilaus* who had given her this anxiety. — Surprize at the ſight of a perſon, whom, of all the world, ſhe could leaſt have ex-

pected in that place, made her at firſt ſtart back; and conſcious ſhame for having, as ſhe thought, ſo ill rewarded his goodneſs, mixed with a certain awe which ſhe had for no other Perſon but himſelf, occaſioned ſuch a trembling, as rendered her unable either to retire or move forward to ſalute him, as ſhe otherwiſe would have done.

He ſaw the confuſion ſhe was in, and willing to give it an immediate relief, ran to her, and taking her in his arms, —My dear, dear child, ſaid he, am I ſo happy to ſee thee once more! — Oh! ſir, returned ſhe, diſengaging herſelf from his embrace, and falling at his feet, — How can I look upon you after having flown from your protection, and given you ſuch cauſe to think me the moſt ungrateful creature in the world!

It was heaven, anſwered he, that inſpired you with that abborrence of my offers, which, had you accepted, we muſt both have been eternally undone! — You are my daughter, *Louiſa!* purſued he, my own natural daughter! — Riſe then, and take a father's bleſſing.

All that can be ſaid of aſtoniſhment would be far ſhort of what ſhe felt at theſe words: — the happineſs ſeemed ſo great ſhe could not think it real, tho' uttered from a mouth ſhe knew unaccuſtomed to deceit: — a hundred times, without giving him leave to ſatisfy her doubts, did ſhe cry out, My father! — my father! — my real father! — How can it be? — Is there a poſſibility that *Louiſa* owes her being to *Dorilaus?*

Yes, my *Louiſa*, anſwered he, and flatter myſelf, by what I have obſerved of your diſpoſition, you have done nothing, ſince our parting, that might prevent my glorying in being the parent of ſuch a child.

The hurry of ſpirit ſhe was in, prevented her from taking notice of theſe laſt words, or at leaſt

from

from making any anſwer to them, and ſhe ſtill continued crying out, — *Dorilaus*, my father! — Good heaven! may I believe I am ſo bleſſed! —Who then is my mother? — Wherefore have I been ſo long ignorant of what I was? — And how is the joyful ſecret at laſt revealed!

All theſe things you ſhall be fully informed of, anſwered he; in the mean time be ſatisfied I do not deceive you, and am indeed your father: tranſported to find my long loſt child, whom I myſelf knew not was ſo till I believed her gone for ever; — a thouſand times I have wiſhed both you and *Horatio* were my children, but little ſuſpected you were ſo, till after his too eager ambition deprived me of him, and my miſtaken love drove you to ſeek a refuge among ſtrangers.

Tears of joy and tenderneſs now bedewed the faces of both father and daughter: — ſilence for ſome moments ſucceeded the late acclamations: but *Dorilaus* at length finding her fully convinced ſhe was as happy as he ſaid ſhe was, and entirely freed from all thoſe apprehenſions which had occaſioned her flying from him, told her he was ſettled in *Paris*; that he lived juſt oppoſite to the houſe where ſhe had ſtood up on account of the ſhower, and happening to be at one of his windows, immediately knew her; that he ſent a ſervant after her, who had enquired how long ſhe had been arrived, and in what manner ſhe came; that he had ſent for her with no other intent than to make trial how ſhe would reſent it, and was tranſported to find her anſwer ſuch as he hoped and had expected from her: — he added, that he had all the anxiety of a father to hear by what means ſhe had been ſupported, and the motive which induced her to travel in the habit of a pilgrim, as the maſter of the hotel had informed his ſervant; but that he would defer

his ſatisfaction till ſhe ſhould be in a place more becoming his daughter.

On concluding theſe words he called for the maſter of the hotel, and having defrayed what little expences ſhe had been at ſince her coming there, took her by the hand and led her to his chariot, which ſoon brought them to a magnificent houſe, and furniſhed in a manner anſwerable to the birth and fortune of the owner.

Louiſa had all this time ſeemed like one in a dream:—ſhe had ever loved *Dorilaus* with a filial affection; and to find herſelf really his daughter, to be ſnatched at once from all thoſe cares which attend penury, when accompanied with virtue, and an abhorrence of entering into meaſures inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt honour, to be relieved from every want, and in a ſtation which commanded reſpect and homage, was ſuch a ſurcharge of felicity, that ſhe was leſs able to ſupport than all the fatigues ſhe had gone through. — Surprize and joy made her appear more dull and ſtupid than ſhe had ever been in her whole life before; and *Dorilaus* was obliged to repeat all he had ſaid over and over again, to bring her into her uſual compoſedneſs, and enable her to give him the ſatisfaction he required.

But as ſoon as ſhe had, by degrees, recollected herſelf, ſhe modeſtly related all that had happened to her from the time ſhe left him;— the methods by which ſhe endeavoured to earn her bread; — the inſults ſhe was expoſed to at mrs. *C--l--ge*'s; — the way ſhe came acquainted with *Melanthe*; — the kindneſs ſhewn her by that lady; — their travels together; — the baſe ſtratagems made uſe of by count *de Bellfleur* to ruin her with that lady; —the honourable paſſion monſieur *du Pleſſis* had profeſſed for her; — the ſeaſonable aſſiſtance he had given her, in that imminent danger

ſhe

ſhe was in from the count's unlawful deſigns upon her; — his placing her afterwards in the monaſtry;—the treachery of the abbeſs; — the artifice ſhe had been obliged to make uſe of to get out of the nunnery; — her pilgrimage;—in fine, concealed no part of her adventures, only that which related to the paſſion ſhe had for *du Pleſſis*, which ſhe endeavoured, as much as ſhe could, to diſguiſe, under the names of gratitude for the obligations he had conferred upon her, and admiration of his virtue, ſo different from what ſhe had found in others who had addreſſed her.

Dorilaus, however, eaſily perceived the tenderneſs with which ſhe was agitated on the account of that young gentleman, but he would not excite her bluſhes by taking any notice of it, eſpecially as he found nothing to condemn in it, and had obſerved, throughout the courſe of her whole narrative, ſhe had behaved on other occaſions with a diſcretion greatly above her years, he was far from wronging her, by ſuſpecting ſhe had ſwerved from it in this.

But when he heard the vaſt journey ſhe had come on foot, he was in the utmoſt amazement at her fortitude, and told her he was reſolved to keep her pilgrim's habit as a relique, to preſerve to after-ages the memory of an adventure, which had really ſomething more marvellous in it than many ſet down as miracles.

And now having fully gratified his own curioſity in all he wanted to be informed of, he thought proper to eaſe the impatience ſhe was in to know the hiſtory of her birth, and on what occaſion it had been ſo long concealed, which he did in theſe or the like words.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The hiſtory of Dorilaus *and* Matilda, *with other circumſtances very important to* Louiſa.

YOU know, ſaid he, that I am deſcended of one of the moſt illuſtrious families in *England*, tho', by ſome imprudencies on the one ſide, and injuſtice on the other, my claim was ſet aſide, and I deprived of that title which my anceſtors for a long ſucceſſion of years had enjoyed, ſo that the eſtate I am in poſſeſſion of, was derived to me in right of my mother, who was an heireſs. It is indeed ſufficient to have given me a pretence to any lady I ſhould have made choice on, and to provide for what children I might have had by her; but the pride of blood being not abated in me by being cut off from my birth-right, inſpired me with an unconquerable averſion to marriage, ſince I could not bequeath to my poſterity that dignity I ought to have enjoyed myſelf: — I reſolved therefore to live ſingle, and that the misfortune of my family ſhould die with myſelf.

In my younger years I went to travel, as well for improvement, as to alleviate that diſcontent which was occaſioned by the ſight of another in poſſeſſion of what I thought was my due.—Having made the tour of *Europe*, I took *France* again in my way home:—the gallantry and good breeding of theſe people very much attatched me to them; but what chiefly engaged my continuance here much longer than I had done in any other part, was an acquaintance I had made with a lady called *Matilda:* ſhe was of a very good family in

in *England*, was ſent to a monaſtery merely for the ſake of well-grounding her in a religion, the free exerciſe of which is not allowed at home, and to ſeclude her from ſettling her affections on any other than the perſon ſhe was deſtined to by the will of her parents, and to whom ſhe had been contracted in her infancy: — She was extremely young, and beautiful as an angel; and the knowledge ſhe was pre-engaged, could not hinder me from loving her, any more than the declarations I made in her hearing againſt marriage, could the grateful returns ſhe was pleaſed to make me:—in fine, the mutual inclination we had for each other, as it rendered us deaf to all ſuggeſtions but that of gratifying it, ſo it alſo inſpired us with ingenuity to ſurmount all the difficulties that were between our wiſhes and the end of them.—Tho' a penſioner in a monaſtery, and very cloſely obſerved, by the help of a confidante, ſhe frequently got out, and many nights we paſſed together; — till ſome buſineſs relating to my eſtate at length calling me away, we were obliged to part, which we could not do without teſtifying a great deal of concern on both ſides: —Mine was truly ſincere at that time, and I have reaſon to believe her's was no leſs ſo; but abſence eaſily wears out the impreſſions of youth: as I never expected to ſee her any more, I endeavoured not to preſerve a remembrance which would only have given me diſquiet, and, to confeſs the truth, ſoon forgot both the pleaſure and the pain I had experienced in this, as well as ſome other little ſallies of my unthinking youth.

Many years paſſed over without my ever hearing any thing of her; and it was ſome months after I received your letter from *Aix la Chappelle*, that the poſt brought me one from *Ireland*. Having no correſpondence in that country, I was a little ſurprized,

but

but much more when I opened it and found it contained theſe words:

To DORILAUS.

SIR,

THIS comes to make a requeſt, which I know not if the acquaintance we had together in the early part of both our lives, would be ſufficient to apologize for the trouble you muſt take in complying with it:—permit me therefore to acquaint you, that I have long laboured under an Indiſpoſition which my Phyſicians aſſure me is incurable, and under which I muſt inevitably ſink in a ſhort time; but whatever they ſay, I know it is impoſſible for me to leave the world without imparting to you a ſecret wholly improper to be entruſted in a letter, but is of the utmoſt importance to thoſe concerned in it, of whom yourſelf is the principal.—Be aſſured it regards your honour, your conſcience, your juſtice, as well as the eternal peace of her who conjures you, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, to come immediately on the receipt of this to the caſtle of M——e, *in the north of* Ireland; *where, if you arrive time enough, you will be ſurprized, though I flatter myſelf not diſagreeably ſo, with the unravelling a moſt myſterious Event.*

Yours, once known by the name of MATILDA, *now*

M——E.

I will not repeat to you, my dear *Louiſa*, continued *Dorilaus*, the ſtrange perplexity of ideas that run thro' my mind after having read this letter:—I was very far from gueſſing at the real motive of this invitation; which, however, as I once had a regard for that lady, I ſoon determined to obey; and having left the care of my houſe to

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a relation of mine by the mother's ſide, I went directly for *Ireland*; but when I came there, was a little embarraſſed in my mind what excuſe I ſhould make to her huſband for my viſit. — Before I ventured to the caſtle, I made a thorough enquiry after the character of this young lady, and in what manner ſhe lived with her lord. Never did I hear a perſon more univerſally ſpoke well of:—the poor adored her charity, affability, and condeſcending ſweetneſs of diſpoſition:—the rich admired her wit, her virtue, and good breeding: — her beauty, tho' allowed inferior to few of her ſex, was the leaſt qualification that ſeemed deſerving praiſe: — to add to all this, they told me ſhe was a pattern of conjugal affection, and the beſt of mothers to a numerous race of children; --- that her lord had all the value he ought to have for ſo aimable a wife; and that no wedded pair ever lived together in greater harmony; and it was with the utmoſt concern, whoever I ſpoke to on this Affair, concluded what they related of her with ſaying, that ſo excellent an example of all that was valuable in womankind would ſhortly be taken from them; — that ſhe had long, with an unexampled patience, lingered under a ſevere illneſs which every day threatened diſſolution.

Theſe accounts made me heſitate no farther: — I went boldly to the caſtle, aſked to ſpeak with the lord *M———e*, who received me with a politeneſs befitting his quality: I told him that my curioſity of ſeeing foreign countries had brought me to *Ireland*, and being in my tour thro' thoſe parts, I took the liberty of calling at his ſeat, having formerly had the honour of being known to his lady when at her father's houſe, and whom I now heard, to my great concern,

was

was indiſpoſed, otherwiſe ſhould have been glad to pay my reſpects to her. The nobleman anſwered, with tears in his eyes, that ſhe was indeed in ſuch a condition as gave no hope of her recovery, but that ſhe ſometimes ſaw company, though obliged to receive them in bed, having loſt the uſe of her limbs, and would perhaps be glad of the viſit of a perſon ſhe had known ſo long.

On this I told him my name, which he immediately ſent in; and her woman not long after came from her to let me know ſhe would admit me. My lord went in with me; and to countenance what I ſaid, I accoſted her with the freedom of a perſon who had been acquainted when children, ſpoke of her father as of a gentleman who had favoured me with his good-will, tho', in reality, I had never ſeen him in my life, but remembered well enough what ſhe had mentioned to me concerning him, and ſome others of her family, to talk as if I had been intimate among them. I could perceive ſhe was very well pleaſed with the method I had taken of introducing myſelf; and, to prevent any ſuſpicion that I had any other buſineſs with her than to pay my compliments, made my viſit very ſhort that day, not doubting but ſhe would of herſelf contrive ſome means of entertaining me without witneſſes, as ſhe eaſily found her lord had deſired I would make the caſtle my home while I ſtayed in that part of the country.

I was not deceived; the next morning having been told her lord was engaged with his ſteward, ſhe ſent for me, and making ſome pretence for getting rid of her woman, ſhe plucked a paper from under her pillow, and putting it into my hand,—in that, ſaid ſhe, you will find the ſecret I mentioned in my letter; — ſuſpect not the veracity

city of it, I conjure you, nor love the unfortunate *Horatio* and *Louiſa* leſs for their being mine.

I cannot expreſs the confuſion I was in, continued *Dorilaus*, at her mentioning you and your brother, but I had no opportunity of aſking any queſtions: — her woman that inſtant returned, after which I ſtayed but a ſhort time, being impatient to examine the contents, which, as near as I can remember, were to this purpoſe:

YOU were ſcarce out of France *before I diſcovered our amour had produced ſuch conſequences, as had my too fond paſſion given me leave to think of, I never ſhould have hazarded: — I will not repeat the diſtraction I was in; — you may eaſily judge of it: — I communicated the misfortune to my nurſe, who you know I told you went from* England *with me, and has often brought you meſſages from the convent: — the faithful creature did her utmoſt to conſole me for an evil which was without a remedy. — To complete my confuſion, my father commanded me home; my lord* M——e *was returned from his travels; — we were both of an age to marry; and it was reſolved, by our parents, no longer to defer the completion of an affair long before agreed upon.—I was ready to lay violent hands on myſelf, ſince there ſeemed no way to conceal my ſhame; but my good nurſe having ſet all her wits to work for me, found out an expedient which ſerved me, when I could think of nothing for myſelf.—She bid me be of comfort; that ſhe thought being ſent for home was the luckieſt thing that could have happened, ſince nothing could be ſo bad as to have my pregnancy diſcovered in the convent, as it infallibly muſt have been had I ſtayed a very little time longer: ſhe alſo aſſured me ſhe would contrive it ſo, as to keep the thing a ſecret from all the world.—I found afterwards ſhe*

did

did not deceive me by vain promiſes.—We left Paris, *according to my father's order, and came by eaſy journeys, befitting my condition, to* Calais, *and embarked on board the packet for* Dover; *but then, inſtead of taking coach for* London, *hired a chariot, and went croſs the country to a little village, where a kinſwoman of my nurſe's lived.—With theſe people I remained, till* Horatio *and* Louiſa *came into the world:—I could have had them nurſed at that place, but I feared ſome diſcovery thro' the miſcarriage of letters, which often happens, and which could not have been avoided being ſent on ſuch occaſions;—ſo we contrived together that my good confidante and adviſer ſhould carry them to your houſe, and commit the care of them to you, who, equal with myſelf, had a right to it:—ſhe found means, by bribing a man that worked under your gardener, to convey them where I afterwards heard you found and received them as I could wiſh, and becoming the generoſity of your nature.—I then took coach for* London, *pretending, at my arrival, that I had been delayed by ſickneſs, and to excuſe my nurſe's abſence, ſaid ſhe had caught the fever of me;—ſo no farther enquiry was made, and I ſoon after was married to a man whoſe worth is well deſerving of a better wife, tho' I have endeavoured to atone for my unknown tranſgreſſion by every act of duty in my power.—Nurſe ſtayed long enough in your part of the world to be able to bring me an account how the children were diſpoſed of.—That I never gave you an account they were your own, was occaſioned by two reaſons, firſt, the danger of entruſting ſuch a thing by the poſt, my nurſe ſoon after dying; and ſecondly, becauſe, as I was a wife, I thought it unbecoming of me to remind you of a paſſage I was willing to forget myſelf.—A long ſickneſs has put*

other

other thoughts into my head, and inſpired me with a tenderneſs for thoſe unhappy babes, which the ſhame of being their mother hitherto deprived them of.—I hear, with pleaſure, that you are not married, and are therefore at full liberty to make ſome proviſion for them, if they are yet living, that may alleviate the misfortune of their birth. Farewell; if I obtain this firſt and laſt requeſt, I ſhall dye well ſatisfied.

P. S. *Burn this paper, I conjure you, the moment you have read it; but lay the contents of it up in your heart never to be forgotten.*

I now no longer wondered, purſued *Dorilaus*, at that impulſe I had to love you; — I found it the ſimpathy of nature, and adored the divine power.—After having well fixed in my mind all the particulars of this amazing ſecret, I performed her injunction, and committed it to the flames: I had opportunity enough to inform her in what manner *Horatio* had diſpoſed of himſelf, and let her know you were gone with a lady on her travels: I concealed indeed the motive, fearing to give her any occaſion of reproaching herſelf for having ſo long concealed what my ignorance of might have involved us all in guilt and ruin.

I ſtayed ſome few days at the caſtle, and then took my leave: ſhe ſaid many tender things at parting concerning you, and ſeemed well ſatisfied with the aſſurances I gave her of making the ſame proviſion for you, as I muſt have done had the ceremony of the church obliged me to it. This ſeemed indeed the only thing for which ſhe lived, and, I was informed, died in a few days after.

At my return to *England* I renewed my endeavours to diſcover where you were, but could hear

hear nothing ſince you wrote from *Aix-la-Chapelle*, and was equally troubled that I had received no letters from your brother.—I doubted not but he had fallen in the battle, and mourned him as loſt; — till an old ſervant perceiving the melancholy I was in, acquainted me that ſeveral letters had been left at my houſe by the poſt during my abſence, but that the kinſman I had left to take care of my affairs had ſecreted them, jealous, no doubt, of the fondneſs I have expreſſed for him. —This ſo enraged me, when on examination I had too much reaſon to be aſſured of this treachery, that I turned my whole eſtate into ready money, and reſolved to quit *England* for ever, and paſs my life here, this being a country I always loved, and had many reaſons to diſlike my own.

Here I ſoon heard news of my *Horatio*, and ſuch as filled me with a pleaſure, which wanted nothing of being complete, but the preſence of my dear *Louiſa* to partake of it.

Dorilaus then went on, and acquainted her with the particulars of *Horatio*'s ſtory, as he had learned it from the baron *de Palfoy*, with whom he now was very intimate; but as the reader is ſufficiently informed of theſe tranſactions, it would be needleſs to repeat them; ſo I ſhall only ſay, that *Dorilaus* arrived in *France* in a ſhort time after *Horatio* had left it, to enter into the ſervice of the king of *Sweden*, and had wrote that letter, inſerted in the eighteenth chapter, in order to engage that young warrior to return, ſome little time before his meeting with *Louiſa*.

Nothing now was wanting to the contentment of this tender father but the preſence of *Horatio*, which he was every day expecting, when, inſtead of himſelf, thoſe letters from him arrived, which contained his reſolution of remaining with

Charles

Charles XII. till the conqueſts he was in purſuit of ſhould be accompliſhed.

This was ſome matter of affliction to *Dorilaus*, tho' in his heart he could not but approve thoſe principles of honour which detained him. —Neither the baron *de Palfoy*, nor *Charlotta* herſelf, could ſay he could well have acted otherwiſe, and uſed their utmoſt endeavours to comfort a father in his anxieties for the ſafety of ſo valuable a ſon.

Louiſa was alſo very much troubled at being diſappointed in her hope of embracing a brother whom ſhe had ever dearly loved, and was now more precious to her than ever, by the proofs ſhe had heard he had given of his courage and his virtue; but ſhe had another ſecret and more poignant grief that preyed upon her ſoul, and could ſcarce receive any addition from ought beſide: — ſhe had been now near two months in *Paris*, yet could hear nothing of monſieur *du Pleſſis*, but that, by the death of his father, a large eſtate had devolved upon him, which he had never come to claim, or had been at *Paris* for about eighteen months, ſo that ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to believe he was no more. This threw her into a melancholy, which was ſo much the more ſevere as ſhe endeavoured to conceal it: — ſhe made uſe of all her efforts to ſupport the loſs of a perſon ſhe ſo much loved, and who proved himſelf ſo deſerving of that love: — ſhe repreſented to herſelf that being relieved from all the ſnares and miſeries of an indigent life, raiſed from an obſcurity which had given her many bitter pangs, to a ſtation equal to her wiſhes, and under the care of the moſt indulgent and beſt of fathers, ſhe ought not to repine, but bleſs the bounty of heaven, who had beſtowed on her ſo many bleſſings, and with-held only one ſhe could

have

have aſked.—Theſe, I ſay, were the dictates of reaſon and religion; but the tender paſſion was not always to be ſilenced by them, and whenever ſhe was alone, the tears, in ſpight of herſelf, would flow, and ſhe, without even knowing ſhe did ſo, cry out, Oh *du Pleſſis*, wherefore do I live ſince thou art dead!

Among the many acquaintance ſhe ſoon contracted at *Paris*, there was none ſhe ſo much eſteemed, both on the account of her own merit, and the regard ſhe had for *Horatio*, as mademoiſelle *de Palfoy*. In this young lady's ſociety did ſhe find more charms for her grief than in that of any other; and the other truly loving her, not only becauſe ſhe found nothing more worthy of being loved, but becauſe ſhe was the ſiſter of *Horatio*, they were very ſeldom aſunder.

Louiſa was one day at the baron's, enjoying that ſatisfaction which the converſation of his beautiful daughter never failed to afford, when word was brought that madam, the counteſs *d' Eſpargnes*, was come to viſit her.—Mademoiſelle *Charlotta* ran to receive her with a great deal of joy, ſhe being a lady ſhe very much regarded, and who ſhe had not ſeen of a long time.

She immediately returned, leading a lady in deep mourning, who ſeemed not to be above five-and-twenty, was extremely handſome, and had beſide ſomething in her air that attached *Louiſa* at firſt ſight. Mademoiſelle *Charlotta* preſented her to the counteſs, ſaying at the ſame time, ſee, madam, the only rival you have in my eſteem.

You do well to give me one, replied the counteſs, who looks as if ſhe would make me love her as well as you, and ſo I ſhould be even with you. With theſe words ſhe opened her arms to

embrace

embrace *Louiſa*, who returned the compliment with equal politeneſs.

When they were ſeated, mademoiſelle *Charlotta* began to expreſs the pleaſure ſhe had in ſeeing her in *Paris*; on which the counteſs told her, that the affair ſhe came upon was ſo diſagreeable, that nothing but the happineſs of enjoying her company, while ſhe ſtayed, could attone for it. You know, my dear, continued madam *d' Eſpargnes*, I was always an enemy to any thing that had the face of buſineſs, yet am I now, againſt my will, involved in it by as odd an adventure as perhaps you ever heard.

Charlotta teſtifying ſome deſire to be informed of what nature, the other immediately ſatisfied her curioſity in this manner:

You know, ſaid ſhe, that on the late death of my father, his eſtate devolved on my brother, an officer in thoſe troops in *Italy* commanded by the prince of *Conti*; — ſome wounds, which were looked upon as extremely dangerous, obliged him, when the campaign was over, to continue in his winter quarters; — on which he ſent to monſieur the count to take poſſeſſion in his name; this was done; but an intricate affair relating to certain ſums lodged in a perſon's hand, and to be brought before the parliament of *Paris*, could not be decided without the preſence either of him or myſelf, who had been witneſs of the tranſaction.— I was extremely loth to take ſo long a journey, being then in very ill health; and hearing he was recovered, delayed it, as we then expected him in perſon: — I ſent a ſpecial meſſenger, however, in order to haſten his return; — but inſtead of complying with my deſires, I received a letter from him, acquainting me that a buſineſs of more moment to him than any thing in my power to gueſs at, required his preſence in another place,

and inſiſted, by all the tenderneſs which had ever been between us, that I would take on myſelf the management of this affair:—to enable me the better to do it, he ſent me a deed of truſt to act as I ſhould find it moſt expedient.

As he did not let me into the ſecret of what motives detained him at ſo critical a juncture, I was at firſt very much ſurprized; but on aſking ſome queſtions of the meſſenger I had ſent to him, I ſoon diſcovered what it was. He told me, that on his arrival, he found my brother had left his quarters and was gone to *Bologna*, on which he followed and overtook him there; — that he appeared in the utmoſt diſcontent, and was juſt preparing to proceed to *Leghorn*, but did not mention to him any more than he did in his letter to me, what inducement he had to this journey: — his ſervant, however, told him privately, that the myſtery was this; — That being paſſionately in love with a young *Engliſh* lady, who he had placed in a monaſtery at *Bologna*, and expected to find there at his return, ſhe had in his abſence departed, without having acquainted him with her deſign; and that ſuppoſing ſhe was gone for *England*, and unable to live without her, his intention was to take ſhipping for that country, and make uſe of his utmoſt efforts to find her out.

I muſt confeſs, purſued the beautiful counteſs, this piece of quixotiſm very much vexed me: — I thought his friends in *France* deſerved more from him than to be neglected for one who fled from him, and who, as the man ſaid, he knew not whether he ſhould be able ever to ſee again. I reſolved, however, to comply with his deſires, and came immediately to *Paris*; but heaven has ſhewed him how little it approves his giving me this unneceſſary trouble, for this morning I received a letter from him, that meeting with robbers

bers in his way, they had taken from him all his money and bills of exchange, beſides wounding him in ſeveral places, ſo that he cannot proceed on his journey till his hurts, which it ſeems are not dangerous, are cured, and he has freſh remittances from hence.

With what emotions the heart of *Louiſa* was agitated during the latter part of this little narrative, a ſenſible reader may eaſily conceive: from the firſt mention of *Bolognia*, where there was no other *Engliſh* penſioner than herſelf, ſhe knew it muſt be no other than her dear *du Pleſſis* who was in ſearch for her abroad, while ſhe was vainly hoping to find him at home: — every circumſtance rendered this belief more certain; and ſurprize and joy worked ſo ſtrongly in her, that fearing the effects would be viſible, ſhe roſe up and withdrew to a window. Mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, who knew ſhe could not be capable of ſuch an act of unpoliteneſs, without being compelled to it, aſked if ſhe were not well: — on which *Louiſa* entreated pardon, but owned a ſudden faintneſs had come over her ſpirits, ſo that ſhe was obliged to be rude in order to prevent being troubleſome.

As mademoiſelle *Charlotta* knew nothing of her ſtory, ſhe had no farther thought about it than of ſome little qualm, which frequently happens when young ladies are too cloſely laced, and ſhe ſeeming perfectly recovered from, the converſation was renewed on the ſame ſubject it had turned upon before this interruption: and the name of monſieur *du Pleſſis* being often mentioned, confirmed *Louiſa*, if before ſhe could have had the leaſt remains of doubt, that it was her lover, who, neglectful of his own affairs, and the remonſtrances of his expecting friends, was about to

range in ſearch of one who, he imagined, was ungrateful both to his love and friendſhip.

After having liſtened, with the utmoſt attention, to all the counteſs ſaid of him, and other matters becoming the topic of diſcourſe, ſhe took her leave, in order to reflect alone what ſhe ought to do in this affair.

She debated not long within herſelf before ſhe reſolved to write to him, and prevent the unprofitable journey he was about to take; and having heard, by madam *d'Eſpargnes*, the name of the village where he was obliged to wait, both for the recovery of his wounds, and for remittances for his expences, ſhe wrote to him in the following terms:

To Monſieur DU PLESSIS.

I Should ill return the proofs I have received of your generous diſintereſted friendſhip, to delay one moment when I had it in my power, in endeavouring to convince you that it was a quite contrary motive than ingratitude to you, that carried me from Bologna: —— *but the ſtory is too long for the compaſs of a letter; when you know it, you will, perhaps, own this action, whatever you may now think of it, merits more, than any thing I could have done, your approbation: — this ſeeming riddle will be eaſily expounded, if, on the recovery of your wounds, you repair immediately to* Paris, *where you will find*

Your much obliged

LOUISA.

Having finiſhed this little billet, a ſcruple roſe in her head, that being now under the care of a father, ſhe ought not to do any thing of this nature without

without his permiſſion: — ſhe had already told him how greatly ſhe had been indebted to *du Pleſſis* for his honourable paſſion, but had not mentioned the leaſt tittle of the tender impreſſions it had made on her; and ſhe ſo lately knew him to be her father, that ſhe was aſhamed to make him the confidante of an affair of this nature; but then, when ſhe conſidered the quality of *du Pleſſis*, which ſhe was now confirmed in, and the ſenſe *Dorilaus* teſtified he had of his behaviour to her while he believed her ſo infinitely his inferior, made her reſolve to ſtrain her modeſty ſo far as to inform him of all.

She began by relating her accidental meeting with madam the counteſs *d'Eſpargnes*, and the converſation that paſſed at mademoiſelle *de Palfoy*'s, and then, tho' not without immoderate bluſhes, ſhewed him what ſhe had wrote, and beſeeched him to let her know whether it would be conſiſtent with a virgin's modeſty, and alſo agreeable to his pleaſure, that ſhe gave this demonſtration of her gratitude for the favours ſhe had received from this young gentleman.

Dorilaus was charmed with this proof of her duty and reſpect, and told her, that he was ſo far from diſapproving what ſhe had wrote, that had ſhe omitted it, or ſaid leſs than ſhe did, he ſhould have looked upon her as unworthy of ſo perfect a paſſion as that which monſieur *du Pleſſis* had on all occaſions teſtified for her: — that, in his opinion, ſhe owed him more than ſhe could ever pay; and that it ſhould be his endeavour to ſhew he had not placed his affections on the daughter of one who knew not how to ſet a juſt value on merit ſuch as his: — he made her alſo add a poſtſcript to the letter, to give a direction in what part of *Paris* he might find her on his arrival; but *Louiſa* would by no means give the leaſt hint

of the alteration in her circumſtances, not that ſhe wanted any farther proofs of his ſincerity, but that ſhe reſerved the pleaſure of ſo agreeable a ſurprize to their meeting. This letter was diſpatched immediately, to the end he might receive it, at leaſt, as ſoon as that from his ſiſter with the expected remittances.

CHAP. XXV.

Monſieur de Pleſſis *arrives at* Paris: *his reception from* Dorilaus *and* Louiſa: *the marriage of theſe lovers agreed upon.*

THE innocent pleaſure *Louiſa* felt in picturing to herſelf the extacy which *du Pleſſis* would be in at the receipt of her letter, was not a flattering idea: — to know ſhe was in *Paris*, where, in all probability, ſhe had come to ſeek him, and to have the intelligence of it from herſelf, had all the effect on him that the moſt raptured fancy can invent.

His orders to madam *d'Eſpargnes* being punctually complied with, his bills of exchange alſo came ſoon after to hand; and the little hurts he had received from the robbers, as well as thoſe of his mind, being perfectly healed, he ſet out with a lover's expedition, and arrived in *Paris* to the pleaſing ſurprize of a ſiſter who tenderly loved him, and expected not this ſatisfaction of a long time.

He took but one night's repoſe before he enquired concerning *Dorilaus*, and was told that he was a perſon of quality in *England*; but, on ſome diſguſt he had received in his native country, was come

come to ſettle in *France*. As *Louiſa* was extremely admired, they told him alſo that he had a very beautiful daughter, of whom he was extremely fond. This laſt information gave not a little eaſe to the mind of him who heard it, and diſſipated thoſe apprehenſions which the high character they gave of *Dorilaus* had, in ſpite of himſelf, excited in him: he now imagined that as they were *Engliſh*, his *Louiſa* might poſſibly have been acquainted with the daughter of this gentleman in their own country, and meeting her at *Paris*, might have put herſelf under her protection.

Full of thoſe impatiencies which are inſeparable from a ſincere paſſion, he borrowed his ſiſter's chariot, and went to the *Fauxbourg St. Germains*; and being told one of the beſt houſes in the place was that of *Dorilaus*, he aſked for mademoiſelle *Louiſa*, on which he was deſired to alight, and ſhewed into a handſome parlour while a ſervant went in to inform her: after this, he was uſhered up ſtairs into a room, the furniture of which ſhewed the elegance of the owner's taſte; but accuſtomed to every thing that was great and magnificent, the gilded ſcenes, the rich tapeſtry, the pictures, had no effect on him, till caſting his eyes on one that hung over the chimney, he found the exact reſemblance of the dear object never abſent from his heart.—It was indeed the picture of *Louiſa*, which her father, ſoon after her arrival, had cauſed to be drawn by one of the beſt painters at that time in *Paris*. This ſight gave him a double pleaſure, becauſe it, in ſome meaſure, anticipated that of the original, and alſo convinced him that ſhe was not indifferent to the perſon ſhe was with.

He was fixed in contemplation on this delightful copy, when the original appeared in all the

advantages that jewels and rich dreſs could give her.—Tho' he loved her only for herſelf, and nothing could add to the ſincere reſpect his heart had always paid her, yet to ſee her ſo different from what he expected, filled him with ſurprize and a kind of enforced awe, which hindered him from giving that looſe to his tranſports, which, after ſo long an abſence, might have been very excuſable; — and he could only ſay — My dear adorable *Louiſa*, am I ſo bleſſed to ſee you once more! — She met his embrace half way, and replied, Monſieur *du Pleſſis*, heaven has given me all I had to wiſh, in reſtoring to me ſo faithful a friend; — but come, continued ſhe, permit me to lead you to a father, who longs to embrace the protector of his daughter's innocence. Your father, madam! cried he; yes, anſwered ſhe; in ſeeking a lover at *Paris* I found a father; *Dorilaus* is my father: — I have acquainted him with the particulars of our ſtory, and, I believe, the ſincere affection I have for you will not be leſs pleaſing for receiving his ſanction to it.

With theſe words ſhe took his hand and led him, all aſtoniſhment, into an inner room where *Dorilaus* was ſitting, who roſe to meet him with the greateſt politeneſs, and which ſhewed that to be maſter of, it was not neceſſary to be born in *France*; and on *Louiſa*'s acquainting him with the name of the perſon ſhe preſented, embraced him with the tenderneſs of a father, and made him ſuch obliging and affectionate compliments, as confirmed to the tranſported *du Pleſſis* the character had been given of him.

After the utmoſt teſtimonies of reſpect on both ſides, *Dorilaus* told his daughter ſhe ought to make her excuſes to monſieur for having eloped from the monaſtry where he had been ſo good to place her,

her, which, ſaid he, I think you can do in no better a manner than by telling the truth; and as I am already ſufficiently acquainted with the whole, will leave you to relate it, while I diſpatch a little buſineſs that at preſent calls me hence. He went out of the room in ſpeaking this, and *Louiſa* had a more full opportunity of informing her lover of all ſhe had ſuffered ſince their parting, till this happy change in her fortune, than ſhe could have had in the preſence of her father, though no ſtranger to her moſt inmoſt thoughts on this occaſion.

The pleaſing ſtory of her pilgrimage rehearſed, how did the charmed *du Pleſſis* pity and applaud, by turns, her ſufferings and fortitude! — How exclaim againſt the treachery of the abbeſs, and thoſe of the nuns who were in confederacy with her! But his curioſity ſatisfied in this point, another roſe inſtantly in his mind, that being the daughter of ſuch a perſon as *Dorilaus*, wherefore ſhe had made ſo great a ſecret of it, and what reaſon had occaſioned her being on the terms ſhe was with *Melanthe*. He no ſooner expreſſed his wonder on theſe heads, than, having before her father's permiſſion to do ſo, ſhe reſolved to leave him in no ſuſpence on any ſcore relating to her affairs.

Tho', ſaid ſhe bluſhing, I cannot reveal the hiſtory of my birth without laying open the errors of thoſe to whom I owe my being, yet I ſhall not think the ſacrifice too great to recompence the obligations you have laid upon me; and then proceeded to acquaint him with every thing relating to her parents, as well as to herſelf, from the firſt moment ſhe was found in the garden of *Dorilaus*.

It is not to be doubted but that he liſtened to the ſtory with the utmoſt attention, in which he

found ſuch matters of admiration, that he could not forbear frequently interrupting her, by crying, Oh heaven! oh providence! how myſterious are thy ways! — How, in thy diſpoſal of things, doſt thou force us to acknowledge thy divine power and wiſdom!

He was alſo extremely pleaſed to find ſhe was the ſiſter of *Horatio*, whom he had often been in company with both at the baron *de la Valeire*'s and at St. *Germains*, and had admired for the many extraordinary qualities he diſcovered in him: this led them into a converſation concerning that young gentleman, and the misfortunes which ſome late news-paper gave an account were beginning to fall upon the king of *Sweden*; after that, renewing the ſubject of their mutual affection, and *du Pleſſis* running over the particulars of their acquaintance in *Italy*, *Louiſa* aſked whether the count *de Bellfleur* had ever teſtified any remorſe for the injury he would have offered her, and in what manner they had lived together in the army? To which monſieur *du Pleſſis* replied, that the anthority of the prince had prevented him from attempting any open acts of violence; but that by his manner of behaviour it was eaſy to ſee he had not forgiven the diſappointment; and he verily believed wanted only a convenient opportunity to revenge it: but, continued he, whatever his deſigns were, heaven put a ſtop to the execution of them; for, in the firſt ſkirmiſh that happened between us and the forces of prince *Eugene*, this once gay, gallant courtier, had his head taken off by a cannon ball.

The gentle *Louiſa* could not forbear expreſſing ſome concern for the ſudden fate of this bad man, greatly as ſhe had been affronted by him; but when ſhe reflected that the ſame accident might have

have befallen her dear *du Pleſſis*, ſhe was all diſſolved in tears.

They were in this tender communication when *Dorilaus* returned, leading the counteſs *d'Eſpargnes* in one hand, and mademoiſelle *de Palfoy* in the other. Monſieur *du Pleſſis* was ſurprized to meet his ſiſter in a place where he knew not ſhe was acquainted, and ſhe no leſs to find him there. The occaſion of it was this:

Dorilaus, when he left the lovers together, went directly to the baron *de Palfoy*'s, and related to him and to mademoiſelle, the whole hiſtory of monſieur *du Pleſſis* and *Louiſa*; on which they contrived to make a pleaſant ſcene, by engaging the counteſs *d'Eſpargnes* to go with them to *Dorilaus*'s, without letting her know on what account.—The event anſwered their wiſhes; madam *d'Eſpargnes* rallied her brother on finding him alone with ſo beautiful a young lady; and mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, for his inconſtancy to his miſtreſs at *Bolognia*; but when the riddle was ſolved, and the counteſs came to know that the lady left in the monaſtery and *Louiſa* were the ſame, ſhe no longer condemned an attachment which before had given her ſo much pain.

Mademoiſelle *Charlotta* chid her for the reſerve ſhe had maintained to her in this affair, eſpecially, ſaid ſhe, as you were obliged to the converſation you had with madam *d'Eſpargnes* in my apartment, that you received any intelligence of monſieur *du Pleſſis*, or knew how to direct your commands to him to return.

That, madam, is an obligation lies wholly on me, ſaid monſieur *du Pleſſis*; and, I believe I ſhall find it very difficult to requite it, any more than I ſhall to deſerve my ſiſter's pardon, for ſo induſtriouſly endeavouring to conceal from her the ſecret of my paſſion, and its object.

Louiſa

Louiſa told the ladies that ſhe now hoped they would excuſe the diſorder ſhe had been in at the counteſs's diſcourſe, ſince they knew the motive: — a good deal of pleaſantry paſſed between this agreeable company; and as they were in the midſt of it, the baron *de Palfoy*, who had been hindered from accompanying *Dorilaus*, when he conducted the ladies, now joined them; and tho' he was conſiderably older than any there, was no leſs entertaining and good-humoured than the youngeſt.

Dorilaus had privately ordered a very magnificent collation, which being ſerved up, *Louiſa* did the honours of the table with ſo good a grace, that madam *d'Eſpargnes* was charmed with her, and took an opportunity of aſking *Dorilaus* when ſhe might hope the happineſs of calling ſo amiable a lady by the name of ſiſter. *Du Pleſſis* thanked her for the intereſt ſhe took in his affairs; and the baron *de Palfoy* added, that as the lovers wanted no farther proofs how worthy they were of each other, he would join in ſolliciting for a completion of their happineſs. To which *Dorilaus* replied, that he was too well ſatisfied with his daughter's conduct, not to leave her entirely at her own diſpoſal; and as to what related to fortune and ſettlement, he ſhould be ready to enter into ſuch articles, as he believed, monſieur *du Pleſſis* would have no reaſon to complain of.

The paſſionate lover at theſe words cried out, that it was *Louiſa*'s ſelf alone he was ambitious of poſſeſſing; nor had either that lady or her father any room to look on what he ſaid as a mere compliment, becauſe his love had long ſince waved all the ſeeming diſproportion between them.

In fine, not only at this time, but every day, almoſt every hour, was *Louiſa*, as it now depended wholly on herſelf, importuned by her lover

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and the counteſs *d'Eſpargnes*, to render his happineſs complete; but ſhe ſtill delayed it, deſiring to hear ſome news of *Horatio*, the baron *de Palfoy* having ſettled every thing with *Dorilaus* concerning his marriage with mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, ſhe was willing, ſhe ſaid, that as they were born on the ſame day, their nuptials ſhould be alſo celebrated at the ſame time.

Monſieur *du Pleſſis* was obliged to content himſelf with this ſince he could obtain no more; and for a time every thing paſſed ſmoothly and agreeably on; but news after news continually arriving of the king of *Sweden*'s ill ſucceſs in *Ukrania*, rendered all the friends of *Horatio* extremely diſſatisfied: — the public accounts were too deficient for their information of any particular officer; and as there were very few *French* in the *Swediſh* army, they could hope for no intelligence of him but from himſelf; which, as he omitted giving, they at laſt concluded he was either killed or taken priſoner; which laſt misfortune they looked upon as equal with the former: — the *Ruſſian* barbarity, and their manner of treating thoſe whom the chance of war threw into their hands, was no ſecret thro' all *Europe*; and whichever of theſe accidents had happened, muſt be very grievous to a gentleman of *Dorilaus*'s diſpoſition, who, when unknowing he was his ſon, loved him with more tenderneſs than many fathers do their offspring, but now convinced not only that he was ſo, but alſo that he was poſſeſſed of ſuch amiable qualities as might do honour to the moſt illuſtrious race, had fixed an idea in his mind of ſuch a laſting happineſs in having him near him, that the thoughts of being deprived of him for ever threw him into a melancholy, which not all the friends he had acquired in *Paris*, not all the gaieties of

that

that place, nor the ſweet ſociety of the engaging and dutiful *Louiſa*, had the power to condole. So deep was his affliction, that monſieur *du Pleſſis*, amorous and impatient as he was, had not courage to urge a grant of his own happineſs, while thoſe who were to beſtow it, were incapable of ſharing any part of it.

Soon after there arrived a thunder-clap indeed: —certain intelligence that the once victorious *Charles* was totally overthrown, his whole army either cut to pieces or taken priſoners, and himſelf a fugitive in the grand ſeignior's dominions. —*Dorilaus*, now not doubting but the worſt he feared had come to paſs, ſhut himſelf from all company, and refuſed the unavailing comfort of thoſe who came to offer it.—The fair eyes of *Louiſa* were continually drowned in tears, and the generous *du Pleſſis* ſimpathized in all her griefs. But what became of mademoiſelle *Charlotta de Palfoy!* her tender ſoul, ſo long accuſtomed to love *Horatio*, had not courage to ſupport the ſhock of loſing him;—loſing him at a time when ſhe thought herſelf ſecure of being united to him for ever; — when his diſcovered birth had rendered her father's wiſhes conformable to her own, and there wanted nothing but his preſence to render both their families completely bleſſed: — all that exceſs of love which modeſty had hitherto reſtrained her from giving any public marks of, now ſhewed itſelf in the violence of her grief and her deſpair. — She made no ſecret of her ſofteſt inclinations, and gave a looſe to all the impatience of a ruined love. Even the haughty baron was melted into tears of compaſſion, and ſo far from condemning, that he attempted all in his power to alleviate her ſorrows.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Cataſtrophe of the whole.

POOR *Horatio*, releaſed, as I have already ſaid, from his worſe than *Turkiſh* bondage, left now, with the companions of his misfortunes, a country where they had ſuffered ſo much and had ſo little to hope, that their enlargement ſeemed even to themſelves a miracle. — As they paſſed, miſerable and forlorn, thro' thoſe provinces where, about a year before, they had marched with ſo much pomp and force, as, together with the king of *Sweden*'s name, inſpired admiration and terror over all thoſe parts of the world, it filled them with the moſt poignant anguiſh, and drew tears from thoſe among them leaſt ſenſible of any tender emotions.

All this diſconſolate company, except *Horatio*, being *Swedes*, they made the beſt of their way, ſome to *Stockholm*, and others to *Straelſund*. — Now left alone, a long journey before him, and altogether uncertain what reception he ſhould find at *Paris*, either from *Dorilaus* or mademoiſelle *Charlotta*, his condition was extremely pitiable, and he ſtood in need of more fortitude than could be expected from his years, to enable him to go through it.

The nearer he approached *Paris*, the greater was his ſhock at the neceſſity of appearing there in the deſpicable figure he now made; but his courage ſtill got the better, and ſurmounted all difficulties. If *Dorilaus* thinks my diſobedience to his commands a crime too great to merit his forgiveneſs,

forgiveneſs, would he ſay to himſelf, or *Charlotta* diſdains, in his misfortunes, the faithful *Horatio*, I have no more to do than to return to *Poland*, and ſeek an honourable death in the ſervice of *Staniſlaus*.

He made his entrance into that opulent city thro' the moſt bye-ways he could, and concealed himſelf till towards night in a little cabaret, where having ſoon been informed where *Dorilaus* lived, he went when it was quite dark to his houſe, tho' how divided between hope and fear it is eaſy to imagine. He knocked at the gate, which being opened by the porter, and he deſiring to ſpeak with his maſter, was anſwered with many impertinent queſtions, as—Who he came from, what his buſineſs was, and ſuch like interrogatories, which the ſawcineſs of ſervants generally put to perſons ſuch as this fellow took *Horatio* to be by his appearance. But he had no ſooner deſired he would tell *Dorilaus* that he came from *Ruſſia*, and brought intelligence of *Horatio*, than his tone of voice and behaviour was quite changed.—Our traveller was now carried into a parlour and entreated to ſit down, and the late ſurly porter called haſtily for one of the ſervants, bidding him with the utmoſt joy, run in and inform his maſter that here was a perſon come from *Ruſſia* that could give him news of colonel *Horatio*.

This a little raiſed the lately depreſſed ſpirits of *Horatio*, as it aſſured him his name was not unknown in that family, nor had been mentioned with indifference.

He attended but a very little time before he was ſhewed up into *Dorilaus*'s apartment, who was juſt opening his mouth to enquire if *Horatio* were yet living, and in what condition, when he ſaw it was himſelf. Surprize and joy rendered him incapable either of ſpeaking to him, or hearing

the

the apologies he was beginning to make for having diſobeyed his commands: — but he fell upon his neck and gave him an embrace, which diſſipated all *Horatio*'s fears, and left him no room to doubt if his peace was made.

No words were exchanged between them for a conſiderable time, but—oh my dear ſon, my ever loved *Horatio*, on the one ſide; my more than father, patron, on the other:—at length the tumultuous rapture of ſo unexpected a meeting and reception, giving way to a more peaceful calm,--- *Dorilaus* made *Horatio* relate all the particulars had happened to him; and when he had ended, now, ſaid he, I will reward the ſincerity I eaſily perceive you have made uſe of in this narrative, by acquainting you, in my turn, with ſecrets you are far from having any notion of, and which, I believe, will compenſate for all your ſufferings, and make you own, that while you ſeemed to groan under the utmoſt ſeverities of fortune, ſhe was preparing for you all the bleſſings in her power to give, and even more than your ambition aimed at. But I have firſt a meſſage to diſpatch, continued he; at my return you ſhall know all.

With theſe words he went out of the room, but came back in a moment, and, after renewing his embraces to *Horatio*, revealed to him the whole ſecret of his birth, with all had happened to *Louiſa* till the time of their happy meeting in *Paris*.

With what pleaſing wonder the ſoul of *Horatio* was filled at this diſcovery, is much more eaſy to conceive than deſcribe, ſo I ſhall leave it to the reader's imagination to gueſs what it was he felt and ſpoke on ſo extraordinary an occaſion. While he was pouring out the tranſports it occaſioned in the moſt grateful thanks to heaven, and his new found

found father, *Louiſa* entered, *Dorilaus* having ſent to the baron *de Palfoy*'s, where he knew ſhe was, to let her know a meſſenger from *Ruſſia* was arrived with news of her brother:—they inſtantly knew each other, tho' it was upwards of four years ſince they were ſeparated, and in that time the ſtature of both conſiderably increaſed:—nothing could exceed the joy of theſe aimiable twins:—never was felicity more perfect, which yet received addition on *Horatio*'s part, when *Louiſa* told him, that it was as much as *Charlotta* could do to reſtrain herſelf from coming with her to hear what account the ſuppoſed meſſenger had brought.

Dorilaus on this immediately ſent to let her know his ſon was well, and expected in *Paris* the next day, for he would not ſuffer him to appear before her, or the baron, till a habit was made for him more agreeable to his condition than that he arrived in. It is certain that the impatience of a lover would have made *Horatio* gladly wave this ceremony, but he would not a ſecond time diſpute the commands of ſuch a father.

But wherefore ſhould I delay the attention of my reader, who, I doubt not, but eaſily perceives by this time how things end: ſo I ſhall only ſay that the meeting of *Horatio* and *Charlotta* was ſuch, as might be expected from ſo arduous and conſtant an affection: that every thing having been ſettled between the two fathers at the time they ſent their joint mandates to call him home, there now remained nothing but to celebrate the long-deſired nuptials, which were deferred no longer than was requiſite for preparations to render the ceremony magnificent.

The generous *du Pleſſis* and his beloved *Louiſa* were alſo united the ſame day; and it would be hard

hard to ſay which of theſe weddings afforded moſt ſatisfaction to the friends on both ſides, or were attended with the moſt happy conſequences to the perſons concerned in them.

By theſe examples we may learn, that to ſuſtain with fortitude and patience whatever ills we are pre-ordained to ſuffer, entitles us to relief, while by impatient ſtruggling we ſhould but augment the ſcore, and provoke fate to ſhew us the vanity of all attempts to fruſtrate its decrees.

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